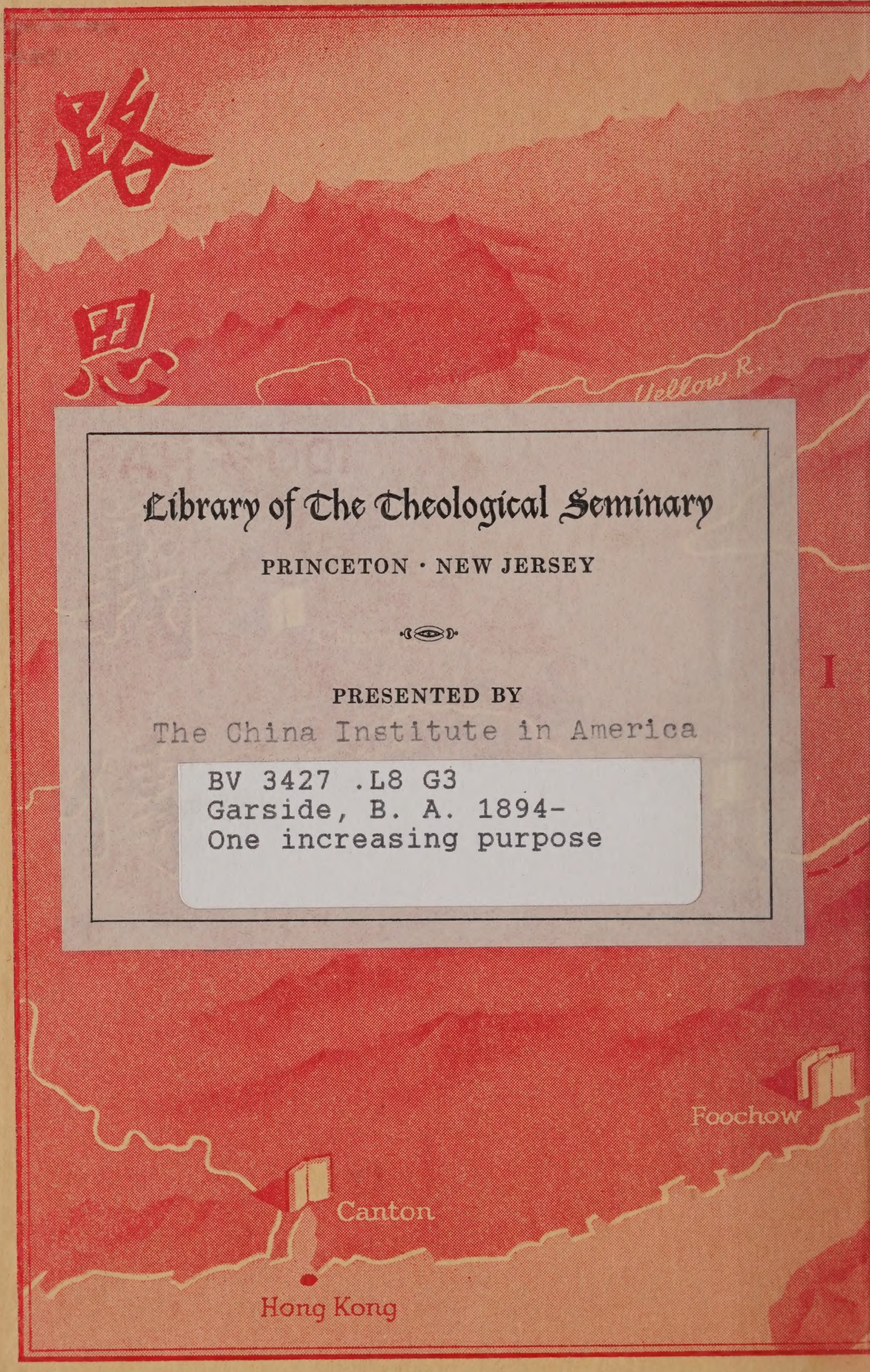
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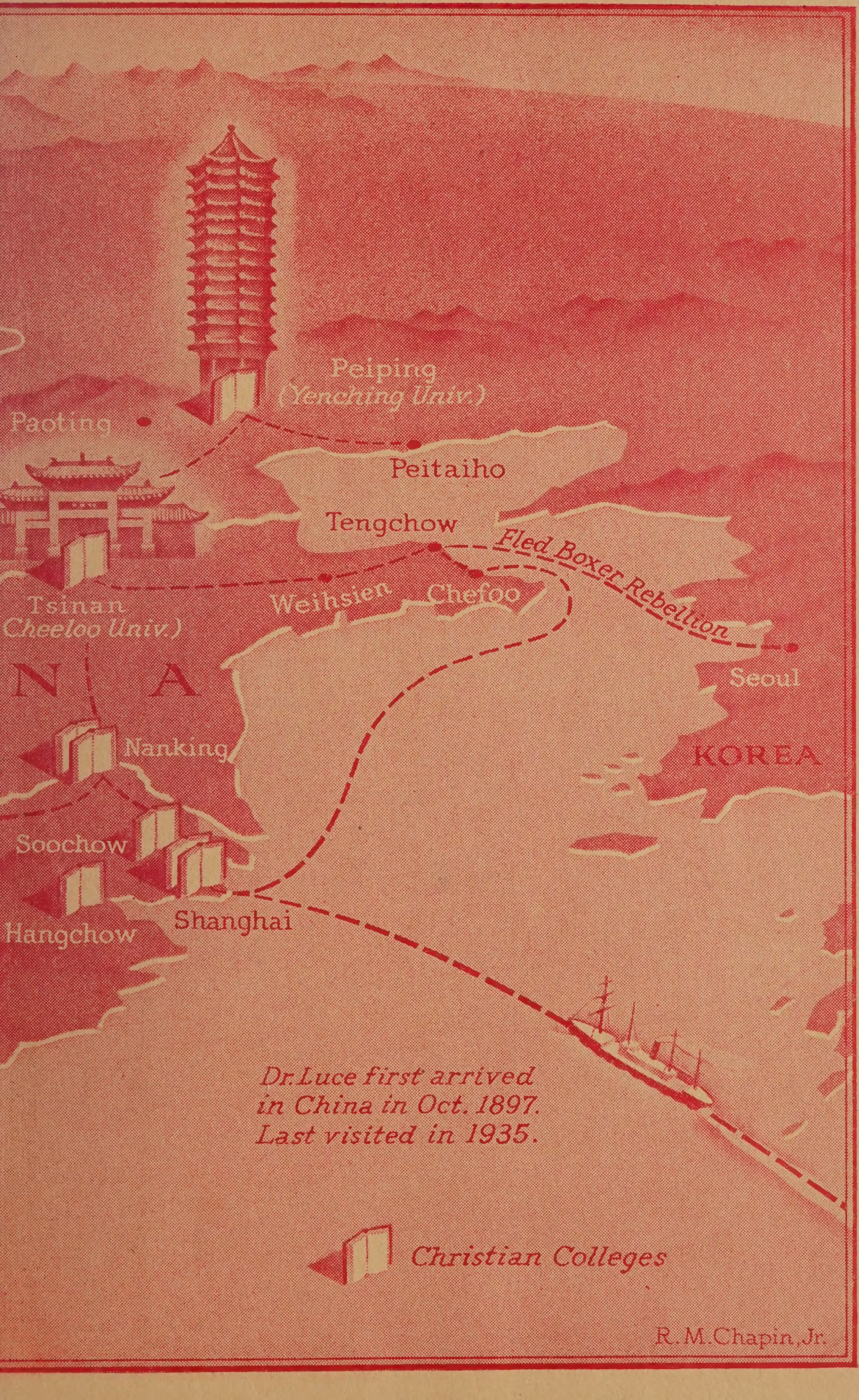
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Dr. Luce first arrived in China in Oct. 1897. Last visited in 1935.

R. M. Chapin, Jr.

China Institute in America
is privileged to sponsor this biography
in honor of a great friend of China

HENRY WINTERS LUCE

The following is the inscription which
appears in the entrance hall of
CHINA HOUSE
125 East 65th Street
New York 21, N. Y.

華美協進社

路思基金會捐贈此屋為
路思義先生永久紀念

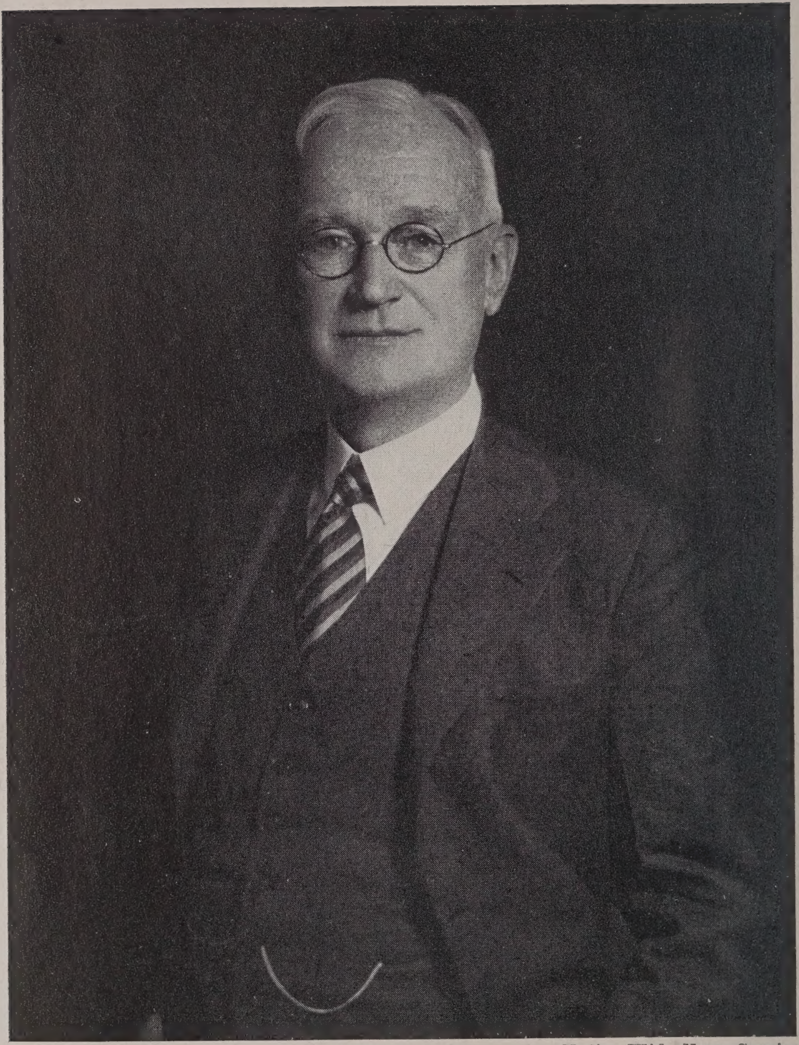
中華民國三三年
公曆一九四四年

"The Brotherhood of Man
has its End, as its
Beginning, in the
Fatherhood of God."

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened . . .

—Tennyson



Nation-Wide News Service

Henry Winters Luce at sixty-eight as he appeared at a meeting of the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China held in New York in 1937.

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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

The Life of Henry Winters Luce

By

B. A. GARSIDE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

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To the young everywhere
who have their lives to give:
and to those who, having given all
in following a star, behold at eventide
the breaking of a yet more splendid light

INTRODUCTION

As men of ability and influence draw on past middle life, they divide sharply into two groups in their attitude toward their juniors. Some maintain an Olympian aloofness, either studied or unconscious, it may be through genuine indifference to the oncoming generation, more probably with secret hope that youth will scale the heights in quest of Delphic sapience. But others delight to seek youth out and place themselves at the feet of striplings with a thousandth part of their experience, as though there were the springs of wisdom.

Nothing could have been more characteristic of Henry Winters Luce than that he belonged unmistakably to the latter group. Perhaps that was the first thing about him which younger men noted. There was more in this trait than unquenchable youthfulness, the desire to be with young people, to know their thoughts and to share their dreams.

To it were linked two other and profounder qualities, often divorced but in Harry Luce firmly wedded—high confidence in the future *and* restless energy to shape that future. If he did not belong to the cult of Rabbi Ben Ezra, he had drunk deep from the currents of exhilarating optimism of which Browning was a principal purveyor and which in our time is so misrepresented and maligned. Not "the best is yet to be." Rather, the best yet *may* be. But only as men of hard-headed vision and tireless resolve so make it. Most of the best in today's world is the direct fruitage of that marriage.

Harry Luce's eyes were *always* on the new world. It was in the new old world of the Orient that his best years were spent. It was to the forming of the new China, just aborning, that his great talents were invested. It was to stirring the dull-witted to the necessity of a new world-order overleaping rutted parochialisms of nation and race and faith that his last energies were devoted. Behind these characteristics which none could fail to note lay still another and deeper factor in this man's life which may be more readily missed. Like most of his generation, Luce was inheritor of a living tradition of simple virtues, of rigorous discipline, of religious faith; these gave to the more obvious qualities their strength, their true direction, their persistence. The reader will miss the principal secret the career of Harry Luce has to show him if he does not discern that everything most important in it sprang from a passionate devotion to the Kingdom of God and a habit, so deeply ingrained as to be beyond conscious effort, of life within the reality of that Kingdom.

These pages, written by a devoted disciple of Harry Luce, are mainly the portrait of a man. But they are more than that. They portray the rebirth of a nation. And they tell that story from the fulcrum upon which, perhaps more than any other factor, this great renascence turns—the preparation of its leadership in the universities which American friendship, through Christian missions, has given to China.

To those who have had some part in the movements at whose center Luce served, this book will hold a peculiar interest. To all concerned for the post-war world, especially for China's place in it, it will bring rich suggestion. But its greatest appeal, I suspect, will be to like-minded men and women of the generation in which his faith was lodged. Here is an illustration of what one man, of real though not exceptional gifts and of intense purpose, can accomplish. The world will be different, but not the conditions for its moulding. For young men of Harry Luce's spirit and vision, there are careers of no less exhilaration and satisfaction awaiting them by the scores and hundreds in the forming of tomorrow. And not the least of these opportunities are in that great land in which Harry Luce's life investment will continue to yield, beyond computation, dividends in leadership and influence down the decades.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Union Theological Seminary,
New York City.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

ONE WHO SEEKS to tell the life story of Henry Winters Luce has the good fortune of association with many of those who knew and loved him.

It is impossible to give adequate recognition to all who have made important contributions to this undertaking. Yet special appreciation should be expressed to such of Dr. Luce's staunch friends as Arthur J. Brown, Sherwood Eddy, Frank D. Gamewell, Robert E. Speer, Ralph C. Wells, and W. Reginald Wheeler for the invaluable information and guidance they have given. Warmest gratitude is due also to Helen T. Van Voast and Mrs. Leonard S. Hsu for extensive research and literary assistance; and to Josephine Duvall, Paul Patton Faris, Sidney D. Gamble, and Leslie R. Severinghaus for their patient reading of the manuscript and for innumerable constructive suggestions. To Mr. Pao Pao-Yung we are indebted for the calligraphy of the Chinese quotations used in the book.

Each of Dr. Luce's sons and daughters—Henry R. Luce, Emmavail Luce Severinghaus, Elisabeth Luce Moore, and Sheldon R. Luce—has been a constant source of information and encouragement. But the one above all others whose co-operation, wisdom, and talents have contributed most to the telling of this story has been Dr. Luce's companion-friend through nearly half a century—Elizabeth Root Luce.

It was the author's high privilege to be in fairly close touch with Harry Luce from 1924 onward, and much of the material dealing with the latter portion of his life is based on first-hand knowledge and observation.

In acknowledging his deep debt of gratitude to all those who have shared in this undertaking, the author recognizes his full responsibility for the many ways in which this account falls short of revealing the true stature and significant contribution of a man whose whole life was dedicated to the one increasing purpose of seeking the Kingdom of God through understanding and serving his fellow men.

B. A. G.

New York, N. Y.

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仁義而已矣，何必曰利。

Benevolence and righteousness are my only themes; why must you speak of profit?

—Mencius I:i:1

PROLOGUE

One summer morning during his crowded years in Shantung, Henry Winters Luce began the long ascent of Tai Shan. All day he climbed the sacred mountain's steep flights of six thousand stone steps, worn by the feet of countless generations of pilgrims. As he went he communed with his fellow travelers, rested at the tea-houses along the way. At times he paused to enjoy the ever-changing panorama of mountains and plains, blue sky and drifting clouds.

As evening shadows lengthened he reached the *Chung T'ien Men,* or Middle Heavenly Gate, and found refreshment for his tired body and a welcome to warm his spirit. From the heights he watched the miracle of Night spreading her restful blanket over the weary toilers on the teeming plains below. Through the gathering blackness he traced the tortuous path up which he had climbed, until it was lost in the dusky haze rising from myriads of supper fires.

Yet towering high above him, bathed in light long after darkness had engulfed the plains and the lesser peaks, stood the lofty, cloud-veiled summit of Tai Shan. Almost he could hear the mountain calling to him to come higher yet. As slumber overtook him he was dreaming of more majestic heights still to be scaled, profounder mysteries yet to be explored.

Thus, too, was the pattern of Harry Luce's earthly existence. His richly productive life was devoted steadfastly to one increasing purpose—to seek and to serve the Kingdom of God on earth. It was a long and often arduous pilgrimage. There were hardships and disappointments. There were many conflicts, sometimes with friends and colleagues who thought him too visionary, too impatient to go forward, too impetuous in attempting the impossible. The clairvoyance with which he discerned the signs of the times long before they became visible to others was the source of many a struggle with his contemporaries. Sometimes he grew weary, made mistakes, had to learn from his errors. Yet always he knew that the way led forward, that fuller light was breaking, that the path was growing brighter and the vistas ahead more inspiring.

Harry Luce traveled farther than most men have ever gone in the brief span of a human life, along the widening road by which humanity moves forward through the ages. He began with the prevailing concepts which set each man's self-interests against those of his fellows. But year by year the circumference of what he recognized as a part of himself expanded, until it came to embrace all mankind. First by instinct, then with clearer insight, he began to see how innumerable and illimitable are the threads by which the self-interests of each individual are interwoven with those of all his fellows, even in the far corners of the earth. He early left narrow selfishness far behind, and came to dwell on the fertile uplands where each finds his own true well-being in the welfare of all.

Part I

STUDENT AND STUDENT LEADER

你們要先求上帝的國，
和他的義•

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness . . .

—MATTHEW 6:33

I

A VISION OF THE WORLD

It was Easter Sunday, 1892. The spring sunshine had lured most of the Yale students from their dormitories, to gather in animated groups on the campus or to stroll into the country around New Haven. But along Old Brick Row, in a section of North Hall reserved for the seniors, a student was seated at his desk, deep in thought. He was a slender youth with brick-colored hair, friendly blue eyes, and a face filled with quick intelligence and strong determination.

Lying open before him were two books. He read for a time from one, a little devotional volume by Horace Bushnell. Then, turning musingly to the other book, he let his eyes follow familiar words spoken by a young teacher to a group of Galileans gathered about him on a Syrian mountainside.

As he meditated, he knew that questions which had persistently confronted him could no longer be thrust aside. In two months he would receive from Yale both his university diploma and his certificate in law. Back at his home in Scranton the leading law firm of the city had a good position awaiting him. His father and mother were past middle life and were looking to him for care and companionship in their elder years. He had many friends, both in Scranton and among his Yale college-mates, who could help him attain prosperity and influence. There were many fine and generous services which, as an earnest Christian layman, he could render to his community, and perhaps even to a wider area.

Yet as he sat in his room in Old North that Easter day, he wondered whether he wanted to be a lawyer. To gain material success he might have to neglect other things which were coming to mean more to him than all else. He found himself being drawn gradually but irresistibly toward destinations as yet but dimly known.

Words from that mount of vision which had long stirred his inner consciousness now rang insistently through his mind: *"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God . . ."* Instinctively he shrank from what such a challenge might mean to him. He cared deeply for many things which would have to be put aside and left behind before he could go forth on such a search. Yet more powerful than his fears and his ambitions was an inward compulsion which pushed him onward.

At last he turned again to the little volume by Horace Bushnell. Taking up his pen, he wrote in a firm hand on the flyleaf:

"As much as in me is,
I am ready."
—Henry Winters Luce

For a score of years Harry Luce's life had been moving toward the momentous decision he made that Easter Sunday. At times the path had wandered, but always its course had led him faithfully to that day.

Henry Winters Luce was born in the Hyde Park suburb of Scranton on September 24, 1868. Some two centuries earlier, the first Henry Luce of the clan had crossed from England to Massachusetts, and had founded a sturdy line of Americans. His descendants had helped to build cities and towns, had tilled the soil, had led in business and the professions—and some among them had gone over the horizon in search of new fields of adventure and service.

Harry, in the eighth generation after the pilgrim whose name he bore, was the youngest of three children. His father, kindly and dignified Van Rensselaer William Luce, owned a wholesale grocery business and was prominent in his church, his lodge, his community. His mother, Adelia Tiedrick Luce—tiny and gentle, yet possessed of a quiet strength—combined thrift and industry with the artist's love of the beautiful. Her interests centered in her home, yet she found time for friends and for church and community.

Harry's boyhood and youth were spent amid the colorful diversity of mining and manufacturing, commerce and industry, business and recreation, which comprised the pattern of life in Scranton. His companions were boys and girls whose parents and grandparents had come from most of the countries of Europe, and who were in all stages of absorption into American life. With his red hair and a warm smile that came readily into his blue eyes and freckled face he made friends easily. Yet he had a fiery temper, too, and his anger could be quickly roused.

He was an active participant in all the games, pranks, and adventures that enlivened boy life in his neighborhood.

"I played and studied some," he related, "and had friendly fights with the other boys. Some of us could hardly get by Fuller's Corner, as we called the corner of Madison Avenue and Mulberry Street, without having a passage at arms."

He was the leader of the boys in his neighborhood —a distinction requiring diplomacy, a good pair of lungs, prowess in combat. Once, in the manner of Huck Finn, he organized his boys into a soldier company equipped with knapsacks and wooden guns, and kept them busy with drills and parades. To give every boy an equal chance, it was arranged that each in turn would be captain of the company. Yet often it was hard for Harry to stand back and watch some other lad's awkward handling of the duties of leadership.

One day he could no longer endure another boy's blundering, and began to show him how the orders should be given. "Harry," one of the watching mothers called reprovingly, "you can't be captain *all* the time!" It was an admonition he never forgot. In later life, when he had to watch other men making mistakes in leading enterprises he had initiated, he would silently remind himself, "You can't be captain *all* the time!"

The boy became a tall youth, with a new and sometimes unmanageable body, with new emotions and ambitions. He experienced all the inevitable processes of change and inner turmoil. Yet, in addition to having all the normal traits of the boys and girls around him, Harry possessed a something more that was as integral a part of himself as his own physical being.

One of the oldest mysteries confronting the student of life is the appearance of mutations which neither heredity nor environment can adequately explain. The farmer finds an outstanding head of grain with important new qualities, the shepherd a young ram developing a fineness of coat unknown before. The student of the human family finds individuals who stand out from their fellows because of some new quality of genius. They may become a Shakespeare or a Lincoln—or may be unknown beyond the limits of their own communities. But each has a uniqueness which is unmistakable and indelible. The biologist talks of the influence of the genes, the prophet speaks of the providence of God. Perhaps both are right.

The extent of each man's self-interest is measured by the radius of the circle he draws about himself, saying, "All within this is a part of myself." It was the genius of Harry Luce's life that he so completely identified himself with an ever-broadening circle of his fellow men that they became an integral part of himself. He was unceasingly exploring wider and wider outreaches of humanity's common interests and aspirations.

Harry's home was one in which Christianity was the norm for living. He accepted that way of life as naturally as he accepted his American citizenship. From boyhood until the end of his days he grew constantly in the breadth and depth of his spiritual being.

His parents were members of Scranton's Second Presbyterian Church, and here his religious life developed and found expression. When he was fifteen there came to the pastorate of Second Church Dr. Charles E. Robinson, for whom Harry at once developed a warm admiration and friendship.

Dr. Robinson exerted a profound influence on young people, and gathered about him a remarkable group of young men. "He was one of the most loving and lovable men I have ever known," Robert E. Speer has said of Dr. Robinson. "There was a small group of us, including Harry Luce, of whom he thought as his own sons, and who looked to him with truly filial affection. He loved to encourage and advance younger men, in whose service he took a joyous pride. He took a great delight in Harry, and in his career."

Harry early became a participant in all the activities of the young people of Second Church, and led in establishing their Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, then just spreading throughout America. At eighteen he became the first president of a Tri-County Union of C.E. Societies, was a speaker at the first Pennsylvania C.E. Convention, and made deputation trips to all the Societies in his three counties—invaluable training for tasks that would later fall to his lot. About the same time he was deeply stirred by the missionary fervor of Robert P. Wilder, who visited Scranton during his crusade among the colleges and churches of America rallying support and recruits for his newly-established Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

Yet Harry was not absorbed wholly in serious pursuits. The young people of Scranton knew how to be merry. They waltzed and picnicked, gave plays and parties—and Harry enjoyed it all, especially the dancing, in which he excelled.

After completing high school, Harry entered the School of the Lackawanna, in Scranton, to prepare for college. There he began the friendship with Walter E. Buell which was to continue throughout his life. Buell, just graduated from Yale, had come to Scranton to take charge of the School. Young, athletic, popular with the boys, he was a careful scholar and an earnest Christian. Harry became deeply attached to him and began to make him his model for thought and action. "I learned Roman history," he said later, "walking over the fields and through the woods with Professor Buell."

After a year in the School of the Lackawanna, he became restless. As he watched many of his friends begin to earn a living and to assume adult responsibilities, the prospect of four college years seemed remote and valueless. Walter Buell sensed his struggle, and one afternoon took him out for a quiet stroll. Soon Harry was pouring out his doubts and problems to this understanding teacher and friend. Before they returned, dusk had fallen. "If all the wealth of Scranton were offered to me," Buell said to him in parting, "on condition that I give up what I got in college, I wouldn't accept it."

The boy went back to his studies with greater earnestness than before. In the spring of 1888 he took the entrance examinations for Yale, and that autumn, a few days before his twentieth birthday, he set out for New Haven.

At Yale Harry was one of a group of 211 freshmen, drawn from every part of North America, and from several other countries. Most came from the famous preparatory schools of that day. Some were from wealthy and prominent families, others from middle-class homes. A few had to earn part or all of their expenses. Sometimes there were traces of class consciousness, but in the main they were a democratic cross-section of the youth of their time.

"Those days were simple," said Arthur M. Marsh at the thirty-fifth reunion of the Class of '92, "and our lives were simple. Living in that Old Brick Row, did we have private baths with our rooms? Oh, no, nor any other kind of baths, nor even running water in the building. The only way to achieve a bath, if one were so ambitious as to go after it, was to resort to the old gymnasium, where half a dozen showers and a dressing room about ten feet square supplied the entire university with that commodity.

"Our pleasures were simple: walking to West Rock, tennis at the Field—where we walked out, played a couple of hours, and walked back—or idling a long afternoon on a slow sailboat in the harbor. We studied some. We talked a lot. But we were taught to believe—and we did believe—that the characteristics of a Yale class were the formation of real friendships, fidelity to truth and to our friends, loyalty to our class and college that admitted of no question of doubt, and the duty of public service as a daily obligation. We went out from New Haven with those homely ideals rooted in us, fully resolved to support them to the last full measure of devotion."

When Luce and his fellow freshmen arrived in New Haven powerful currents were beginning to flow through the American colleges and to sweep away this pleasant simplicity and stability of campus life. America was just entering a period of rapid growth and was stirring with a dawning world consciousness. The nation was developing its western territories, expanding its foreign trade, passing through an era of intense nationalism and self-glorification. A strong sense of world mission was emerging in every aspect of American life—commerce, industry, politics, education, religion.

In 1888 these currents were so new that few—even on the Yale faculty—were fully conscious of them. The curriculum remained static, with all freshmen required to take much the same courses, chiefly Latin and Greek and mathematics. Most instructors clung to traditional methods and subject matter. The impression left by some faculty members can be judged from a letter Harry Luce wrote a quarter-century later to one of his own sons who was just entering Yale: "Professor ——— is responsible for what I don't know about the subject of ———, so, unless he has greatly changed, avoid him!"

Yet there were others who by their lives and their teaching exerted a profound and lasting influence on him. There was President Timothy Dwight, a brilliant scholar who yet had a kindly personality and was popular with the students. There was Professor William Rainey Harper—later President of the University of Chicago—who was so popular that there was often not even standing room in his classes. Harper's fearless analytical approach to the Bible and to religion gave Harry an indelible picture of the Bible as an inspired record of many generations' search for God and contact with Him.

Even more potent than the influence of the faculty were Luce's friendships among his college-mates. He had a genius for quiet friendliness. His red hair and dynamic nature earned him the nickname of "Lucifer," though in his more serious moments they dubbed him "St. Luke." He was a careful student, aggressive in working for the things in which he believed. One classmate described him as "a natural philosopher, who just took to ideas." Though about the same age as his classmates, he gave the impression of greater maturity.

Like most of his fellows, Harry took a keen interest in sports, and appeared hopefully at the try-outs for football, track, and other athletic teams. But he soon discovered that "there were too many old hands—or rather, practiced feet—from Andover and Exeter." His active share in the social side of college life is attested by the thick volume of memorabilia he collected during those four years—dance programs, party favors, clippings, and souvenirs of many a gay time on the campus, in New Haven, along the shore, about the countryside. Yet, aside from his studies, his interests centered chiefly in the two fields of journalism and religious activities.

In those days, Yale's four student publications were the *News*, the *Record*, the *"Lit.,"* and the *Courant*.

The *Courant* stood lowest in the estimation of the campus. Election as a class representative on any of the other three was a coveted honor—but a post on the *Courant* was less sought after. With Harry's proclivity for tackling difficult and unpopular jobs, it was natural that the *Courant* challenged his interest. He was made Editor-in-Chief of the *Courant* staff for 1891-92, and in that position gathered about him a remarkable group of associates. Here is the *Courant* masthead for that year:

EDITORS:
H. W. LUCE, '92, *Chairman.*
JOHN H. HAMMOND, '92 S.
CHARLES R. HOLDEN, '92.
PIERRE JAY, '92.
HORACE T. PITKIN, '92.
JAMES E. WHEELER, '92.
RUFUS M. GIBBS, '93,
WEBSTER WHEELOCK, '93,
BEECHER M. CROUSE, '93. RALPH D. PAINE, '94.

CHARLES R. HOLDEN, '92, *Financial Editor.*

THE YALE COURANT published on Saturday of every other week by the students of Yale University. Price, one dollar and a half per annum. Single copy, ten cents. P. O. Box 1344.

Entered as second-class matter in the Post Office of New Haven, Conn.

That year the *Courant* took on new life. Its editorials sparkled with a kindly humor, its stories and poems had greater interest and literary merit, its discussions of current issues gained new vigor and conviction. The '92 Class Book commends this amazing rejuvenation of the *Courant*—then adds dryly: "Of course it had the greatest room for improvement."

If Harry Luce had an important effect on the *Courant,* it had an even more permanent effect on him. He never again had much opportunity for journalistic work, but during the next half-century he used in many ways all he had learned around the editorial rooms and the printshop of the *Courant*.

Yet it was the religious activities of the Yale campus in which Luce took the greatest interest, and which contributed most to the increasing purpose of his life. For a time there had been little religious interest among Yale students, but a few years before the Class of '92 arrived, a spiritual renaissance had begun on the campus. It was led by Alonzo A. Stagg, who was just completing his brilliant career as a Yale athlete. Stagg had been appointed General Secretary of the Yale Y.M.C.A., where his sincere religious devotion was making a profound impression upon the student body.

In addition to required attendance at daily chapel and Sunday worship, each class had its prayer meeting twice weekly in its own room in Dwight Hall. Meetings included singing, prayer, talks, and discussion. Sometimes they were quite brief, sometimes they developed into long "bull sessions" where all sorts of topics were heatedly discussed. Often the students sat on the Yale Fence, talking about everything under heaven and singing whatever struck their fancy—hymns, college songs, popular hits.

Luce was among the most faithful attendants at the Class of '92 meetings. "My first recollections of Harry," said one of his classmates, "are in connection with Dwight Hall. His sincerity and evident knowledge of religious experience, his modesty and attractive bearing, gained him a following." He was also active

Editorial Board, Yale *Courant*, 1891-2. *Seated*: John H. Hammond, James E. Wheeler, Henry W. Luce, Pierre Jay. *Standing*: Horace Tracy Pitkin, Charles R. Holden.

Harry Luce's study at Yale in which, at Easter, 1894, he made his decision that he would seek first the Kingdom of God.

in the Grand Avenue Mission, the major social settlement project conducted by Yale students. It was here that Harry first formed strong ties of friendship with the classmate largely responsible for the establishment of the Mission—Horace Tracy Pitkin.

It was through Pitkin also that Luce was deeply influenced by the persistent call to foreign missionary service then being sounded throughout the colleges of America by the rapidly growing Student Volunteer Movement. Pitkin had been the first man at Yale stirred by the Movement. In the summer of 1889 he attended the Northfield Student Conference, and there became a Volunteer, with China as his chosen field. "At once," relates Pitkin's college-mate, Sherwood Eddy, "he became a missionary to Yale University. As the first Student Volunteer at Yale, he began to trouble the consciences of the rest of us by earnest personal work. Soon he gathered about him a band of fifteen or twenty Volunteers who became a spiritual power in college."

Though Luce was strongly moved by Pitkin's missionary enthusiasm, he still considered that the pattern of his own life must be that of a Christian layman. As he and Horace worked together on the campus and at the Grand Avenue Mission, they talked much of their plans for the future. Horace did not press the missionary call so insistently as to place a strain on their fellowship. He was content to wait for the normal growth of his friend's world-vision.

In the summer of 1890 Harry attended the Northfield Conference. He was determined not to be swept away by any wave of missionary enthusiasm, and later confessed he was so much on the defensive he gained little from the conference. During his junior and senior years, even as he took part in the religious activities at Yale, he clung to his decision to return to Scranton and to take up the practice of law. Yet as graduation approached he felt the increasing power of forces pulling him elsewhere.

Then came Easter, 1892, and the struggle with himself in his dormitory room in Old North. He emerged from that experience resolved to make it the one purpose of his life to seek first the Kingdom of God, and to subordinate all else to this. He wrote his father and mother, telling them he desired to enter the ministry. It was hard for Van Rensselaer and Adelia Luce to set aside all the hopes that centered around their younger son. Yet they replied at once: "This is a question you must decide for yourself. We know your decision will be for the best, and whatever that decision is you may know that, as far as we are able, you will have our loving interest and help."

When Harry told Horace of his decision to serve as a minister in America, Horace was overjoyed. "Now we can go to New York this autumn," he exclaimed, "and study together at Union." If Horace felt any disappointment that his friend still planned to remain in the United States, he gave no sign.

II

SEMINARY DAYS

THE AUTUMN of 1892 saw the formation of a triumvirate soon to become famous in American student circles—Horace Tracy Pitkin, Sherwood Eddy, and Henry Winters Luce. In September the three friends entered Union Theological Seminary, then located on Park Avenue at 70th Street. Harry Luce and "Deacon" Eddy were roommates, "Pit" was next door. After their years at Yale University, they were now to become acquainted with the radically different atmosphere and purpose of a theological seminary.

By 1892 no theological seminary had yet gained any broad world outlook. Yet Pitkin, Eddy and Luce chose Union as the most liberal and progressive seminary of that day, and turned to it with an intense desire to find where and how they could render the largest service to the world. Each morning at six they arose for their "Morning Watch," an hour of prayer and meditation. Often and earnestly they discussed their plans and objectives. Harry's diary for this period gives many glimpses of the struggles through which he passed as an ever-widening life purpose emerged before him.

When, in New Haven, he had faced the call to active Christian service, he had turned toward the life of a pastor in America. Now he was troubled by a growing conviction that for himself this choice had been only a compromise. He was being drawn more irresistibly than before toward the field of foreign missions which had beckoned so insistently ever since he had first listened to Robert Wilder. That autumn he and Eddy talked frequently about the obligations and opportunities of mission work. Together they called on Pitkin for further facts. Gradually each of the two came to a definite decision that he must become a foreign missionary. On February 7, 1893, Harry wrote in his diary:— "I have appreciated how much it means to father and mother to give me up. Yet I am not uncertain as to where I stand. God willing and making my path of duty and privilege such, I purpose to go to the foreign field and witness for Him as best I may in the uttermost parts of the earth." Like his friend Pitkin, he chose China as the field where he desired to serve.

That same day he signed the Student Volunteer card, with its solemn declaration—"It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary." He wrote his parents, and although they replied assuring him of their confidence in his judgment yet his decision was a bitter thing for them. To give their beloved younger son, in whom they had always had a peculiar joy, to a remote and almost mythical China, seemed a sacrifice beyond reason or duty. They shrank from it and were afraid. Yet when their victory of faith was won it was complete and without bitterness or fear.

Harry, "Pit," and "Deacon" were now more fully than ever united in purpose and plans for the future. They turned to their seminary studies with a clearer concept of what they were preparing for, and of the preparation they needed. Yet they saw that neither Union nor any other seminary of that day was equipped to provide the specialized knowledge and training they were seeking. Having dedicated themselves to serve other races living on other continents, they sought those things which would best help them to understand such men and to share with them their own understanding of God.

They found that the Seminary's curriculum was focused upon those parts of the earth's surface where their own ancestors—racially and religiously—had dwelt, and upon the chapters in history which dealt with those ancestors. As students they were introduced first to Hebraic tribes who lived thirty-odd centuries ago on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. They traced the development of these tribal religious beliefs until they flowered forth in the teachings of Jesus. They studied the accepted interpretations of these teachings as they were carried westward into Greece, Italy, central Europe, Britain, and ultimately America.

In these studies they shared many of the most exalted thoughts about God, much of the clearest understanding of Him, that men have yet achieved. But they gained almost no insight into what other races had been doing throughout recorded history, or what the leaders of other religions had taught and practiced. They did not learn what these religions, which still claimed the allegiance of most of the human race, might have in common with Christianity.

The seminary course provided a formidable array of subjects—Hebrew, Exegesis, Biblical Theology, Church History, Church Polity, Dogmatics, Apologetics, Homiletics—with Voice Culture added to improve their pulpit presence. Yet it did not give serious attention even to the Church's efforts to extend itself beyond the "Christian" lands of America and Europe. One patriarchal professor in his seventy-seventh year, with a triple responsibility for "Pastoral Theology, Church Polity, and Mission Work" (he had never seen a mission field) gave a two-hour course for one term on "Mission Work—its aims, principles, and claims, with outlines and biographical sketches of its history." That was all.

Nevertheless, Union had on its faculty a number of men outstanding in their particular fields and possessing rare qualities of scholarship, personality, and insight, who exerted a great influence upon Harry Luce and the other seminary students. There was "Yahweh" Brown, who "made even Hebrew come to life." There was Arthur C. McGiffert, Professor of Church History and later President of the Seminary, "a leader to be followed to the end of the world." And there was Charles A. Briggs, the central figure in the trial for heresy which aroused American ecclesiastical circles in the early '90's.

In the autumn of 1892 the controversy around Professor Briggs was in full swing. Some two years before, he had given an address, arguing for the right of independent thought and study in the field of Higher

Criticism, which many leaders in his own denomination considered heretical. Two long ecclesiastical trials were held. In the first he was acquitted; in the second certain charges were sustained. The Directors and faculty of Union, while not always agreeing with Professor Briggs' views, unitedly insisted upon the right of freedom of thought and expression. At the church on lower Fourth Avenue where the trial was held, Luce and his seminary mates often listened to learned theological debates and watched ecclesiastical history in the making. Meantime, their studies were badly disrupted by the controversy.

Though the tide of missionary interest, then rising throughout the colleges and churches of America, had not yet made its mark on the seminary curriculum, it was beginning to stimulate the interest of Union students and teachers. A students' missionary group, led by Pitkin, met frequently for informal discussions. The faculty sometimes invited missionaries to give lectures at the seminary, and these were always well attended.

After Luce became a Volunteer he spent much time organizing and conducting missionary meetings in churches and colleges. His first missionary address was given, shortly after he signed the Declaration Card, in Dr. Atterbury's Church in New York City. "I had to go on two hours' notice," he wrote. "It was amusing to think of my making a speech with practically no knowledge of missions, outside of a few great and certain facts. But I have found that one can go before any audience and speak on the supposition that they know nothing of missions, and that whatever one says will not be twice-told tales."

As the months passed, the constant theme of the thoughts and activities of Pitkin, Eddy, and Luce was their preparation for missionary work. "Once each day," Luce wrote, "often several times a day, we met to pray over the things pertaining to our 'great purpose' as Neesima would have called it." Each afternoon at five they went to the seminary gymnasium where the equipment consisted of Indian clubs, dumbbells, rings, and the high bicycles then in vogue. As the climax of their exercise, the three would run a mile, saying, "This will carry us another mile in China."

Yet the trio found time for jokes and laughter, and for innumerable pranks on each other. Harry, on account of his red hair, was a constant target. Often "Pit" solemnly warned him that the Chinese had a superstitious terror of red hair, which they believed was the infallible badge of a devil.

Foreseeing the need for elementary medical knowledge, they requested Dr. W. S. Bainbridge of the Presbyterian Hospital and some of his colleagues to give them a series of informal lectures on practical medical questions. Dr. Bainbridge has described * what followed:

> They were given a few books to study, and every other evening would come to the Presbyterian Hospital to see a few practical things in the line of accidents or general medicine in the wards, and then for an hour and a half recite the lesson given them at the preceding meeting of

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* Robert E. Speer. *Memorial of Horace Tracy Pitkin,* page 105.

the class. One evening we came to the subject of poisons, and one of them was to have his stomach washed out. They drew lots, and I must confess that it was the first time in my life I ever saw theologues put up a game literally on one of their own number. They fixed it up so that it would come to Pitkin, for I was told that he had put up some prank on the others, and they thought it was a justifiable retribution.

During their second year at Union the three were asked by the national leaders of the Student Volunteer Movement to visit the colleges throughout New England and the Middle Atlantic States to stimulate interest in missions, and more specifically to promote attendance at the second quadrennial S.V.M. Convention to be held in Detroit in March, 1894. Their conspicuous success in these activities opened the way to a still more important call upon the trio.

In the summer of 1894 Pitkin, Eddy, and Luce attended the student conference at Northfield. The missionary enterprise was the chief topic of discussion, and there was much talk of enlarged plans for Student Volunteer work. It was necessary to find a new Traveling Secretary to succeed D. Willard Lyon, who was being assigned to the development of the educational program of the Movement. Funds were available to support only one man, though the field program had grown too heavy for a single individual. Moreover, everyone saw that three outstanding, qualified, and inseparable men were the logical nominees for the position.

"It was growing evident," Luce wrote in his diary, "that probably one of us would be selected as the next

Secretary of the S.V.M. Could each of us truly be glad if another were chosen? The Executive Committee were in doubt which one to choose; and they feared to take the financial burden of more than one. We three had decided that we would *give* our time. When they learned of our attitude they arranged a meeting and asked that we clearly tell them how we were led in the matter. We each did so in turn. They considered the problem and later that day gave all three of us a hearty welcome to the work."

Now the trio were confronted by the problem of how they could find their support for this work they had undertaken. "We talked for hours," related Eddy, "on how we could raise the money for the three of us to go through the colleges for an entire year. We went to bed that night with money on the brain. In the middle of the night I had a very vivid dream. I saw a hand up near the ceiling with a great fistful of bills and checks—all the money we needed. I leaped from the bed to seize the money, and fell sprawling on the floor between Harry and Horace. While *that* money did not materialize, we secured enough later so that we three went through the colleges that year."

Leaving their seminary course unfinished, Pitkin, Eddy, and Luce turned, in the autumn of 1894, to the strenuous duties of Traveling Secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement. What was this extraordinary challenge that caught their imagination, and could exact such sacrifice in time and energy?

III

"THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD—"

In the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Harry Luce—like many another student of his generation—found irresistible forces which called forth an answering response from within his deepest self, and transformed the entire pattern of his life.

The basic force of the Movement, in both its conception and its organization, was the genius of youth —youth that ignores overwhelming odds and confidently tackles the impossible. Who but a group of young men and women, still in college and seminary, or with the ink scarcely dry on their diplomas, could have soberly set for themselves so fantastic a goal as "the evangelization of the world in this generation," and then have gone out, intelligently and efficiently, resolved to make their watch-cry a reality? Of course the solemn councils of age and experience knew that it was all preposterous. And yet—

"There is not an existing institution in the world of civilized humanity," says Benjamin Kidd in his *Science of Power,** "which cannot be profoundly modified, or abolished, in a generation. There is no ideal in conformity with the principles of civilization, dreamed of by any dreamer or idealist, which cannot be realized within the lifetime of those around him." To perform such unbelievable feats, says Kidd, it is only necessary that those who would achieve them arouse a sufficient degree of emotion in furtherance of the objectives they seek.

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* Benjamin Kidd, *The Science of Power,* Putnam, 1918. Page 126.

These irresistible forces of emotion have often been used to achieve destructive ends. They are the motivation back of most wars between nations, many of the bitterest clashes between classes within a nation. They have been employed to bring about swift and sweeping political revolutions. We have seen how, within a generation, an entire nation can be transformed by utilizing the "emotion of the ideal" in support of Fascism or Nazism.

These same forces can be used with equal effectiveness in achieving constructive purposes. How the "emotion of the ideal" can revolutionize thought and action in the realm of religion and human understanding has rarely been demonstrated so strikingly as in the Student Volunteer Movement, which within a generation transformed the missionary attitudes and activities not only of the student world but also of the churches of America and Europe.

From the perspective of half a century, one must still marvel at the amazing growth and influence of the Student Volunteer Movement. The prevalence of peace, the rapid extension of communication and transportation, America's dawning sense of world-consciousness, all helped to make the Movement perfectly timed for maximum effectiveness. And above all else, its youthful leaders were masters at generating the "emotion of the ideal" of which Kidd speaks.

Of the bold watch-cry, "The evangelization of the world in this generation," Dr. John R. Mott has said: "It has done more to challenge the students of the world, to appeal to the heroic strain in them, to call out their sacrificial devotion, than has any other appeal in modern times." In seeking to *evangelize* the world in their generation, the Volunteers did not attempt to *Christianize* the world in their lifetime, for they knew this latter must be a much slower process. Yet they did resolve that in their day the Christian gospel would be preached in all lands, to all who "had ears to hear."

Nobody told the Student Volunteers the job would be easy or attractive, or that it would bring honors or material benefits. Instead, the tremendous difficulties and obstacles were constantly emphasized. Each prospective volunteer was warned that he or she could expect toil and privation, heartaches and disappointments. The call was only to those who would completely surrender their lives to the Divine Will, and who would go anywhere and do anything as that Divine Will might direct.

Here was a challenge which deliberately discouraged the easy-going and self-seeking. Yet it had a superlative appeal to courageous young men and women with a zest for action and a desire to make their lives count for the most in service. Under unwise leadership the organization might have been dissipated in extreme emotionalism, or have worn itself out in impractical schemes. But through its formative years the Movement received strength and equilibrium from leaders who combined high idealism with hard-headed business sense.

When Pitkin, Eddy, and Luce became active in the leadership of the Movement, it had been in existence nearly eight years. For two years, following the Mount Hermon conference in 1886, the Movement had little organization and support, and was kept alive chiefly by Robert P. Wilder's persistent labors. Then in 1888 a permanent S.V.M. Executive Committee was established with John R. Mott as its Chairman. The next year Robert E. Speer became its Traveling Secretary. The organizing genius of Mott and Speer, together with Wilder's pioneering inspiration, produced a strong and dynamic leadership—and the Movement began to grow rapidly.

When the three became Traveling Secretaries of the Movement in the autumn of 1894, the ideal they kept constantly before the students of America was that "the gospel can and should be fully preached to every creature during this generation." Yet the exact nature of this gospel, how it was to be preached, and what attitude the missionary should have toward other civilizations and religions, had not been clearly defined, or even agreed upon.

One viewpoint current in the 1890's was expressed by a mission board secretary who spoke at the Cleveland S.V.M. Convention in 1891. "I would not advise missionaries," he said, "to give much time to the study of the heathen systems we are to encounter. But I wish there might be put into the hands of every missionary a well-prepared little tract with just the pith of the argument against all these lines of attack . . . We cannot go out as ignoramuses. Do not learn the heathen systems for your own sake, but to find out their inconsistencies and enormities and absurdities." *

Hudson Taylor, the great pioneer missionary to China, was a leading exponent of one argument for the necessity and urgency of foreign missions: "The gospel must be preached to these people in a very short time," he said at the Detroit Convention in 1894, "for they are passing away. Every day, every day, oh how they sweep over! Every day, every week, every month they are passing away! A million a month in China are dying without God." **

Yet a growing number of missionary leaders were saying, as pointed out by Arthur J. Brown, that "when the Student Volunteer Movement was born, men felt that they ought to become foreign missionaries, not because the people of Asia or Africa were inferior to them but because they were brother men, of like passions with ourselves and needing the same transforming and guiding power that we need." ***

What were the attitudes of Pitkin, Eddy, and Luce on these matters as they began their S.V.M. work? "When asked to travel for the Movement," Eddy stated, "we three flatly refused to present the old message of myriads of 'heathen' going into 'Christless graves' because they had not heard the Christian message. Ours was a gospel of love, a whole gospel which could make a new man within; and could build a new society, a new China, a new world, without."

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* Quoted by F. S. Brockman, *I Discover the Orient,* Harper & Brothers, 1935. Page 13.

** *Transactions, Second International S.V.M. Convention,* Detroit, 1894. Page 49.

*** *The Student Volunteer Movement after Twenty-five Years.* Published by the S.V.M. in 1911. Page 28.

In the autumn of 1894 Harlan P. Beach gave the three friends the title by which they became known throughout the Movement—"The Triumvirate." Eddy was assigned to New England, the Middle Atlantic, and Canada; Pitkin to the Ohio Valley and the Middle West; Luce to the South and Southwest. Theirs was not only an inspired crusade but also a carefully managed undertaking. The following letter—similar to that sent to each college some weeks before Luce's arrival—shows the meticulous care with which each visit was planned:

STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT
for
FOREIGN MISSIONS
80 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

October 5th, 1894

President, Y.M.C.A.
Centre College, Danville, Ky.

Dear Mr. President,

The Volunteer Movement is peculiarly fortunate in having as its Traveling Secretary this year for the colleges of the South, Mr. Henry W. Luce. He brings to the Movement a varied and rich experience, having been an officer in one of the leading college Christian Associations, a frequent attendant at summer schools and deputation conferences, and Corresponding member of the Movement. Mr. Luce is a graduate of Yale '92 and defers the completion of his seminary preparation that he may deliver his message to college and seminary students. His hearty reception in many institutions last year leads us to expect that he will be greatly blessed to your college.

We are arranging his tour for the year and find it possible to have him spend October 16th and 17th at your college in the interest of the Missionary Department of your Association, if this time will be convenient to you. As his tour covers the entire student field of the South, you can readily see that it is impossible to offer each institution its choice of dates. We hope, therefore, that you can receive him on the above dates.

The only meetings we would ask you to arrange in advance are

(1) a conference with the volunteers,

(2) a conference with the Missionary Committee and yourself. Let these come as soon after his arrival as possible.

(3) a meeting open to all students—a special effort being made to secure the largest possible attendance at the latter meeting, which should come on the evening of October 16th unless you believe that some other time during Mr. Luce's visit will give a more satisfactory audience, in which kindly use your own discretion.

You will understand that this visit will be at no expense to your college beyond providing entertainment. Owing to the nature of Mr. Luce's work, it will be helpful for him to have a room to himself. He will notify you shortly before his visit of the hour when you may expect him.

Hoping that his visit may be abundantly honored of God, I am

Sincerely yours,
John R. Mott.

Luce's year of traveling among the Southern and Southwestern colleges was active and strenuous, filled with new experiences, new problems, new achievements. Occasionally he met traces of the suspicion and hostility with which some Southerners still regarded all Northerners, but for the most part he was received with warm Southern courtesy and hospitality. Sometimes he encountered narrow sectarianism, but more often he was impressed by the sincere Christian attitude of the students and faculty members. The following excerpts from his diary, made during a ten-day period, reveal the swiftly changing panorama of a Traveling Secretary's existence:

November 13, 14. Chattanooga. Arrived late at night. Hustled out for chapel in the morning, and was taken in to see the President for a moment. When he learned I was from Union Seminary it was like shaking a red rag in front of him. He proceeded to lay out all the Union professors, with no regard for my feelings or personal views. As we left he called back the student with me and said he questioned whether it was expedient for me to talk to the students that afternoon.

November 15, 16. Jackson. Entertained by Professor Irby, a warm, Christ-hearted man. President Savage gave me a right royal welcome, and introducing me to the church said: "The Student Volunteer Movement is one of the grandest movements on the top side of this earth." G. H. Crutcher had for two years been the sole Volunteer in the college, but he had sown much missionary seed. My visit was a time of reaping, seven men volunteering.

November 18, 19. Conway. Was warmly received by J. M. Hughey, a strong, earnest Volunteer. President

Miller is a detained Volunteer, but strong in his hope of going. I found a good Volunteer Band, and some consecrated men who were considering missions. I spent my rest day under the care of Mr. Winfield, a young lawyer who is a great friend of Brockman. Mr. Winfield took me for a drive, and I dined at his home in company with his two nieces—very pleasant Southern girls. One of them had a very cute way of drawling out "Shu' 'nuff" as a sort of exclamation whenever I made some statement.

November 21, 22. Arkadelphia. Two colleges here, one Methodist the other Baptist. The latter had never heard of the S.V.M., and the former knew little about it. The Baptist College was rankly conservative, and though they have 22 ministerial students they were afraid of missions. Dodged me and practically refused to have a mission study class. What a commentary on some of our coming ministry!

Visiting three or more college towns each week, sometimes with long distances and poor connections between, meant traveling at all hours, by all sorts of conveyances, and in all kinds of weather. At one place Luce notes, with rueful amusement, that after safely enduring more than a score of winters in Pennsylvania and New England, he spent the coldest week of his life—and froze his fingers—during a prolonged "norther" in southern Texas!

Accommodations varied from the luxurious guest rooms of Southern mansions to primitive dormitory cells and mildewed third-rate hotels. Sometimes his hosts did not observe Mr. Mott's tactful suggestion that "owing to the nature of Mr. Luce's work it will be helpful for him to have a room to himself." Thus, his diary relates that at one Texas college, "I retired to sleep with one of the young professors. I am sure he does not change his bed-linen more than four times a year, and more than this he rarely aired his bed. While still under the covers he straightened out the bed-clothes by shoving them in place with his feet. Then gently he drew himself out of the bed—and the bed was made!" The diary philosophically adds: "We shall doubtless have experiences in the foreign field a dozen times worse."

During eight crowded months, Luce visited over a hundred institutions in a dozen states, spoke to more than ten thousand students, and had personal conferences with at least two thousand. He also joined Pitkin and Eddy in campaigns in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Wherever he went, he won missionary supporters and personal friends. In advocating his "great purpose," he was intensely serious and zealous. Personally he was modest, cheerful, with a sense of humor and a smile that drew people to him.

Student Volunteer records show 1894-95 was the Movement's most productive year to that time. More students were reached, more Volunteers enrolled. A broad program for the systematic study of missions was begun. Missionary libraries were widely established. New life was infused into the missionary activities of the churches of the United States and Canada.

Luce secured an unusually large number of new Volunteers that year. Well over a hundred of them actually reached the foreign field, and some were among the distinguished missionary leaders of the next half-century. One such leader, who has rendered long and notable service to world Christianity, thus describes his meeting with Luce:

"In the spring of my freshman year at Yale," relates Dr. Edward H. Hume, "when I was wholly resistant to the idea of joining the missionary enterprise, Harry Luce came to visit the college. He got hold of me one day, and took me for a walk. We stood on a hill and looked toward the horizon. 'Let this be a hill of vision to you,' he said. 'Let your view include the whole world. Where else, except as a medical missionary, could you possibly find so unlimited a place of opportunity and service?' We stood, and looked, and thought. That night I went back to my room and signed the Student Volunteer Card. It was largely Harry Luce who straightened my vision and gave me a new perspective on life."

In the summer of 1895 "The Triumvirate" completed their work as Traveling Secretaries of the S.V.M., and each resumed his preparation for his own service on the foreign field. Yet each always retained a keen interest in the Movement and in all those whom they had influenced to enter missionary service.

Luce, like most of those who shared in the leadership of the Movement in its formative years, lived to see its influence powerfully at work in every part of the earth. In the first three decades of the S.V.M., over ten thousand Volunteers actually took up missionary service as their life work. Many times that number remained in America as "detained Volunteers" who kept up their missionary enthusiasm and led in building throughout America strong interest and support for the missionary enterprise.

The Movement did not fully achieve its objective of "the evangelization of the world in this generation." There is much of truth in the observation of a missionary doctor, half a century later: "Even if you have hundreds of thousands of missionaries you can't really evangelize except by consistent work for at least three generations." * Yet never in the Christian era had any generation seen so swift an advance of Christianity throughout the world. And as those who were inspired by the Movement went from America and Europe into all parts of the earth they rendered a far broader service to humanity than can be measured in ecclesiastical statistics.

In an era when rapidly expanding methods of communication were abolishing barriers of distance and terrain, these servants of the Kingdom were also ambassadors of friendship and understanding between races and nations. They had not as yet fully grasped the significance of missions as "a fundamental groping toward the moral unity of the world," ** but they were slowly feeling their way toward that dimly sensed objective. How profoundly they affected humanity's progress from the stage of nationalism to that of international understanding and cooperation only the future can accurately appraise.

* Gordon S. Seagrave, *Burma Surgeon,* W. W. Norton & Co., 1943. Page 67.

** *Rethinking Missions.* Harper & Brothers, New York, 1932. Page 9.

IV

FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR CHINA

As Pitkin, Eddy, and Luce completed their services as Traveling Secretaries for the S.V.M. each was eager to be off at once to his chosen missionary service. But there were still essential preparations to complete, and these preparations would further broaden their perspective of the work before them. First, they must complete their seminary course. Should they return to Union, or choose some other seminary?

"The principal reason Eddy and I decided to go elsewhere," Harry later wrote, "was to avoid demands on us for speaking on missions. We had become known through our S.V.M. work, and at this period there were comparatively few who could speak informatively on missions. Pitkin had to stay in New York City, for he had become involved in organizing New York's Metropolitan Student Volunteer Movement, but Eddy and I were free.

"It was not an easy decision. For several hours we discussed the momentous question. Finally I said to Eddy, 'You go into your bedroom, I'll go into mine, and we'll stay there until each reaches his decision.' There was in our minds the possibility that after our nation-wide experience in the S.V.M. its work might be furthered by Pitkin staying at Union and one of us going to Auburn and the other to Princeton. In half an hour we came together in our common room but were loath to state our decisions, fearing they might make it necessary for us to separate—for we had been close friends at Yale and always roommates in the seminary. At last one of us broke the silence. Both had decided to go to Princeton."

They found Princeton quieter and much more conservative than Union, and their year as Traveling Secretaries had broadened and matured them. The faculty welcomed them cordially, and allowed them to choose a stiff set of courses from the last two years of the curriculum. "Eddy and I set out to make it 'the best year ever,' " Harry recorded, "having in mind our necessary preparation for service—he in India and I in China—to which we looked forward with consuming interest. To conserve our time, we refused all invitations for social life outside the student body, and for our pains were known as 'the recluses.' "

They arose daily at five o'clock, long before their dormitory mates were astir. After a hasty cup of cocoa, made on the gas jet in their common study in Hodge Hall, each retired to his own bedroom for an hour of Bible study and another hour of meditation and prayer. Each chose a topic for special study throughout the year. Harry elected to study the life of Christ, based on the "Lessons in the Life of Christ" recently produced by H. B. Sharman, with whom they had worked in the S.V.M. This special study in Princeton was destined to stimulate Harry's own literary efforts in China a little later.

Eddy and Luce received their Bachelor of Divinity degrees in the spring of 1896. That summer Eddy sailed for India, and Pitkin for China. Luce, after strong urging by friends among missionary leaders, reluctantly agreed to remain one year longer for work among American theological seminaries.

In 1880 an Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance had been established to encourage "cooperation of theological students in promoting the cause of missions." With the development of the Student Volunteer Movement the Alliance had continued as an independent but affiliated organization. There was need not only to recruit missionary candidates among seminary students but also to lead seminary faculties to put greater emphasis on missions.

In response to the appeal of the Alliance's leaders, Harry Luce began in September, 1896, a strenuous year as its Traveling Secretary. He visited theological seminaries across the country, and came into close touch with their faculties and students. He sought to persuade their teachers to introduce more missionary content into existing courses, to add new courses dealing with special phases of missionary work. He conferred with their students, helped them organize systematic mission study, and showed them how to plan missionary activities in the seminaries and in their pastorates later.

As the year closed, Luce felt that some constructive results had been gained, but that very few seminaries had yet fully recognized the missionary enterprise as an integral part of the task of the church. He always retained his keen interest in the seminaries, and even in the closing years of his life was still making an important contribution toward arousing greater missionary interest and participation among them.

During these nine years as a student and as a traveling secretary Harry Luce had come into close touch with young people all over the country. His unfailing good spirits, his sense of humor, his ready and winsome smile, made him popular wherever he went. Whenever there was an opportunity he could be as gay and as light-hearted as any member of the younger set. Yet in some ways his deep seriousness of purpose had set him apart from the young men and young women of his own age in Scranton and in the other places where his work led him. And at last it was not in any immediate circle of his young friends that he found his future wife.

It was characteristic of Harry that, as he pondered the question of a life-companion for his missionary service in China, he had prayed: "Do Thou lead, and in Thine own good time grant unto me that best earthly gift." Twenty months before he first met the young woman who was to become his wife, he had made this entry in his diary: "This prayer was answered by faith today, Sunday, October 11, 1894, at the home of Dr. Ryland, Russellville, Kentucky." Thereafter he was completely confident that in due time God would bring into his life "her whom Thou didst promise me in prayer."

In the autumn of 1895, a new member, Elizabeth Middleton Root, had come to Scranton to join the staff of the Young Women's Christian Association. The Roots were of English stock, John Roote coming from Northamptonshire to Connecticut in 1639. They were land-owners, soldiers, teachers, and some distinguished themselves in law and in public life. Elizabeth's grandfather, Judge P. Sheldon Root, and her father Lynott Bloodgood Root, practiced law in Utica, New York. But the ancestor who captivated her imagination was the English missionary, Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, whose name she proudly bore. A classmate of Charles Lamb at Christ's Hospital, London, and a famous classical scholar, he was appointed in 1814 to the bishopric of Calcutta, the first Anglican Bishop ever sent to India.

Upon her arrival in Scranton Elizabeth Root had been assigned to the Association's branch on the South Side. It was a drab section of the city, with teeming mills and silk factories, from which the Association's members were mostly drawn. When the noon whistles blew, the girls, lunch pails in hand, came flocking up the unpaved street to "the Rooms"—their name for the Y.W.C.A.—where, in pleasant surroundings, they could eat their lunches and rest or sing until the whistles recalled them to their work. It was Elizabeth's first experience in Association work. She liked it so well that she began to ask herself whether India—in the steps of her ancestor—or social settlements in America, should have first claim on her.

Just before Harry Luce started for Princeton at the end of September, 1895, he attended the mid-week prayer-meeting at Second Church. As he sat meditating in his pew before the service began, something drew his eyes toward the door through which the congregation was entering. Standing in the doorway he saw the tall, dark-eyed Elizabeth. With his first glance at her face, there stirred within him a conviction that here was the one for whom he had been waiting. During the Christmas holidays he developed a keen interest in the Association's South Side Branch; and the following spring he and Elizabeth became engaged.

While Harry was busy, during 1896-97, with his duties as Traveling Secretary for the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance, he and Elizabeth were absorbed in the fascinating, and sometimes sobering, details of planning for their life in China.

Harry had already applied for missionary appointment to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. He had asked to be stationed in China, adding that if work should open up among the students there he would like "to co-operate with such men as Lyon and Pitkin." He also wrote Robert E. Speer, now a Secretary of the Presbyterian Board, telling of his special interest in a possible opening at the college in Tengchow, Shantung, founded more than three decades before by Dr. Calvin Mateer.

In the spring of 1896 the Presbyterian Board accepted Luce as a missionary candidate, and after he became engaged also accepted his fiancée. Yet a serious problem still remained before the Board could send the young couple to China—how to provide their support. The Board's funds were so low that no new appointees could be sent to their chosen fields that year unless they could find some individual or church willing to contribute their support.

Dr. Robinson took a keen interest in the problem. One Sunday morning, early in 1897, during the service he spoke of the purpose of Harry and Elizabeth to go to China, and expressed a hope that somehow the church could support this fine young couple from its own membership.

Among the influential members of Dr. Robinson's congregation that morning were Mr. and Mrs. James A. Linen and their son and daughter, all of whom had known Harry for many years. Their ties of friendship had been drawn even closer through Mrs. Linen's cousin, Miss Emma E. Vail. While Harry was in Yale, Miss Vail, then nearing middle age, had come to Scranton to live in the Linen home. A remarkable woman, with broad knowledge and culture, well versed in theology, and deeply interested in missions, she became a beloved friend and an outstanding influence in Harry's life. During several crucial years of his intellectual and spiritual growth, while he was facing decisions which would determine the course of his life, she had given him such strong and sure guidance as no one else could provide.

Miss Vail had died only a few months before, and as Mr. and Mrs. Linen listened to Dr. Robinson's plea they were stirred by the memory of her love for missions and her great interest in Harry. They felt as if a special charge had been laid on them to assist in providing the necessary support for Harry and Elizabeth. As they returned from church they discussed, with their usual generosity, what was their proper share in the matter.

At dinner that day their young son, James Jr., talked of what Dr. Robinson had said, and strongly urged that his parents give *all* the money needed for Mr. Luce and Miss Root. When the meal ended, Mrs. Linen had decided that, as a memorial to Emma Vail, she would provide the entire support required for the young couple in China. James Jr. was given the honor of reporting this decision to Dr. Robinson.

But not many of Harry's Scranton friends were so appreciative of his desire to go to China. Why should he want to go so far away when the need in America was so great? "Isn't America big enough to work in?" he was constantly asked. Probably the majority quietly agreed with one who lamented, "He is throwing his life away for *nothing!*"

Harry did what he could to break down this wall of skepticism. He knew from first-hand experience how much must be done at home. Yet when reproached for planning to leave America he would answer, "Though the need is great here, it is still greater in the Orient. Where thousands can serve at home, comparatively few can go to the foreign field. So it is that I, who am able to go, have decided to place my life at the point of greatest need." He believed that for him that point lay beyond the Pacific.

On May 20, 1897, Harry Luce was ordained to the ministry in the beautiful church where he had grown to young manhood, where he had first heard Robert Wilder's call to missionary service, where he had first met Elizabeth Root. Longest remembered of all the impressive service was the prophetic charge given by his friend and pastor, Dr. Charles E. Robinson:

I charge you to aim to live as long as you can. Some ardent young men desire to die if only for Jesus' sake. But it requires more heroism to live on in the monotonous routine of life than to yield to some seraphic impulse.

Have a good common-sense Christianity about you. Have a good philosophy of life and living. Study the peculiarities of climate and food and life in the land to which you are going, and adapt yourself thereto. Seek to have health; there is no special glorification of the Master in having dyspepsia.

Study well the difficult language of the people of China. Do not try to Americanize the Chinese. They will grow up better Christians in their native customs than as poor Americans.

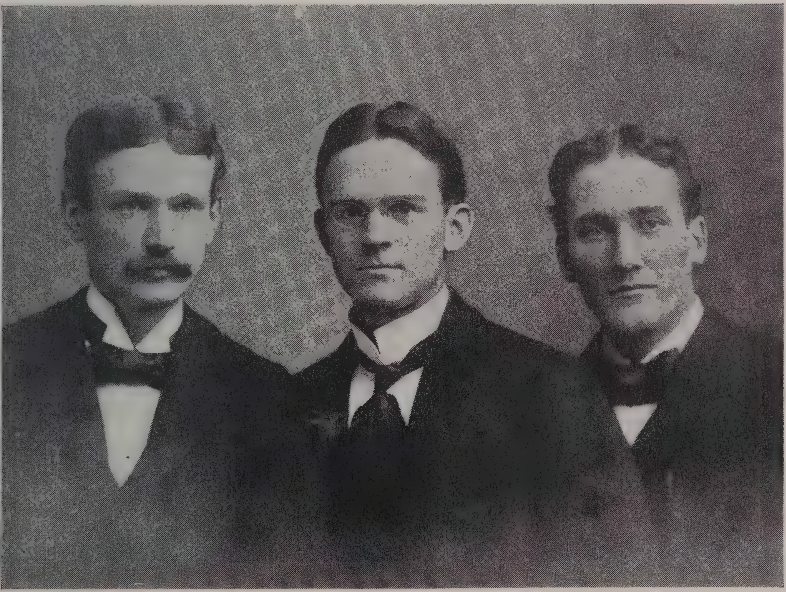
Do not be a literal teacher of the Westminster Confession. It was framed to meet exigencies that arose in Europe two centuries ago, and the same conditions do not obtain in China. Strive to learn the Chinese ways of looking at things and adapt yourself according to the true interpretations of the words of Christ. Chinese Christianity must find its proper growth along racial lines of the Chinese people.

Harry Luce and Elizabeth Root were married June 1, 1897. Soon afterward they attended the student conference at Northfield and visited together the places so intimately associated with the beginnings of the Student Volunteer Movement and with Harry's own relationship to the Movement. Then they returned to Scranton to complete the preparations for their long journey and for the building of a new home in a strange land.

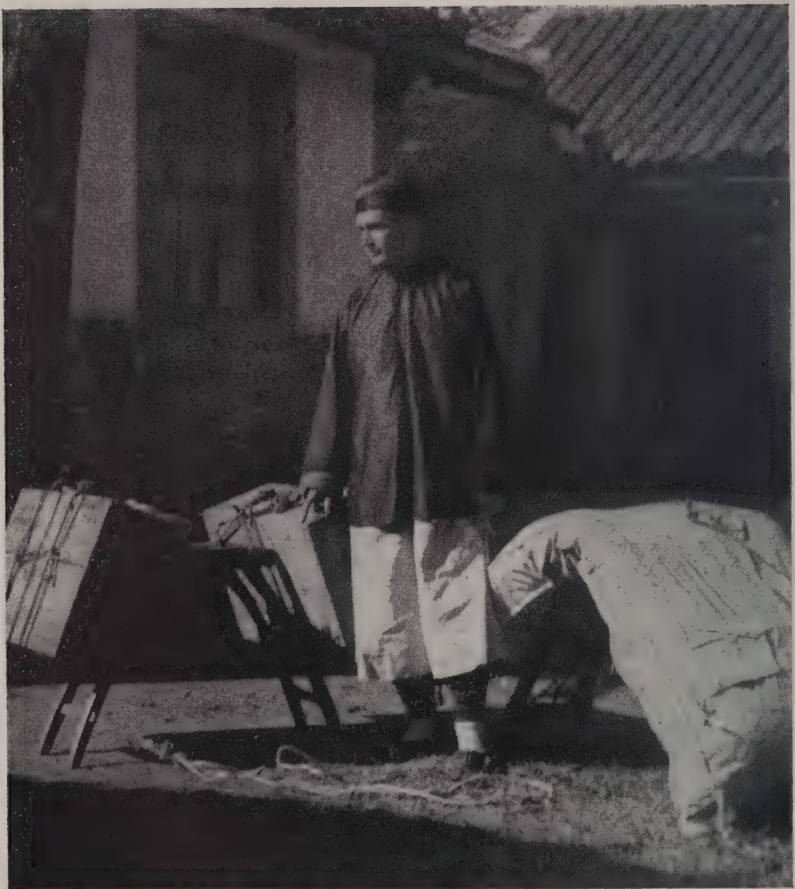
Down from the attic was carried an enormous old trunk with a convex top, which Harry christened "the Ark." He was sure, he said, that it would come to rest upon some friendly, if distant, Ararat. His mother brought forth a lovely silk quilt she had made especially for them, a red and black blanket, a gay hand-woven coverlet which was a treasured heirloom. Most important of all, she gave Elizabeth some of her favorite recipes, "in case," she said dubiously, "you should find sugar and eggs and things to make them with, *out there*."

Father Luce brought home one day a beautiful hand-made box, polished and velvet-lined, and fitted with lock and key. It was filled with bottles, each in its own compartment, containing homeopathic remedies of various kinds. To go with the box he had brought a ponderous homeopathic pharmacopoeia, *The Family Physician*. "This book," he said, "will teach you to use the medicines. You may not have a doctor out there, and even if you do he might be an allopath!" Another time they found Harry's father stowing into "the Ark" a mysterious package which he warned was to be opened only in case of emergency. "What it contains," he sternly admonished, "is to be used for medicinal purposes only." All this caused the young couple much amusement at the time. But long afterward and far from their own homeland there came a day of dire distress when they were grateful for this forethought.

Finally "the Ark" was locked, strapped, securely crated, and ready for its long journey. Harry, always anxious to save money for the missionary cause,



The Student Volunteer Triumvirate—Harry Luce, Sherwood Eddy, and Horace Tracy Pitkin.



Harry Luce as a young missionary, dressed in Chinese garments and ready for a preaching trip among the Shantung villages.

planned every move thriftily, cheerfully enduring minor discomforts and even major deprivations to save a few precious dollars. To him each dollar held the potentiality of a more abundant life for someone in China, and it must never be spent without extracting the maximum of service.

On Sunday evening, September 5th, a farewell service for Harry and Elizabeth was held in Second Church. Arthur J. Brown came from Board headquarters in New York City to give a stirring missionary address. Dr. Robinson added an affectionate "Hail and Farewell." Harry closed the service with his parting benediction to this throng of friends whom he had known since his boyhood.

As he left the church and hurried home for last-minute preparations for the momentous journey, there swept over Harry a poignant realization that the moment for which he had so long worked and prayed and dreamed was at hand. As he had left Scranton nine years before to enter Yale he had felt a momentary sense of doubt and uncertainty. Now he was starting out, with his bride, on a much greater adventure, filled with much greater possibilities of unknown dangers and sorrows. Yet if within his heart there was anything but eagerness for what lay ahead, he showed no sign.

They began their journey that same night. Though it was long past midnight when their train left Scranton, the station was crowded with friends gathered to wish them Godspeed and to load them down with innumerable gifts and cheering messages. It was always a happy thing to Harry that he went away with his parents' full consent and blessing. As he left the old home his mother said to him, "Remember, I have given you to God." He was never to see either of them again in this mortal life.

Part II

MISSIONARY EDUCATOR

見義不為，無勇也。

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.

—CONFUCIUS, *The Analects* II:xxiv:2

V

THE ARRIVAL

At dawn Harry Luce, watching from an upper deck the bow of the *Empress of China* gliding swiftly through the calm sea, saw a silver-tipped cone resting on the distant rim of the blue ocean. "It's Fujiyama!" he cried exultantly. Then he sobered at the thought that this was his first glimpse of the vast Orient toward which his eyes had so long been turned.

Throughout that morning he was constantly on deck, gazing with eager fascination while the green islands of Japan rose out of the shimmering seas. As the vessel made its way into the broad mouth of Tokyo Bay, he was intently studying the shores on either side, observing the strange craft coming and going about them.

He and Elizabeth had sailed from Vancouver on September 13, 1897. *The Empress of China* was a large, well-equipped ocean liner requiring only a fortnight for the transpacific voyage. Most of the delays and hardships of ocean travel encountered by earlier missionaries were now over. Yet Harry Luce and his wife were truly pioneers, exploring new paths and charting vital new realms of service and of understanding.

At Yokohama they left the *Empress of China* to spend a fortnight in Japan. They were impressed by the sheer beauty of the land—the busy, plodding people, at once serious and gay—the order and cleanliness on every side. Yet all about them they felt, too, an indefinable sense of power, the presence of a ruthless will to do, to conquer.

Only three years before, Japan had surprised the world by her swift and decisive victory over her colossal but impotent neighbor, China. She had won the reluctant plaudits of the Western powers, and had gained Formosa, Korea, and important commercial privileges in China. Already her military leaders were intoxicated by the maddening wine of military conquest. They were just beginning the insane schemes of world conquest that during the succeeding decades would spread destruction and slaughter more and more widely throughout the Far East, and within half a century would ruin the Japanese Empire itself.

"Visit Japan, touch its life a little," Harry wrote with prophetic discernment in a letter at that time, "and you become aware of many ruthless forces at work. Nationalism pervades the official class, militarism the government and the government schools. The leaders plan to make Japan a big nation, and to do it in a day. To accomplish this they are calling to their aid the military, nationalistic, and commercial spirit."

But just now Harry and Elizabeth were interested chiefly in seeing the work of Christian missions, and spent most of their time observing various mission centers in Japan. They also visited Buddhist and

Shinto shrines, and for the first time saw the forms and ceremonies of non-Christian religions. One of the first letters Harry wrote from Japan to his family and friends in Scranton faithfully exemplifies the orthodox pattern to which "missionary letters" of that day were expected to conform.

"In Tokyo," he wrote, "we got our first close look at heathenism. We made our way to the Shiba temples and shrines, and heard the priests sounding the deep-toned gong to call the attention of the gods to worship. We saw worshipers on every hand, some seeking relief for this or that ailment, others praying for the gods' sanction to this or that scheme—whether good or bad, we were told, was a matter of indifference. Kneeling before the main idol were many worshipers, repeating in an empty, mechanical way over and over again, 'Oh, eternal Buddha! Oh, eternal Buddha!' As we looked into their faces, the younger ones filled with unrest and hopelessness, the older ones taking on the placid, vacant expression of the Buddha they worship, we felt as never before the greatness of the message we were bringing, so full of hope and cheer and *life*. Japan has an awful need, and as we saw this need, so much greater than we had dreamed of, our hearts were weighed down with the burden of heathenism."

It would not be long before Harry's letters would begin to reveal that he found more than this in non-Christian forms of worship. Elizabeth, with her keen love of beauty and her quick sensitivity of spirit, was instinctively aware, even on her first visit to these temples, of other elements which surprised and troubled her.

> "We came to a famous shrine [she wrote] where I sat entranced. In the center of the altar we saw the majestic figure of the Buddha, glittering amid clouds of floating incense—the glow of tapers—the softly tinkling bells—the somber, shaven priests intent upon the ritual—the marvels of gold and red lacquer. Crowds of people were passing in and out, but I sat as one spellbound. Someone jogged my elbow. I was frightened. 'Oh, shame upon my unregenerate heart,' I thought, 'that it can find beauty and even peace within these heathen doors.'
>
> " 'Harry,' I said that night, 'there is so much beauty here, even in the temples, is there not? You haven't said so, but don't you think they are beautiful? Oh, do say they are!'
>
> " 'Yes,' he answered, 'I think they are beautiful—and very, very sad.' "

When, nearly four decades later, Harry Luce visited all the greatest shrines of Asia, the horizon of his understanding of other peoples and other faiths had widened immeasurably. There was no change in the fundamental bases of his character—the singleness of purpose, the intensity and sincerity of his faith. Yet with each passing year he was to find new places and forms in which truth might be discovered.

On October 13th Harry and Elizabeth sailed from Kobe on the *Gaelic*. Next day they watched their steamer threading its sinuous way through the unforgettable beauty of the Inland Sea—picture-book islands rising in bright green slopes on either hand, clear blue sky above, deeper blue sea beneath. But by the third afternoon they were moving into a different world. The sky sobered into a drab gray. The sea became a dingy green, then began to show streaks and splotches of yellow. Old China hands among the passengers began to pace the deck, sniffing the unmistakable odors which told them their journey was nearing its end.

Next morning, under lowering skies, the *Gaelic* was steaming through a muddy yellow sea. Bits of flotsam swirling past showed that they were entering the broad mouth of the Yangtze River. By mid-morning they came to anchor in the muddy current, and in the gloomy mist the passengers for Shanghai were transferred to a malodorous tender. The *Gaelic* was left behind, and they were chugging noisily up the stream.

The tender swung into the still more turbid current of the Whangpoo. They moved slowly past picturesque Chinese junks, some riding at anchor, others—with rust-brown sails spread—dropping down the river toward the sea Along the muddy shores were thatched cottages made of sun-dried brick, as drab as the day itself. On the junks and along the shore Harry and Elizabeth discerned moving figures—their first glimpse of the people among whom they were to live and work.

Just off the Shanghai Bund scores of small sampans filled with ragged and disheveled humanity swarmed around the tender, each boatman fighting for a point of vantage and hurling imprecations at his rivals. From each sampan importunate pleas for alms were shouted by beggars of every age—feeble old men and women, mothers holding naked babies in outstretched arms, half-grown children—all with filthy and tattered garments, grimy faces and hands, long and matted hair. The whole scene was one of dreariness, confusion, and misery—the leaden skies, the rain and mist, the struggling and discordant beggars, the swirling and muddy river, the pervasive stench of sewage.

The tender slid cautiously through the congested harbor traffic to the Customs Jetty. The passengers bade each other farewell and made their way down the gangplank. Some went briskly, waving cheerfully to waiting friends. Others, particularly those coming for the first time, went hesitatingly, even fearfully. Courageous indeed is any young missionary who first arrives in Shanghai on a rainy October day without suffering emotions of doubt, dismay, and disillusion. To Harry and Elizabeth, with no friends on hand to greet them, it was a sobering experience. "We shall be glad," wrote Harry to his parents, "to get to Tengchow and settled."

After a few days in Shanghai, Harry and Elizabeth sailed northward along the coast aboard a small steamer. On the third day they rounded the eastern tip of Shantung, and followed the shore westward to Chefoo—port-of-call for coast-wise trade and anchorage for the United States' Asiatic fleet.

Their steamer anchored well off-shore, and passengers and baggage for Chefoo were loaded aboard small boats. Harry and Elizabeth were helped into a sampan, which grounded fifty yards from the sandy beach. Two sturdy coolies waded out to their boat through the surf, picked up the two young travelers on their sweat-caked shoulders, and carried them pickaback to the shore. Thus unceremoniously, borne like helpless children, the new missionaries arrived in Shantung Province.

Waiting on the beach to greet them was the Rev. Paul D. Bergen, one of the leaders of the East Shantung Presbyterian Mission. In a few minutes they had reached the Temple Hill compound and were being warmly welcomed by Mrs. Bergen and the other members of the Station. Next morning they started out alone, save for a young Chinese muleteer who knew no English, on their two-day journey to Tengchow, some fifty miles westward along the coast. For the first time they traveled on that unique conveyance soon to become a familiar sight to them, the Shantung *shen-dzi.*

"Two long poles fastened to wooden saddle-frames," wrote one of their colleagues in describing the *shen-dzi,** "are placed on the backs of mules, one in front and one behind. Between the poles is strung a net-work of ropes, and attached above is a poke-bonnet shaped cover of matting. Food-box, books, and bedding are packed inside in various places. Comfort is studied in the arrangement, but little is realized. With mules that seldom travel in step, the distinct sieve-and-nutmeg-grater motions are not conducive to restful travel, shaking up the bones, the nerves, and the temper, leaving one at the close of the journey generally demoralized."

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* Robert Mateer. Biography of Mrs. Calvin Mateer, page 30.

In the years that were to follow, they and their children would take many a journey in such *shen-dzis* as these, finding the experience not only endurable but pleasant. And some years later one of their children would express in verse * the romance of the Shantung *shen-dzi*:

Oh, give me a Shantung *shen-dzi,*
And the life of a muleteer!
Oh, give me a load
And a mountain road,
The way of a pioneer!

Farewell to the ships at anchor,
And the junks from old Shanghai.
I'll see them again
In the month of ten,
When the snow is lying high . . .

We'll pass the Temple of Northern Hill,
Of Buddha's Thousand and One;
We'll take the turn
Where the poppies burn,
And we'll strike for the western sun.

And never a word will we think to speak,
Oh, never the long day through,
While the *shen-dzi* creaks,
And sways, and squeaks,
And the inns are far and few . . .

And still we'll on from day to day,
Crawling from hill to hill;
Weary and worn
And travel-torn,
But glad of the life with a thrill.

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* *The Hotchkiss Literary Monthly,* March, 1916. Page 183.

For, ah, there's a thrill in the long, long way,
And the load brought safe to the end.
That feeling of pride
Of the true and tried
Is the prize the high gods send.

As they journeyed westward the two new arrivals were absorbed in watching the strange and alien panorama being unrolled before them. Among the most vivid of their first impressions was the presence everywhere of innumerable earthen grave-mounds, now covered with withered brown grass. Hour after hour they were surrounded by these grave-mounds dotting the Shantung coastal plains, oppressively silent reminders of the countless generations of great and humble folk who had lived and died on this same fertile earth since the dawn of history. Occasionally they saw men and women worshiping at the graves of their family dead. Scattered over the landscape were tiny Chinese villages, each a group of thatched mud-brick houses huddled together behind guardian walls. Sometimes they passed through the narrow, crowded streets of market-towns, and found themselves stared at in wonder by many who had never seen such curiosities as human beings with light skin and outlandish clothes.

Before the day ended, both were cramped and weary from the ceaseless jolting and swaying of their *shen-dzis*. But they gradually learned to adjust themselves to the erratic motion of the litters, and to sense a kind of rhythm in the swaying *shen-dzi,* the creaking harness, the hoof-beats of the mules, the shouts and cracking whip of the muleteer. As dusk was falling, they came to the market-town where they were to spend the night in a Chinese inn—a novel experience for them both! Fastidious Elizabeth found it not only repugnant, but at times almost terrifying.

"That first night in a dirty Chinese inn!" she wrote her friend, Mary Linen. "It seemed dreadful then, but amusing now as I look back on it. Clouds of long, dusty cob-webs were hanging like Spanish moss from the ceiling. To my horrified eyes the dirt of ages seemed to be upon everything. That was by candle-light, but sunlight would reveal much more, I was sure.

"Harry, who always looks on the bright side of things, has made a great deal of fun of me, *now it is over!* He says that after our blankets had been spread out on the *kang*—a sort of wooden platform which served as a bed—I exclaimed, 'Do you suppose I could sleep in all this dirt? No indeed, I shall lie awake to see that it doesn't fall down on us!' But in two minutes, the narrator of this tale goes on to say, I was sleeping soundly, in spite of all the dirt and noise of men and donkeys in the front yard. He himself, so *he* declares, kept vigil throughout the night."

Just as dawn was lighting the eastern sky behind them, Harry and Elizabeth were again on their way. This time they were stirred by a fresh eagerness, for they expected that before sunset they would reach their new home in Tengchow. As the hours passed they began to scan the scene ahead for the first glimpse of their long-awaited destination. In later years Elizabeth drew this picture of their arrival in Tengchow:

Late, after a day of peerless sunshine, we descried in the distance the steep, rocky walls of a city—the walled city of Tengchow. As we came nearer, the sun—now low in the west—suddenly flooded the scene with such light as never was on sea or land, while the old walls, catching and reflecting the glory, appeared to our wondering eyes like the battlements of some celestial city. It was one of those imperishable moments, such as life rarely brings, forever etched upon one's mind, a possession never to be lost—here or beyond.

Presently, emerging into view, appeared a white horse bearing a rider—or was it a Smile? We always insisted that what we saw first was a Smile, which, coming alongside our *shen-dzis,* took on the features—with merry blue eyes—of a man. He was Dr. Walter F. Seymour, of our Tengchow Station. Physician and ardent evangelist, never had we, or the Chinese he loved to serve, a more faithful friend. Years after, he was to lose his life in one of the civil uprisings in Shantung. But I am sure he must have met his Master with the same happy look that he wore while in His service on earth.

Preceded by the white horse and rider, our mule-litters swung in at the main gate of the age-old city, which was to be our home in the years to come. Now for the first time we were in the real China, saw strange and undreamed-of scenes—new to us, but old when our dear and now distant land was still unknown.

By this time a crowd of idlers, urchins, and beggars had attached themselves to our train. We made a motley sight as the knowing but disdainful mules picked their steps over ancient, worn mill-stones set in the middle of the narrow, dirty streets, past endless rows of small open shops, displaying wares entirely strange to our wondering eyes. But on every front counter stood a familiar homely object, a pot of steaming tea, sign and seal of Chinese hospitality and link of understanding, one thought, between them and ourselves.

Down narrow alleys one caught glimpses of women and girls, some in gay colors, gathered at day's end for gossip and play, but now intent on getting a peep at that wondrous object—a woman *yang kwei tze* (foreign devil). The sleepy mules clomped on, indifferent to swarms of naked children, surly dogs, pigs, chickens, stray cats. Lurching around a turn in the road, and all but grazing the mud walls of a dwelling, suddenly we found ourselves in a peaceful little street. Our followers had quietly slipped away. Twilight had fallen, it was nearly dark. Shantung stars looked down. Dimly one traced the high walls of a compound. Could this be journey's end?

With many a creak and jolt our *shen-dzis* stopped. Our litters were swiftly hoisted, back-end-first, from the rear mule at an angle which made it seem certain we should fall out head-first onto the front mule. But in no time that patient leader was also relieved of his load. We were dumped down on the ground in front of what, in the half darkness, seemed to be a gate so high that it had no top, but like Jack's beanstalk, it went on and on, disappearing in the sky.

Darkness fell on China's "Holy Province." We had "come home." Suddenly a bitter wave of homesickness swept over me. Looking up at that shadowy gate, sadly came Dante's words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" It was a terrible moment, still vivid after many years. But now the forbidding gate was thrown open, lights twinkled, friendly faces smiled their kind welcome.

It is certain that in Harry's heart were no unhappy thoughts. For him it was the desired end, and also the beginning of the long, courageous, beautiful journey.

VI

THE HOLY PROVINCE STIRS

When Harry and Elizabeth arrived in Tengchow, all China was becoming uneasily aware of impending crises. In Shantung there were subterranean stirrings not yet apparent on the surface.

To the Chinese, Shantung had always been the Holy Province. Here, twenty-four centuries before, Confucius had been born; had spent his life as a historian, teacher, statesman, and philosopher; had died and been buried. Here many of the other great sages who followed after him had lived and taught. Shantung had long symbolized the sturdiest of China's virtues—adherence to the Confucian tenets of reverence for the past, love of learning, observance of the basic human relationships which make for order and harmony.

With its broad and fertile plains and its benign climate Shantung was one of China's most populous provinces—supporting more than thirty million people. The Shantungese were noted for their superior height and breadth, their scholarly ways, their imperturbability. Strength and stability characterized the province. By inheritance and by temperament the people of Shantung were conservatives. Glorying in their great past, they were slow to plan and to labor for a greater present and future.

Tengchow, when Harry and Elizabeth first entered its gates, was an ancient walled city on the northern coast of the Shantung peninsula. Through the centuries life there had moved in the same well-worn grooves. Yet Tengchow was destined for an important role in the new era then beginning in China because of the presence there of a number of remarkable missionary leaders.

In the 1860's there had arrived in Tengchow a little group of pioneer Presbyterians who had become the giants of the early missionary movement in Shantung. First had come the Rev. and Mrs. John L. Nevius, who in the course of four decades organized scores of vigorous, self-reliant churches throughout the province. They had been followed a few years later by the Rev. and Mrs. Hunter Corbett and the Rev. and Mrs. Calvin Mateer. Corbett had become a great evangelist, traveling through eastern Shantung for more than half a century until there was hardly a village in all that area where his kindly, bearded face was not known. Calvin and Julia Mateer had been pioneers in educating Chinese for leadership along modern and Christian lines. In a run-down temple dedicated to Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, they had started a little boarding school for boys which after some years had grown into Tengchow College.

When the Luces reached Tengchow in 1897 most of these pioneers were still vigorous missionary leaders in that area. The sight of Hunter Corbett or Calvin Mateer, with patriarchal white beard and austere personality, was one to inspire veneration among both his missionary and his Chinese colleagues. These older missionaries had gathered around them a group of younger men and women with their same qualities of strong physique, vigorous mentality, and rugged individualism. For opening up the work in Shantung all these characteristics were indispensable.

China is a land of walls within walls. Within the walled compound of the Girls' School at Tengchow—in the comfortable home of its two American women teachers—Harry and Elizabeth spent their first eighteen months in Shantung. From their rooms on the second floor they looked down on the thatched roofs of Chinese dwellings. In the distance they could see the battlements and towers of the ancient city wall, with the broad sweep of the ocean beyond.

They plunged at once into a determined study of the Chinese language. As they struggled hour after hour with this new language their teacher, Wang *Hsien-sheng,* sat stiffly in his high-backed chair, face placidly unexpressive, long queue dangling down his back, hands folded in his lap, every fold and expanse of his scholar's gown smoothly in place. "You can think of us," Elizabeth wrote Mary Linen, "as living from day to day by this schedule:

6:00 A.M.	Rise, cold bath, dress.
6:30-7:00	Bible study.
7:00	Breakfast.
7:40-8:20	A little more studying.
8:30-11:30	Chinese lessons.
12:00 Noon	Lunch
12:40-1:20	Nap.

1:30-4:30	Chinese lessons.
4:40-5:30	Walk.
6:00	Supper.
Evenings	General reading and more Chinese study."

Life was Spartan in its simplicity. They dwelt in a city where the means of caring for man's physical needs, the provision of food and shelter and clothing, had changed little since the days of the great sages. Scholarly circles still preserved a rich culture, and the wealthy few enjoyed much luxury. But a prolonged growth in population, with no corresponding increase in the production and distribution of the necessities of life, had produced a condition of widespread poverty of which the Luces were conscious wherever they went. The house in which they lived was American in design and furnishings, but had no gas or electricity and no modern plumbing or steam heat, and provided only partial protection against flourishing insect life and extremes of heat and cold. Modern luxury was represented by kerosene lamps and a portable tin bathtub not much larger than a dishpan.

It was necessary that they receive a suitable name in Chinese. Their teacher, after profound study, came forward with a name which met the two primary requirements—its sound was similar to their English name; and it had a recognized Chinese surname together with a given name having a flattering significance. This name, duly conferred upon Harry Luce, was *Lu Ssu-i. Lu* (路) the surname, means "road" or "way." Of the two-character given name, *Ssu* (思) means "desire" or "seek," and *I* (義) means "goodness" or "righteousness," so that the full given name means "one who seeks righteousness."

While Luce was applying himself to the tedious study of Chinese he was also studying his missionary colleagues. He found in these older Tengchow workers much to like and admire. With their strong wills and vigorous intellects it sometimes seemed to Harry that they were too insistent upon holding to past ways of doing things and were unwilling to recognize changing conditions. Yet they were friendly, able, devoted to their work. They understood their Chinese colleagues and had great respect for their ability. Once Luce described them as "men with whom it is safe to differ."

These colleagues were likewise shrewdly appraising Harry Luce's own qualities of personality and character. They discovered this new recruit had ability, a vigorous intellect, and a strong will. They concluded he was too eager to try new experiments and had too little regard for proven methods, yet found him a likable and valuable addition to the community.

Each member of the mission station was constantly busy with his or her own responsibilities. Each had great plans for the extension of the particular work in which he was engaged, yet found he must spend most of his time in the daily round of small duties. Always there was a steady stream of Chinese going through the compound gate—peasant folk mostly, seeking advice from their missionary friends on their own personal cares and problems. The stream had reached flood-tide now, and the problems were more urgent and complex, for Shantung was stirring with new life and new complexities.

One evening, as Harry entered the study of a senior colleague, he saw that the older man looked weary and harassed, and that his desk was piled high with unfinished work. "Well, how did the day go?" he asked.

The veteran looked up from a report with which he had been struggling. "Harry," he said with a whimsical smile, "if only these Chinese would let me alone, I could get my missionary work done."

During those first months in Tengchow Harry and Elizabeth were looking forward with mingled expectancy and trepidation toward the birth of their first child. Despite their enthusiasm for their new work they sometimes felt far away from home and friends, from medical resources ample for any emergency. To bring forth her firstborn in a strange land, among people of a different race and surrounded by unknown dangers, is a hard thing for a young mother.

On April 3, 1898, their first son was born. In the Chinese Church at Tengchow Dr. Calvin Mateer christened the child Henry Robinson, linking the father's name with that of their Scranton pastor and friend, Dr. Charles E. Robinson.

The summer of 1898 was spent in Peitaiho on the seacoast northeast of Tientsin. There, to Harry's great joy, they were together with Horace Pitkin and his wife and son. There, too, they met missionaries from all parts of North China, and learned what they were doing and thinking. That summer Harry made his first visit to Peking and observed the work of two small colleges with which he would have much to do later—the Methodist "Peking University" and the Congregationalist "Tungchou College." "At these colleges," he wrote, "the buildings seemed very fine in comparison with the humble structures at Tengchow College, but I am inclined to think that the Tengchow students are a stronger set of men."

On this trip to Peking Harry caught a first-hand glimpse of the swift-moving events which for a time in the summer of 1898 seemed to be sweeping China into an era of progress and reformation. Some of China's patriotic leaders had realized that the nation was in grave danger of being partitioned among Western powers seeking colonial empires. Around the young Emperor, Kuang Hsü, in Peking's imperial Forbidden City, were gathered a group of ardent young reformers, led by Kang Yu-wei and Liang Chi-chao, and supported by the writings of Viceroy Chang Chih-tung. For a hundred days the young Emperor issued a bewildering succession of imperial decrees, instituting all manner of sweeping changes. These proposed reforms were admirable in intent, but many were undertaken too precipitately to be generally understood or to win popular support.

The old Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi, ignored by the reformers, grew enraged at the slight, alarmed for the safety of her prestige, even of her life. Late in the summer she executed a swift *coup,* imprisoning Kuang Hsü, beheading some of the leaders and driving the rest into exile, and rescinding all of the young Emperor's reform decrees.

But not even Tzu Hsi, with her imperious will and vast influence, could long block the new forces stirring throughout the empire. China was being driven irresistibly from her old immobility toward the progressive and industrialized ways of the West. In London Sun Yat-sen, a young political refugee with a price on his head, was avidly devouring all the books he could find on politics, law, military science, agriculture, engineering. In Washington John Hay, Secretary of State, was formulating the "Open Door Policy" for China, calling upon all nations to renounce their imperialistic designs on China, and to accept equality of opportunity in trade with her.

In Tengchow, as Harry Luce pursued the study of Chinese and prepared for teaching in the College, he was aware of these stirrings of powerful forces. But even more he was learning to know China and her people. He was becoming a willing victim of the spell by which China gradually transforms the alien in her midst into an integral part of herself.

With his quick interest in people and his quiet eagerness to make friends, it was not long before Luce was as much at home in Tengchow as he had been in Scranton. He came to know intimately the narrow, cobbled streets, hung with innumerable gaudy signs of the shopkeepers. He learned to read the Chinese characters on each sign, and to know what manner of business enterprise it hopefully announced to the passerby. He was fascinated by the shops themselves, each offering its thrifty stock of wares—pottery, baskets, tea, foodstuffs, silks, silverware, household utensils, Chinese medicines, many kinds of merchandise strange to Western eyes.

He became acquainted with all parts of the old city built on the rocky heights—the business streets, the low-lying Water City with its boats and shipping, the sections where the more prosperous families lived behind high, forbidding walls, the much larger areas where masses of humanity were crowded together in want, misery, and suffering. He learned to know the venerable city not only as Tengchow—City of the Heights—but by its more colloquial name of Penglai —The Isles of the Blest.

Harry Luce's restless spirit could not long be confined behind any walls, even those as thick and as high as the walls of Tengchow. He soon began to explore the surrounding countryside—the rocky coast and barren hills on the north, the fertile plains stretching away to the south. He became familiar with the little villages set down in the midst of tiny fields, the larger market towns with their colorful crowds and their noisy barter of homely wares.

Most of all, he came to know and to understand the Chinese people. Only for a little while did he think of them as a vast, indistinguishable mass. Soon they became individual men and women, young people, boys and girls, each with his or her own special qualities, problems, and potentialities. As his knowledge of the language grew he had a rapidly expanding circle of Chinese acquaintances and a steadily growing number of close Chinese friends. First were his friendships with his Chinese colleagues at the College, his warm personal interest in the college students. Then there were his ties with the Chinese pastors and members of the growing churches of the city and the countryside. Beyond these were his innumerable contacts with all sorts of people—shopkeepers, peddlers, muleteers, beggars, scholars, officials, gentry, the humble and the exalted, city dwellers and country peasants. To him each was a fellow human being, from whom he could learn something of value, in whom lay unexplored possibilities of growth and of service.

Within a year after his arrival in Tengchow, Luce was beginning to make trips into the surrounding country to further his acquaintance with the people, to share with them the Christian message that had brought him to China, and to aid in activities of the growing church.

Typical of such journeys was one he made late in 1898 with a young missionary colleague, Mason Wells, to the village of Wei Tu Ching Kia fifty miles south of Tengchow. In response to a request from a family of six villagers that they be examined for church membership, the two young Americans set out one Friday morning on shaggy Shantung donkeys. In accordance with the custom then prevailing among Shantung missionaries, both were dressed in the long gowns of the Chinese scholar class. They spent Friday night at a Chinese inn, and by Saturday noon had reached the market town of Chao Yuen, not far from Wei Tu Ching Kia. Here in the market place, surrounded by a group of curious townspeople and peasants, Harry Luce preached his first sermon in Chinese.

Just as the sermon ended, an elderly Chinese peasant hurried to them through the crowd. He presented himself as the father of the family they were to examine for church membership, and told them that one of his sons was under arrest at the magistrate's *yamen,* a victim of religious persecution. They accompanied the father to the *yamen,* or magisterial headquarters, arriving just in time to see the son, a stock about his neck, being beaten with bamboo rods. Luce and Wells interceded for the boy and secured his release. Then they accompanied the father and the boy back to Wei Tu Ching Kia and spent the night as guests in the family's thatched, mud-brick cottage.

On Sunday morning they examined the six members of the family and found all of them worthy of admission to church membership. There in the single room of the hut, with its earthen floor and its smoke-darkened walls and beams and its meagre furniture, they held a simple but profoundly moving Christian service. "No matter," Harry wrote to Dr. Robinson soon afterward, "if it was their kitchen, wood-house, dining-room, and parlor all in one; the donkey stall just outside the door, the pig not far distant, and friendly dogs and chickens permitted to enter at will; nevertheless it was the house of God. There we were, a little group of Christians, brought together in common worship and fellowship."

From innumerable intimate contacts with the land and the people, Luce gained a profound affection and admiration for China and the Chinese that would remain throughout his life. Quickly dispelled were any romantic illusions from Student Volunteer days. He saw at close range all the defects and limitations—poverty, disease, ignorance, superstition, official inefficiency and corruption, lack of social consciousness, sometimes callousness and cruelty. He realized how far China had fallen from her former position of world leadership both in natural sciences and in the arts of culture and pleasant living.

Yet he discovered, too, the enduring source of China's fundamental soundness and strength—the Chinese people themselves, with their patience, kindliness, thrift, cheerfulness, courage, tolerance, courtesy, and tenacity. He saw them in their homes, considerate toward their elders, affectionate toward their children, sharing their all with one another, bound together by ties of common loyalty. He watched them face distress and misfortune with smiling courage and persistence that ultimately surmounted, or at least circumvented, all obstacles. Everywhere he found amazing resources of shrewd judgment, common sense, and a quick intelligence that made them masters in the art of daily living.

Here, he saw, was a great people that for more than four thousand years had met all manner of disasters, had learned from them all, and had survived them every one. They had their obvious weaknesses, and had somehow fallen behind the world's accelerating progress. But slowly, irresistibly, they were pressing forward. It would take generations, perhaps a century or more, of tenacious struggle before they could regain their proper place among the nations. But ultimately China would emerge as one of the most powerful nations on earth, for good or for evil. He could conceive of no more fascinating and productive life than one which would make him a part of that long struggle. As long as he lived, wherever he went, whatever problems and disappointments he met, he never lost his sense of oneness with China, his unshakable confidence in her people.

Luce believed that for himself the most productive field of service lay in the education of China's youth. She had always looked to her scholars for wise leadership and unselfish service; and in the new era just beginning her need for trained and devoted leaders was more urgent than ever. A few thousand men and women would determine the way China would move through the Twentieth Century, and as China moved the rest of Asia must follow.

At Tengchow College some of this little handful of decisive leaders might, in the providence of God, be trained during the years just ahead. Soon after Luce arrived at Tengchow, he wrote, "Here is a wide field for schools and colleges, all working together, harmoniously facing the great and common task of lifting the people to higher levels of physical, intellectual, and moral life." Preparation for service to the College became his first objective. And as he assumed increasing responsibilities within it, he began to explore all the ways by which it might render its broadest and most constructive service to the Christian church and to China.

Yet Harry and Elizabeth soon discovered that they could not hope to pursue their educational work in peace. All China was astir with indignation at the wrongs she felt she was suffering at the hands of foreign nations. In Shantung there was a mounting anger over certain actions by the Germans. "Two German missionaries were killed," Harry wrote, "by a riot in southern Shantung. Germany, in wait for such a chance, immediately occupied Tsingtao." Using the missionaries' deaths as a pretext, the Germans exacted from the Chinese government an exclusive franchise to build and operate railroads and to mine coal in Shantung, and to keep ports they had seized. This aroused all China. The Germans' activities in opening mines and building railways had great material value, but the ruthlessness with which they ignored the customs and sensibilities of the Chinese people sowed seeds of hate for all foreigners.

Throughout 1899 and early 1900 the antagonism toward foreigners rose to dangerous heights. The Empress Dowager and her ministers were sympathetic to this development and secretly gave it their support. Clashes increased throughout the country. Mobs attacked missionaries and business men going about their peaceful pursuits. A number of Westerners were killed—and even more of the Chinese rioters lost their lives. Each clash created new antagonisms and heightened the tension.

Shantung, where the Germans were pushing rapidly ahead with the construction of the Tsingtao-Tsinan railway and with the development of mines, was a primary center of this gathering storm. There was a mounitng wave of blind and bitter hatred for all foreigners. Chinese Christians who stood loyally by their Western friends were branded as tools of the foreign devils. Even such a revered missionary as Hunter Corbett, who for four decades had been winning friendship and affectionate respect all over Eastern Shantung, was endangered by infuriated mobs.

Until the end of 1899 Shantung was under a bitterly anti-foreign governor, Yü Hsien. But at this juncture the Peking government replaced Yü with a vigorous official who was just coming into prominence —Yüan Shih-kai. Governor Yüan at once applied himself to the Herculean task of restoring order in a province of more than thirty million people.

In Tengchow there was growing strain and uneasiness. From every part of China came reports of hostility toward all foreigners and Chinese Christians. The Boxers—bandits and terrorists who thought themselves immune to the foreigners' bullets—grew rapidly in numbers and in boldness. Under their leadership, frenzied mobs were being stirred up and incited to attack the Westerners.

Despite this spreading violence, missionary work at Tengchow went on. The College remained in session until the spring term was finished on schedule. In mid-June Governor Yüan directed all Westerners in the interior of Shantung to proceed to the coast. The members of the Tengchow station continued at their posts, but it soon became obvious to everyone that they too might soon be compelled to leave. News filtering in from all parts of the province told of frenzied mobs, of looted mission stations, of Westerners barely escaping with their lives.

In the Luce home such events were overshadowed by the arrival, early in June, of their first daughter, whom they christened, in memory of their Scranton friend, Emma Vail. With all his cheery optimism, Harry was sobered by the problem of how, if they had to flee, he could best care for his wife, their new-born daughter, and their two-year-old son. As the days passed and Elizabeth slowly recovered her strength, they lived in a state of constant readiness for any emergency. Indispensable clothing and necessities were packed and placed in the hallway—with a bag of things for the new baby placed nearest the door.

Just before the end of June word reached Tengchow that the road to Chefoo was blocked by the Boxers. Their only means of escape was by sea. They heard that John Fowler, the American Consul at Chefoo, had chartered a small steamer to send along the north shore of Shantung and gather up the Americans in the coast cities, but the days passed with no news of the vessel.

On June 30th the situation in Tengchow became so threatening the missionaries decided they must leave. Anchored in the harbor was a small Chinese gunboat, the *Hai Chi,* commanded by Captain Sah Cheng-ping, a good friend of the missionaries. But now Captain Sah had serious troubles of his own. For some time the government had failed to send him any supplies or funds, and many of his hungry crew had become so mutinous he had had to place them in irons and confine them in the hold. Nevertheless Captain Sah invited the missionaries to make use of such accommodations as he could provide, and they gratefully accepted.

Harry and Elizabeth, with their two children and an *amah,* or woman servant, were among those who went aboard the *Hai Chi* at dusk. One of the officers turned his cabin over to them. It was a tiny, stuffy cubicle, with a narrow bunk for Elizabeth and the

Harry and Elizabeth Luce studying with their Chinese teacher in Tengchow.

Refugees from the Boxers. Harry and Elizabeth Luce and their two children in the "Boxer Year" of 1900.

three-weeks-old baby—while Harry, the boy, and the *amah* stretched out in a line along the steel plates of the deck.

At dawn Captain Sah sent for Harry. Pointing out a ship which had entered the harbor during the night, he suggested it might be the steamer the Consul at Chefoo had sent for the Americans. Harry took the Captain's gig to investigate, and found it was the steamer they were awaiting. But the boat was already filled far beyond its normal capacity, food and water were scarce, and the Captain was anxious to hurry on to Chefoo. With some difficulty Harry persuaded the steamer to wait two hours so the Tengchow people could be crowded aboard. He and the other men of the station worked feverishly to get their families and some of the most essential baggage aboard the steamer, and by mid-morning they were packed on the overcrowded vessel and moving slowly on toward Chefoo.

In such tense and difficult situations, Harry and Elizabeth were constantly impressed by the calm cheerfulness of their missionary associates. They watched them endure great discomfort, face imminent danger, work under conditions of grave uncertainty, leave behind not only their material possessions but even the results of a lifetime of effort. Sometimes there were honest differences of judgment, but never petty bickerings, complaints, or expressions of discouragement. Strength, courage, consideration for others, and an indomitable faith in the future, were a common heritage.

In Chefoo they found temporary living quarters, but the heat, the overcrowding, the lack of proper food for the children, created conditions almost as menacing as the Boxers. When a cable came from missionaries in Seoul, Korea, inviting the refugees to come there for the summer, Harry and Elizabeth were among those who accepted. In Seoul they discovered other China missionaries and Chinese Christians. Harry engaged a Chinese language teacher and made the most of the torrid summer by studying Chinese, visiting the Korean missions, preparing for courses he expected to teach when the College reopened, and beginning his *Harmony of the Gospels* in Chinese.

While still in Tengchow Harry had heard rumors of mob violence around Paotingfu, where Horace Tracy Pitkin was stationed. In Seoul he learned that on July 1st, while defending the women of his station at Paotingfu, Pitkin had been killed by a mob led by the Boxers.

The news of the tragic death of his friend, classmate and Student Volunteer co-worker, shocked Harry Luce more deeply than any previous event in his life had done. In the days that followed he struggled with doubt and pessimism—though outwardly he showed no sign of bitterness or discouragement. "What days these are for China!" he wrote. "Days of suspense, days of suffering and persecution, days of blood and death! But in it all the missionaries have not lost their quiet and calm, standing firm in their determination to pour out their lives for China. I have not heard a single hopeless word spoken by one of them. God's kingdom will still be set up in China."

VII

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY

THROUGH the long summer and fall of 1900 the Shantung refugees remained in Korea. They were cut off from their usual occupations and companionships. From China came disturbing news of disorders, destruction, invasion by the allied armies of the West to capture Peking and to put down the Boxers. In America many friends, and even some church leaders, were saying that Christian work in China was at an end and that all the missionaries should return home.

Yet none of them lost heart. By mid-autumn all of them were back in Chefoo, and during the following months as disorders subsided they returned to their own stations. They found that some of what they had built up during the years had been destroyed or scattered. But the solid foundations remained, and without complaint or loss of time they set about the task of rebuilding better than they had built before.

Harry Luce plunged more energetically than ever into the work of Tengchow College, in which for more than two years he had already taken a vigorous and sometimes disconcerting part.

Much of his aggressive effort toward the attainment of a goal he had long foreseen had begun two years before at the time of the Annual Meeting of the East Shantung Presbyterian Mission in November, 1898:

"The time has come," Harry Luce had said, "when we should seriously consider both a change in location and a broader basis of co-operation for Tengchow College."

There had been startled murmurs of dissent throughout the group of missionaries gathered for the 1898 Mission Meeting. But the red-haired young speaker had persisted. "For more than thirty years the College has rendered a splendid service in its present location, and with its present relationship to the Presbyterian Mission. But for the College to progress further in size and in the quality of its training for Christian service it must have a more central location. It is too difficult for students to reach Tengchow, in its isolated position on the mountainous northern coast of Shantung. The College urgently needs more buildings, but it would not be wise to erect them on the present site."

Despite expressions of disagreement, the speaker had gone on to an even more radical suggestion. "Moreover, it is both uneconomical and a denial of our unity in Christ that Presbyterians are attempting to carry on their own little college, with insufficient staff and funds, while at the same time several other American and British missions are also trying to establish and maintain colleges with equally inadequate resources. The Presbyterian work in both East Shantung and West Shantung is closely related to that of the English Baptists, who have their own college in

Tsingchow, and to that of the Anglicans, the American Methodists, and several others, all of whom have growing educational work in this province. Should we not take the initiative in proposing to these other Christian bodies that all of us unite in a single program of Christian higher education in Shantung?"

Immediately the mission meeting had broken into an excited uproar. It was unprecedented that any new missionary who had been in China barely a year should speak out in his first Annual Mission Meeting on any debatable question of Mission procedure. For such a newcomer boldly to challenge fundamental and firmly-established Mission policy was not only revolutionary but inconceivable. The elder statesmen within the Mission struggled to exercise Christian patience in showing this brash young colleague the error of his ways.

With unrestrained irritation the senior members of the Tengchow College staff had dismissed the proposed move as unthinkable because for over three decades the College had flourished in its present location and with its present direction and support. They had pronounced any union of educational work impossible because of too wide differences in creed and policy between denominations and nationalities. As a final and conclusive argument they had pointed out that such a move would require a very large amount of money, none of which was anywhere in sight.

Luce's young colleague, Mason Wells, had staunchly supported his radical suggestions; and a few other younger members of the Mission were openly or covertly sympathetic. Aside from these, the opposition had been practically unanimous. Luce's proposal was buried so deeply most of them thought it would never be resurrected. In that assumption they had underestimated the tenacity of their young colleague.

This first major disagreement with his missionary associates had revealed a trait in Luce that was to cause many differences with his colleagues during the next four decades. The widening circle of interests which were an integral part of himself always extended beyond the things with which most of his coworkers were primarily concerned. These associates at Tengchow College normally focused their major attention and activities on the welfare of the College, with the interests of the Mission second, their Presbyterian loyalties third, and the broader interests of the Kingdom of God on earth but a vague and shadowy ideal. Luce's approach to every situation was to consider first how best to serve the Kingdom of God. He tried to use the College, the Mission, and the denomination as tools with which he could labor for the Kingdom, and he was willing to remodel or even to discard these tools whenever he could discover better ones. Sometimes he made mistakes in judgment. Sometimes his vision was imperfect. But he never deviated from this single-minded purpose of serving the Kingdom.

When Luce believed a thing to be thus in the interests of the Kingdom, obstacles and opposition only stimulated him to greater effort. He rejected any argument that the *status quo* must be maintained just because it happened to exist. He was fascinated by tasks which were pronounced impossible. His response to his associates' arguments that it was impossible to move the College is revealed in a letter he wrote to the Weihsien Station a quarter-century later:

> Of course there was not on all the horizon any sign as to *how* the removal might be accomplished. There was no money in sight, and, so far as we could see, no tangible evidence that there would be in future. But I learned then a principle which has ever since seemed to me a valid one—that the way to tackle a problem is first to decide whether, in the interest of the Kingdom of God, it ought to be done, and then to make plans and estimates in some detail, regardless of whether or not the money is in sight. Perhaps the consequent results are due to the fact that, in the process of planning, conviction grows as to the soundness and wisdom of the enterprise which in due time is caught by others able to make the dream a reality.

Luce's zeal for the reorganization of the College had not strained the cordiality of his friendship with his missionary colleagues, or interfered with the specific duties allotted to him. He had come to China expecting to take up religious instruction and counseling of students, for which he was ideally equipped, but had found that all positions in the Department of Religion were filled. Instead of being given a post for which he was specially qualified he had been placed where there happened to be a vacancy. He had been asked to teach physics!

His only preparation to teach physics had been some elementary courses in that subject taken at Yale almost a decade before. But he had accepted the assignment cheerfully, and through the spring and summer of 1898 had labored mightily to master both the subject itself and the technical vocabulary required to teach it in Chinese. That autumn, when he had taught his first physics course in the College, he confessed that at times he was only a few jumps ahead of the class. Yet a little later he became head of the Department of Physics, and held that position throughout his first term in China.

He had also become the leader of many informal groups of students interested in Bible study and the discussion of religious problems. Finding these groups handicapped by the lack of Chinese texts and reference books, he began to prepare outlines and textual material for them. In the following years, despite other responsibilities, he somehow found time for important literary work in Chinese. By dint of early rising and late retiring he was able to publish in 1901 his Chinese *Harmony of the Gospels.* He then began his Chinese *Notes on the Apostolic Age,* published in 1903, and his even more important *Aids to the Study of the Life of Christ.*

Luce had also challenged the *status quo* in still another way. Finding the students clinging to the classical concept of the scholar as a sedentary individual dressed in a long gown and contemptuous of all physical exertion, he had set out to rouse their interest in exercise and games. It was a difficult task. A student in a long gown is hopelessly bound hand and foot, barred both physically and mentally from any vigorous exertion.

For two discouraging years Harry had struggled to arouse the students' interest in physical activity.

When he taught them simple drills and exercises they went through the motions obediently, but with so little vigor as to derive little benefit. He attempted a few games, but they had never learned to play. He needed a colleague who could help him set an example in competitive sport, and some game in which they would take a greater interest.

With the arrival of Mason Wells' younger brother Ralph, Harry acquired an invaluable recruit. Ralph Wells had a keen interest in exercise and sports, and knew how to play the newly-invented game of basketball. Harry and Ralph had a local blacksmith fashion rings for the baskets, and laid out an outdoor basketball court. They coaxed Harry's young son to lend them his large rubber ball, which was somewhere near the size of a basketball. Each chose four likely students as his team-mates, and carefully coached them in the rules and technique of the game.

Finally, with a third American teacher acting as referee, and with most of the student body looking on in supercilious amusement, they began the first basketball game ever played in Shantung. Harry and Ralph played vigorously, trying by example and admonition to stir their team-mates to effective action. But the student players stood awkwardly about, unwilling to risk their dignity by strenuous exertion in the presence of the onlookers. When the ball came their way they would usually drop it. Then, as it rolled about, all the nearby students would attempt to kick it—and their light cloth shoes would go sailing through the air and shower down on the court.

From such an inauspicious beginning basketball became during the following years a highly popular sport in Shantung, with numerous student teams playing as vigorously as American collegians.

Above all these other interests and activities Luce had placed his concern for the future growth and enlarged service of the College. He could see more clearly than most of his older colleagues that the first cycle of missionary education in Shantung was ending, and that a new cycle was beginning. In that new cycle he was to become an integral part of Shantung's Christian education, and it was to become an integral part of him.

The overwhelming rejection of Luce's proposals at the 1898 meeting of the East Shantung Presbyterian Mission had not buried the matter as so many had expected. Instead, these proposals became the subject of increasing discussion and disputation. In 1899 the West Shantung Presbyterian Mission had adopted resolutions calling for the early establishment of a Christian college in Tsinan, the provincial capital, and had suggested that this could best be achieved by the removal of Tengchow College to Tsinan.

The Boxer uprising, by halting all activities for a time, gave the missionaries an unparalleled opportunity to re-examine and appraise their work objectively, and to effect changes and improvements. When the Shantung missionary refugees in Korea returned to Chefoo in the autumn of 1900, they began at once to plan the reorganization and advancement of their work.

During that time the East Shantung Mission and the West Shantung Mission met jointly in Chefoo.

Among the subjects studied and debated was the proposed relocation of Tengchow College. Eventually they voted, with only one dissenting voice: "Resolved that, in the opinion of the East and West Shantung Missions, Weihsien should be the location of Tengchow College, the removal to be effected as soon as the way is open." A committee was appointed, with Harry Luce as Secretary, to "embody and transmit to the Board of Foreign Missions the reasons brought out in the discussion for taking so grave a step." Luce was disappointed that the two Missions did not recommend removal to Tsinan, which he believed must be the ultimate location of the institution. Yet he devoted himself to working for the move to Weihsien, which was centrally located, and where a new station must be built to replace that destroyed by the Boxers.

From that point on, Luce's thoughts and activities were centered on the obstacles which must somehow be cleared before the move to Weihsien could be consummated. The support of many individuals and groups, in China and in America, would have to be solidly established. Substantial amounts of money must be secured, land purchased, and buildings erected. The curriculum would have to be overhauled, and an enlarged teaching staff secured.

While Luce had been arguing with his Presbyterian colleagues he had also been corresponding with the Rev. A. G. Jones, the outstanding leader of the English Baptist Mission. Since 1875 the English Baptists had been at work in Shantung, with Tsingchow as their base. Their higher education had emphasized theology and had centered in the Gotch-Robinson

Training Institute. From the earliest discussion of educational reorganization in Shantung, Luce had hoped for co-operation between the American Presbyterians and the English Baptists. Important new impetus toward such co-operation now came from the developing conditions in China itself.

In the months that followed the Boxer uprising there were swift changes in the attitudes and policies of the Chinese government and people. There was a strong reaction against the ultra-conservative position of the Empress Dowager, and she was forced grudgingly to adopt a more liberal attitude. The youth of China began flocking to modern educational institutions. Thousands sailed for Japan, which had demonstrated its ability to learn within a generation the ways of the West. The Chinese government began to establish modern schools throughout the empire. Everywhere the Christian missionaries felt the force of these currents, and realized that they must expand and improve their higher educational work. In Shantung, those who a few years before opposed Luce's proposals, now agreed that higher education must be strengthened, and that co-operation with other denominations might be a desirable means to that end.

On June 13, 1902, led by A. G. Jones of the English Baptists, and by Paul D. Bergen and Harry Luce among the American Presbyterians, representatives of these two missions adopted a "Basis of Union in Educational Work." It agreed "to unite in organizing three Colleges, namely an Arts College at Weihsien, a Theological College at Tsingchow, and a Medical

College—the location and conduct of which shall be determined hereafter."

Dr. Mateer was now giving up most of his administrative duties because of advancing years. For a time Dr. Watson M. Hayes was president of the College, but in 1901 Governor Yüan Shih-kai called him to the presidency of a new Provincial College, and Dr. Bergen became the Tengchow president. Luce was taking an active part in making plans and studying the problems of financial support, and was one of the first to urge the necessity of supplementing regular Mission Board support with income from endowment and special gifts from other sources. When Dr. Bergen went to America in 1902 for furlough and for money-raising efforts, Luce and one other faculty member were placed in administrative charge.

Enthusiasm for removal had now become general. Even when the Mission Board in New York held back, the faculty pressed ahead. In response to a cable from New York in 1902 counseling delay, Luce wrote reporting the progress already made, and concluding: "You see, we are going ahead as if your cablegram had not come. It is difficult for us to 'cogitate up' a reason for the order to stop. Now is the best time to proceed with building. Prices are going up, and materials may become scarce. Delay now would mean the loss of a year or more." An architect was secured to draw plans for the new buildings. There was much traveling to and fro, innumerable conferences, many questions to settle and obstacles to overcome.

For the first time in the history of China, and perhaps of missions, two firmly-established denominations, representing two nationalities with strong convictions and prejudices, were trying to unite their efforts in a union college. Such an unprecedented undertaking could hardly be carried through painlessly. Those who participated in it were tough-minded individuals, accustomed to standing tenaciously by their convictions—yet they sincerely desired the advancement of the Kingdom of God more than personal or denominational gain. They had to discover how to apply the principle of interpenetration along lines suggested by a modern philosopher.

"Migrating billiard balls," William E. Hocking points out,* "cannot pass through one another: encounter means displacement. But migrating waves from different centers can pass through one another without conflict, adding themselves to one another as they pass." He then suggests that the expansion of man's organizations might also "interpenetrate like waves, rather than collide like billiard balls."

Many of the contacts of these Shantung leaders were like colliding billiard balls. It took a long time for the processes of interpenetration to reach the place where they discovered a new community of spirit and purpose, greater achievements in unity than were possible in diversity. Much Christian grace and kindly restraint were needed by all the leaders in those struggles to establish China's first interdenominational and international university.

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* William Ernest Hocking. *America's World Purpose. Life,* April 17, 1944. Page 104.

Dr. Bergen brought back from America a fairly substantial sum of money to start building operations. During 1903 new buildings went up rapidly in Weihsien, while in Tsingchow the Gotch-Robinson Training Institute was being converted into a Union Theological College. As 1904 began, plans were made for moving to the new campus during the summer months. Just then, an urgent new call came to Harry Luce.

Some eighteen months before, Yale students and alumni had established the Yale Foreign Missionary Society, with the aim of founding "a Christian College where it can most effectively serve the spiritual and intellectual needs of China." Lawrence Thurston, Yale '98, had just made an excellent beginning of establishing "Yale-in-China" in Changsha, Hunan, when his sudden illness and death left the undertaking without a leader. In New Haven the officers of Yale-in-China, after securing permission from the Presbyterian Board, cabled Harry Luce an urgent invitation to take over the leadership of this new venture in Chinese-American educational co-operation.

Luce was greatly impressed by the opportunity of service afforded by the Yale-in-China program. He spent a number of weeks going over the whole matter thoroughly with Dr. Harlan P. Beach, who came out from America for that purpose. But he decided at last that he should remain in Shantung, which had become a dearly beloved home to him and to his family —now increased by the birth of a second daughter, christened Elisabeth after her mother. So with genuine regret he declined this invitation from his *alma mater.* A little later, however, he was delighted to learn that the new leader of Yale-in-China was to be Dr. Edward H. Hume, Yale '97, whom Luce had led to become a Student Volunteer in 1894.

Throughout most of 1904 Luce was busily participating in the momentous and difficult tasks of moving the College to its new site at Weihsien. There were the innumerable dilemmas of providing adequate housing facilities for faculty, students, classrooms, libraries, and laboratories. There were the tedious details of transporting by boat, rail, and cart all the equipment, furniture, books, and records of the College, the personal belongings of its staff. Most delicate of all were the problems of personal interests, attitudes, and sometimes prejudices, which had to be dealt with wisely in uprooting a long-established institution from its original soil and transplanting all of its roots and branches at a new and more fertile place where it would have greater opportunities for continuing growth.

By the autumn of 1904 the physical move had been made. After their summer vacations the students returned to Weihsien instead of Tengchow, and work on the new site was begun. But immediately it became obvious that many things were still needed to make the bold experiment an unqualified success.

VIII

MISSIONARY FROM CHINA TO AMERICA

"HARRY, when you return to America on furlough next winter we want you to raise funds for the College."

President Paul D. Bergen was sitting in his study one evening in the autumn of 1905, talking with Harry Luce. Through the open window they could see the newly-erected buildings of the College, hear the voices of faculty members and their families as they moved about the new campus. The College had been operating at Weihsien for a year, and everyone was happy over the new location and the larger opportunities it afforded. Yet much still remained to be done before the undertaking could be called a success.

"As you know," Dr. Bergen went on, "we must get funds for additional classrooms, dormitories, and residences. We need more money for the budget. We should build up an endowment to help insure future support. All of that means a long and thankless task of raising money in America."

"Yes," Luce agreed thoughtfully, "it would be a long and difficult job. Anyone who undertakes it would have to spend most of his time traveling about the United States, would see little of his family, and would have no opportunity for serious furlough study. As for my own plans, I should devote my entire furlough to intensive work in Physics if I am to continue as head of that department."

"That's all true," Dr. Bergen acknowledged. "Yet somebody must raise the money if the College is to meet its opportunities and its responsibilities. I know of nobody who could do it as well as you, Harry."

His young colleague was silent. At last he said soberly, "Let Elizabeth and me talk it over and pray about it together."

As Luce left the President's study he made his way toward a quiet open space where he could be alone with the friendly Shantung stars. They seemed very close as they glittered down upon him—closer than they had ever been in New York, or New Haven, or even Scranton. There swept over him a realization that he had come to love Shantung—its mountains coming down to the sea, its broad plains, its neatly tilled fields, its walled cities and mud-brick villages, its multitudes of kindly and patient folk. He had come to belong to Shantung, and it had become an integral part of him. Here he and Elizabeth had made their home together. Here their three children had been born. Here he had made lasting friendships, not only among the American and British missionaries but also among the Chinese people.

In eight years he had made an established place for himself in the College, doing the teaching he loved. He had gained an excellent command of the language, had produced important books in Chinese, had played a significant part in the movement to create China's first union university. Yet much more still remained to be done. The nascent university was as yet only three scattered colleges, none fully housed, one with no fixed location, all in urgent need of greater financial resources.

Japan's startling victory over Russia had just given new stimulus to the reform movement in China. The Chinese were now convinced that Japan had learned the secret of dealing on an equality with powerful Western nations, and that China, too, must discover the formula. The stream of Chinese students flowing to Japan was still rising. America's friendly use of the Boxer Indemnity Funds for the education of Chinese youth was turning increasing numbers of Chinese students toward the United States. Within China herself the demand for modern higher education exceeded the capacity of all existing institutions. Alert missionaries were finding that they must plan their educational work more broadly than they had formerly thought necessary.

As he pondered these things, Luce sensed the gravity of the decision he must make. On the one hand lay interesting and rewarding activities as a teacher, an administrator, a writer, and a friend and leader of students. On the other lay increasing absorption in the difficult and endless task of seeking financial support. To devote his approaching furlough to a search for funds instead of preparation for further teaching would injure his future value and standing as a teacher just when academic standards were rising rapidly, and would lead him away from many things closest to his heart. But for Harry Luce the only question was how he could best advance the Kingdom of God in China.

Even before he talked over these problems with Elizabeth, he knew what the answer must be. And she, loyal to her pledge that the demands of his work must always come first, concurred uncomplainingly in that decision, knowing that it would require much sacrifice for them both, and for their children. At once Harry began to busy himself with a study of the College's financial needs, and to consider ways in which they could best be met.

Early in 1906 Luce and his family returned to the United States. They found that a strange metamorphosis had taken place. China had become their familiar home, America seemed strange. Everywhere were bewildering changes to which they must adjust themselves. The automobile and the skyscraper were new phenomena. There were new faces in place of remembered ones. A new pastor had succeeded Dr. Robinson, whose health had failed. Both of Harry's parents had died, and a visit to Scranton brought only a keener realization of his loss. Yet he had come back with work to do—and not for China alone. He had a message for America as well.

His immediate task was to formulate plans to raise money for the College. "I should like," he said on arrival, "to do what I can for endowment. I speak humbly, for my forte, if I have any, I fear is not money-raising." He conferred with the Board Secretaries in New York, setting forth three primary objectives:

(1) Secure additional funds to complete the College plant.
(2) Obtain $250,000 endowment to provide an assured source of income.
(3) Organize an American board of sponsors to aid in building financial support.

Church-going Americans had been accustomed to giving to "missions," but they had no precedent for supporting a university in China. The Mission Board in New York could provide no constructive plan of procedure. The Board Secretaries might wish to help, but the Board's pressing need for current support had first call on potential donors within the church. The days of money-raising organizations and intensive financial "drives" had not arrived. Luce must develop his own technique for arousing interest and support, and must, single-handed, raise whatever funds were secured.

The only personal acquaintances to whom he could turn for help were Scranton friends, a few generous men and women he had met in his Student Volunteer travels, and such Yale classmates as could and would take an interest in his work. Moreover, he soon discovered that most Americans still had but a vague conception of China and its place among the nations.

His job was larger than merely raising funds for a college in Shantung. He must help America to understand and appreciate the Chinese as a people with a long and honorable history, an enormous contribution for the new century just beginning, and many characteristics that made them closely akin to the people of America. *He must become a missionary from China to his own native land.*

As Luce looked back on the changes during the past eight years in his own thinking about the Chinese people, he realized what a transformation had taken place. He had started for China in 1897 with the conventional attitude of speaking disparagingly of everything Chinese, and of praising to the skies everything American. Some of his early letters from Shantung had reflected this attitude of superiority in which he, like all other young missionaries of his generation, had been indoctrinated. They had been led to believe that it would border on treason to their native land and blasphemy of their religion to express themselves in any other way.

Yet as he had come to know China better, he had begun unconsciously to appreciate the strength and virtues and achievements of the Chinese people. He had found among the Shantungese with whom he had been associated sturdiness of character, integrity of purpose, great intellectual ability, and such kindly courtesy in all human relationships as made impatient Westerners seem harsh and crude. In his initial study of Chinese culture, literature, philosophy, and religion, he had begun to discover new aspects of truth, beauty, and enduring wisdom.

Now, on his return to the United States, he began to realize that the America he had pictured to himself and his Chinese friends was not so perfect as it had appeared when he was half a world away. He discovered that many Americans, too, were idol-worshipers after their own fashion, and had their own brands of "heathenism." He met many generous and broad-minded men and women—and as many others who were narrowly selfish and filled with racial pride and prejudice. He had begun to think habitually of men everywhere as brothers, with many traits in common. It startled him to find how many Americans still believed that, aside from themselves and perhaps a few Europeans, the rest of humanity consisted of ignorant barbarians. He had begun to establish a mental equilibrium in which men of all races were appraised at their true value. It was a process that would continue throughout his life.

For a full year Luce devoted himself to that most thankless of tasks—raising money for a cause which to most people was more remote than the moon. As he went about speaking in churches and meeting with groups and individuals, sometimes a man or a woman would express an interest that indicated the possibility of future aid. Like other pioneer missionaries, he had to labor long and arduously to secure his first converts. Rebuffs were frequent—some courteous, some curt, some brutal.

During his prolonged periods of travel, Harry's daily letters to Elizabeth reported, always with a touch of quiet humor, on the events of the day—the frequent disappointments, the occasional successes. "Today I saw Mr. C———," he wrote one night from a mid-western city, "but found him 'unable to give.' Told me his wife's recent illness had cost him $40,000. It behooves you, my dearest, to keep well, for I fear—do my best—I would fall short of $40,000!"

Some days were completely barren of visible results.

"Trudged through the rain all day," he wrote at the end of a dreary December day. "Tried to see ten men, seven of them refused to see me. Among the three I saw was L———, probably the richest man in the city. He said he couldn't give anything now. The 'margin of safety' these men keep is very large."

He was often disappointed, but never defeated. After a particularly discouraging rebuff his face would grow a bit more tense and strained. But soon his smile would return, the twinkle come back into his eyes. Each new approach was made with the same staunch enthusiasm and hardy conviction. In his search for funds, Luce was offering an opportunity for investment in the youth of China, and he knew that all such investments would in due course yield "magnificent returns."

His relationship to those who gave to this work was never that of suppliant to benefactor, but always that of a friend participating in a joint enterprise. "The greatest need of his life," he said of one ambitious man who was making a great deal of money but who steadfastly refused to give anything, "is to learn to give as well as to get."

Here and there he met people whose interest was kindled by the fire of his own enthusiasm. Often it was an individual who could give little except faith and encouragement. Sometimes it was a man or woman of wealth and prominence. From such meetings grew friendships which were broader and deeper than common interest in Shantung. As the years passed, there were more and more American homes where Harry Luce was warmly welcomed as a friend, a wise counsellor, a father confessor, an understanding comrade.

A glimpse of one of the earliest and most beautiful of these friendships, which included not only Harry but also Elizabeth and their children, is found in a letter which Elizabeth wrote a friend many years later:

> A long while ago I promised that sometime I would tell you of a wholly unexpected experience—or shall I call it destiny—which fell across our path with all the grateful warmth, the delicate radiance, of a sudden shaft of sunlight breaking through the bleakness of a winter day. Certainly the unseen Hand lay back of it, as I think you will see, and as Harry and I always believed. We thought of that which came to pass as part and parcel of the divine Will working, as it must, by means of human instrumentalities.
>
> You will recall that early in 1906 we came "home" to America on furlough after a term of more than eight years in China. Arriving on the west coast, it seemed best for the family to stay temporarily in California while Harry went East to consult with the Board in New York about his new and difficult task of getting money for Shantung College.
>
> He decided to stop off in Chicago, and while he was there one of his friends gave him a letter of introduction to Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, Sr. In due time he called by appointment at her house on Rush Street—the letter in his pocket, in his heart a prayer. He was shown into the library on the second floor, and presently Mrs. McCormick appeared. (I use that word advisedly, because she had the most marvelous grace of movement by which she *appeared* before one in a quite extraordinary manner.)

Harry was never clear about their first conversation. But ever after he recalled her unequalled presence—her face, lighted by an inner glow; the fine eyes, all fire and spirit and keen intelligence; above all, the kindly look which seemed to lift his loneliness and all his unspoken problems from his own heart and lay them upon her own. Then, quite suddenly and with characteristic impulsiveness, she said: "Mr. Luce, you are very tired. Come with me." She led him across the hall and, opening a door, went on, "These are my son's rooms, but he is not here now. I want you to use them as your own, and I want you to *go right to bed!* I will send to your hotel for your bags. Later in the evening I want you, if you will, to tell me all about your work in China."

Does that sound like a fairy tale? Well, it really happened.

During the same winter I came East with the children. Harry, returning from New York, met me in Chicago. To our hotel came flowers and a message from Mrs. McCormick—would Harry bring us all to her house that afternoon? Woman-like, my thoughts flew to my outmoded wardrobe. After eight years in a remote mission station in China, I felt outwardly unpresentable, while inwardly I quaked with fear.

But Harry smiled. (He would, as you know!) "Just wait," he said, "you'll see!" So I scrubbed, not to say polished, the children. "At least," I thought, "we can be clean!"

Very soon we found ourselves in an unforgettable scene. I can even remember where each of us was—the young son gazing out of the window, fascinated by the spinning wheels of passing carriages; the two little girls sitting close together on a sofa, their short legs barely reaching to the floor. And so, as we waited for her there, she came to us in her lovely way. Moving into the room, her arms outstretched, she seemed to gather us all into her great heart of love. And that was our true homecoming.

I scarcely remember a single object in that stately house, to which I returned a good many times. But what stands in my mind, forever beyond the reach of years, is the grandeur of a woman's soul. For all that is true and lovely and good is bound by love into the structure of an immortal spirit. And the things of the spirit can neither be lost nor destroyed.

Until her death sixteen years later, Mrs. McCormick's friendship was an inestimable source of strength and encouragement. She took a highly intelligent interest in Harry's educational work in China, and her generous benefactions in support of that work were given in a spirit of sharing in a worthwhile undertaking which she considered her own almost as much as his.

Among others with whom Luce at that time established friendships which were to mean much to China was Dr. John H. Finley, then president of the College of the City of New York. He kept his contacts with his old friends in Scranton, and found a new ally in Dr. Joseph H. Odell, Dr. Robinson's successor at the Second Church. He remained in touch with his classmates of Yale '92, now men in their middle thirties, many of them acquiring wealth and prominence. At commencement in 1906 Yale University recognized Luce's literary work in China by awarding him the degree of Master of Arts.

This first furlough was a time of special strain for Harry and his family. There were problems of ill-health among members of the family, from whom he had to be absent most of the time. There was the inadequacy of their slender missionary salary supplemented by a small furlough allowance. Harry was now thirty-eight, and despite his persistent vigor and enthusiasm the stress of constant travel and search for funds taxed him severely, and helped to create the first unheeded symptoms of physical disorders which were later to cause grave trouble.

Their normal furlough of one year was extended for an additional three months, so that Luce might continue his search for funds. Yet when, at the end of February, 1907, the time for his return to Weihsien was near, he was still disappointed over the slow progress both in raising money and in developing a sponsoring board which would continue working for the College. His last few weeks in the United States were devoted to developing such a board, but with discouraging results. Most of the men he approached had pressing obligations in America, and China was dim and remote.

He did succeed in creating the nucleus for such a sponsoring group—the first interdenominational board ever set up in America on behalf of a Christian college in Asia. But it was several years before the board became an effective body.

As Harry sailed for China with his family early in March, 1907, he deplored that "only a tithe of the money which seemed immediately necessary five years ago had been obtained." Yet substantial progress had been made, and he had laid strong foundations of interest and support for Shantung Union College.

IX

CROWDED YEARS IN WEIHSIEN

As Harry and Elizabeth Luce returned to Weihsien with their three children in the spring of 1907, they again stopped in Japan. This visit was a striking contrast to that of a decade before. Since her victory over Russia, Japan was everywhere being hailed as a new world power. The Island Empire was aglow with an expansive mood of friendliness—particularly for America, which had loudly applauded her sensational victory.

The Luces arrived just in time to participate in the World Student Christian Federation Conference held in Tokyo during April. The conference met for six days under the leadership of John R. Mott, and received greetings from such heads of state as King Oscar II of Sweden, King Edward VII of Great Britain, and President Theodore Roosevelt of the United States. Its six hundred delegates, coming from twenty-five countries, heard addresses from an array of speakers including the Mayor of Tokyo, Sherwood Eddy, and the Japanese Minister of Education. The convention's expenses were paid by Marquis Ito. On the closing day Baron Gato opened his beautiful gardens to the delegates and entertained them lavishly. As a crowning gesture of inter-faith friendliness, the Japan Buddhist Conference sent its greetings!

The conference made an indelible impression on Harry Luce, and on his young son who accompanied him to the sessions. Luce realized that much of this display came from political and nationalistic motives rather than religious convictions, but he was beginning to give increasing attention and respect to the beliefs and customs of men of other races and nations.

At Weihsien the College had progressed, and had justified its removal and reorganization. Yet union had created new problems and had accentuated some long-standing differences. The most fundamental of these was whether the College should serve simply as a training center for Christian workers and an agency of evangelization, or should also seek to meet some of Shantung's educational needs not directly related to evangelism.

One group favored restricting enrollment to Christian students and limiting the curriculum to preparation for definite Christian service. Others believed that the College could best serve the Christian movement, as well as the Chinese people at large, by training men for every type of service needed under rapidly changing social, economic, and political conditions. In addition to providing professional Christian workers it could also permeate the whole social structure with men possessing Christian ideals and motives, and could build a broader basis of lay support and leadership for an indigenous Christian church.

Luce, who approached each new problem by asking, "How can we render the widest possible service to the Kingdom of God?" was a staunch supporter of this second position. He was also glad to note that the Chinese leaders in the College and the community were becoming increasingly articulate and influential in their support of this broader concept of the College's functions.

Another step toward a more complete union was now being taken. Up to that time Shantung Union College at Weihsien, Gotch-Robinson Union Theological College at Tsingchow, and Shantung Union Medical College—which had now located at Tsinan—had operated as largely independent entities. In 1908 they agreed to unite under the name of Shantung Christian University—or, in Chinese, *Cheeloo* University, after the ancient states of *Ch'i* and *Lu* which now comprise most of Shantung Province. The Anglican Mission was invited to become a third participating body, and an Anglican Bishop was sent out from London to study the proposal.

It fell to Luce to discuss with the Bishop the practical details of participation. Soon they reached the question of participation by the Anglican students and staff in the religious services of the college community. "Of course," said the Bishop, "our Anglican services must be entirely separate."

Luce tried to point out the importance of having everyone join in these common religious services as an essential feature of a true unity of spirit and of effort.

"All such matters," interrupted the Bishop in a tone of finality, "are closed doors to us."

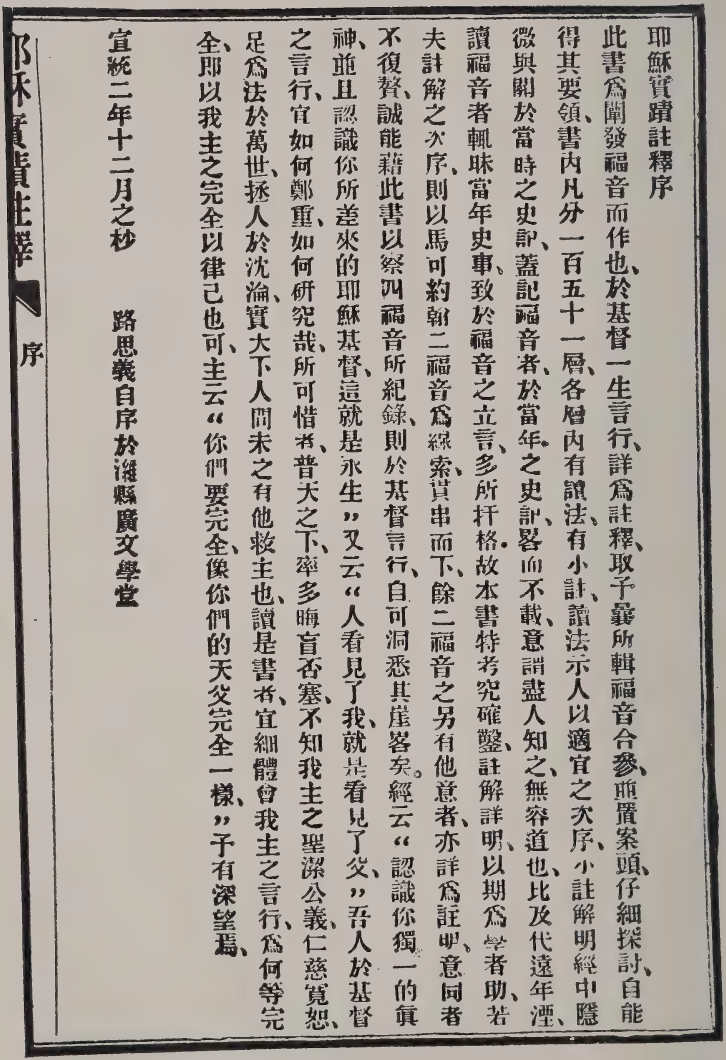
This attitude was inexplicable to Harry Luce, who could not understand the necessity of closed doors in their search for the fullest co-operation. But negotiations with the Anglicans were continued, and in the end they were admitted to participation with the understanding that their students and staff members would join in common worship but would also have their separate communion service.

Upon his return to Shantung Luce noted the great increase in unrest among the Chinese people, particularly among the student classes. Sun Yat-sen and his followers were hovering about the southern borders of China, plotting one after another of eleven abortive "revolutionary attempts." All these earlier insurrections were unsuccessful from the military standpoint, but they were disseminating Dr. Sun's teachings and were winning sympathy and supporters for his revolutionary movement.

As he had foreseen, Luce had lost touch with the academic life of the College during his furlough. His place as head of the Department of Physics had been filled. Once more he was asked to teach new subjects for which he had no special qualifications or interest, but for which another instructor happened to be needed. This time it fell to his lot to teach classes in history, pedagogy, and English, and also to take over the duties of registrar. While he was willing to assist wherever he was needed, Luce was troubled by this glaring weakness in the College's policy of assigning teachers on the basis of availability rather than qualifications. He was aware, too, that the Chinese were becoming quite critical of this policy.

He began to feel the stirrings of increased religious

Faculty of the Arts College, Weihsien. President Bergen seated near center of front row, Harry Luce seated at left.



耶穌實蹟註釋序

此書爲闡發福音而作也、於基督一生言行、詳爲註釋、取予曩所輯福音合參、並置案頭、仔細探討、自能得其要領、書內凡分一百五十一層、各層內有讀法、有小註、讀法示人以適宜之次序、小註解明經中隱微與關於當時之史記、蓋記福音者、於當年。之史記、畧而不載、意謂盡人知之、無容道也、比及代遠年湮、讀福音者輒昧當年史事、致於福音之立言、多所扞格。故本書特考究確鑿、註解詳明、以期爲學者助、若夫註解之次序、則以馬可約翰二福音爲綫索、貫串而下、餘二福音之另有他意者、亦詳爲証明、意同者不復贅、誠能藉此書以察四福音所紀錄、則於基督言行、自可洞悉其崖畧矣。經云“認識你獨一的眞神、並且認識你所差來的耶穌基督、這就是永生”又云“人看見了我、就是看見了父、”吾人於基督之言行、宜如何鄭重、如何研究哉、所可惜者、普大之下、率多晦盲否塞、不知我主之聖潔公義、仁慈寬恕、足爲法於萬世、拯人於沈淪、實大下人間未之有他救主也、讀是書者、宜細體會我主之言行、爲何等完全、即以我主之完全以律己也可、主云“你們要完全、像你們的天父完全一樣、”予有深望焉、

宣統二年十二月之杪　　路思義自序於濰縣廣文學堂

耶穌實蹟註釋　序

Introduction to Harry Luce's *Aids to the Study of the Life of Christ,* explaining the purpose and method of the work. Dated December, 1910, at Weihsien.

interest among the students. Early in 1909 he sensed that the time was ripe for giving concrete expression to this spiritual quickening, and helped to set in motion at Wiehsien forces strikingly reminiscent of the events on Mount Hermon in the summer of 1886. He made plans for four days of religious meetings at the College, and invited as their leader the Reverend Ding Li-mei. "Pastor Ding" was a Christian leader of great power. He was quiet, mystical, deeply spiritual —a man with the gentleness of greatness. Since his graduation from Tengchow College and the Gotch-Robinson Theological Seminary, some fifteen years before, he had been a pastor and an evangelist. During the Boxer year he had suffered two hundred fifty blows from the bamboo for refusing to recant his Christian faith.

When Pastor Ding arrived at Weihsien all the older Western staff members were away. Luce was in charge. The only other American colleague in the compound was Ralph Wells, now the principal of the boys' middle school. In a letter to Arthur J. Brown, Luce describes what followed:

> Pastor Ding arrived quietly the last of March. A room for personal interviews was prepared for him. Morning chapel periods of twenty minutes were extended to an hour and the first recitation period was omitted. The first two chapel periods seemed without special results. But a sermon on "The Duties of the Watchman" struck home, and led seven seniors, the flower of the class, to give their lives to the ministry.
>
> The work soon grew to such an extent that it seemed advisable to set aside all college routine for the next

> three days. Under the strain of these public meetings and the large number of interviews, Pastor Ding's frail health failed for a time, but the meetings, continued by others, showed clearly that the power in our midst was not of men. . . .
>
> The personal interviews in Pastor Ding's room continued. The list of those deciding for the ministry increased to twenty—then thirty. Some of us, familiar with the early days of the S.V.M. in America, began to urge caution. Still the list grew. There seemed no undue excitement, no outward manifestation of emotion commensurate with the number of decisions. The list increased to sixty, then eighty. There seemed no legitimate way to stop the tide, and no reason for doing so except the largeness of the number being added to the list.
>
> On Saturday night Mr. Ding was able to conduct a "Witness meeting," in which those who had decided for the ministry gave their reasons for doing so. There was no undue emotion, but all were conscious of a strong, deep current of conviction which no man could stay. This spirit continued unabated through the Sabbath, when it was found that over a hundred had volunteered for the ministry.

In all 116 students—more than one-third of the total enrollment—pledged themselves to full-time Christian service. Out of these meetings came, a few months later, the Chinese Student Volunteer Movement for the Ministry. This movement spread throughout China, and was influential in leading thousands of young Chinese into active Christian service.

Meantime the forces working for political reformation were becoming bolder. Shantung students were sympathetic toward Dr. Sun and his Three Principles of the People. The staff of the College were also responsive to this stirring of new ideals, but could not openly support doctrines and leaders hostile to the existing government. Chinese officials were fearful of armed revolution, suspicious of any activity they did not understand.

One day the College was greatly excited by the arrival of a delegation of Chinese officials dressed in their imposing Mandarin robes and accompanied by armed guards. Luce hurried out to greet the distinguished visitors and arranged to entertain them with due honor. During the amenities of tea-drinking and exchange of pleasantries he speculated uneasily as to the significance of such an imposing visitation. At last the officials solemnly presented a stern demand from the military governor that the students of the College discontinue their "military maneuvers." For a moment Luce was puzzled, then the light dawned. He had been conducting a daily class in calisthenics on a threshing floor just outside the compound!

As the months passed the tenseness of the situation increased. Then, on October 10, 1911, the Revolution began. The Shantung Governor, Sun Pao-chi, supported the revolutionists and became head of the "Republic of Shantung." Other leaders remained loyal to the Manchus. For three months the region was in a state of civil war. Those at the College became accustomed to the clatter of firearms, the whine of bullets passing over the compound wall, the glow of explosives bursting over the city of Weihsien.

For some years the Japanese had been infiltrating into Shantung, following the line of the Tsinan-

Tsingtao Railway. In these disturbed months of the Chinese Revolution they sought to turn troubled situations to their advantage. One day two Japanese military officers called on Luce and offered to provide a company of soldiers to protect the compound. Although the compound boasted only one firearm, a hunter's shotgun, Luce knew it would be safer without Japanese "protection," so he tactfully declined their offer.

For a time it seemed that the Manchu forces were gaining the upper hand. Governor Sun spent some weeks as a "patient"—actually a political refugee—in the Cheeloo Hospital in Tsinan. There he was joined by Admiral Sah, who had befriended the missionaries in the Boxer year. On New Year's Day, 1912, Sun Yat-sen became the first Provisional President of the Chinese Republic. Disorders continued until February 12th, when the Manchus formally abdicated, and the Republic received general recognition. Then began a long period of change and adjustment, in which turmoil and confusion mingled with growth and progress, affecting every part of the nation's life.

Despite the troubled skies over China and the inevitable growing pains of a union enterprise, these crowded years in Weihsien were one of the happiest periods of Harry Luce's life. For this period at least he was doing the things he wanted most to do. The very name of Weihsien came to be treasured by every member of the Luce family, and no one of them would ever wish to forget it, even if he could.

Around the Weihsien compound ran a high, smooth wall, quite in keeping with the landscape, for the Chinese love a wall. Within, what a busy life went on! There was the College, the Boys' School, the Girls' School, the Hospital, the Church—all within an area of some ten acres.

From the upper windows of the buildings in the compound they could look out across the great, brown plains of Shantung—"tolerant plains, that suffer the sun and the rains" and gather their strength to give back to the toilers the hard-won reward of their labors. As far as eye could see stretched the plains, with here and there a village, a cluster of grave mounds, a grove of dark cedars, and field after field of ripening grain. On market days blue-clad farmers, baskets slung from shoulder-poles, trudged beside donkeys laden with produce, making their immemorial way to the open market, down by the old city walls. Such scenes as these drew them, they knew not how, into willing partnership with the good earth of China and the warm human heart of the people.

The Luce house was the last of twelve built in the compound, but it was worth waiting for. While the family was in America during 1906 and 1907, Mrs. McCormick had said to them resolutely, "I am determined that you shall have a house." She made a gift to the College designated specifically for a residence for the Luces, and from that point on took as much interest in the construction of the house as if she were to live in it herself. And what a wealth of patient, unhurried labor went into its building! Each piece of stone had to be quarried and shaped with primitive tools, each brick molded and baked to fit the specific requirements, each piece of lumber sawed by hand from the huge logs brought down from the north.

Just eleven years after their first arrival in China, Harry and Elizabeth had a home of their own. Elizabeth, counting over the different houses and parts of houses—including an abandoned temple to Kwan Yin—in which they had previously lived, found the number to have been thirty. "We never before," Harry wrote, "moved into a house without knowing the approximate date when we were to move out again. It will be a real treat to have a more permanent abode."

By modern standards their new house would have seemed very inadequate. Mrs. McCormick, following the progress of building through snapshots duly sent her, delightedly pronounced it "like a Florentine villa." Certainly it was like such a villa in some particulars, for there was no gas, no electricity, no modern plumbing. Candles and kerosene lamps provided light at night, and a temperamental hot-air furnace dispelled some of the cold of the long winters. Baths were taken in portable tin tubs filled with water carried from the kitchen in five-gallon Standard Oil cans.

Yet to the family this lovely home was completely satisfying, and for their sakes Harry was more than grateful that the long years of moving from house to house now seemed ended.

The four years spent in this new home was the longest period in their forty-four years of married life that Harry and Elizabeth ever lived in one place. It was also the longest time Harry ever spent with his family, unbroken by much travel and frequent absences from home. These were the years during which Harry was best able to weave into the growing pattern of his life the bright threads of mutual affection and interdependence which made each member of his family an integral part of himself.

It was natural that Elizabeth should have transmitted to her own house something of the dignity and charm of her grandmother's home, in which she had grown up. At any rate the eight bare rooms of the "Florentine villa" were soon transformed into a shrine dedicated alike to pleasant living and to the best that both East and West have produced. Faithful to the admonitions she had received in early China days never to slip into careless ways of living by "letting her standards down," she was an indefatigable housekeeper. Perhaps she was sometimes too zealous in her practice of that virtue second only to godliness, for a revered older missionary once declared with his usual vehemence, "That woman is wickedly clean!"

Harry was busy with his teaching, administrative, and literary activities. Most of each day was spent at the College—and much of whatever time remained was employed in the preparation of his books in Chinese, writing his *Aids to the Study of the Life of Christ,* expanding his *Notes on the Apostolic Age* into his more comprehensive *Aids to the Study of the Acts,* and beginning his *Studies in Ephesians.* Always there were Chinese scholars working with him in his study, and a continuous stream of students coming and going. Yet somehow he found time for companionship with his wife and family.

The youngest member of the Luce family was born in January, 1909. They named him Sheldon Root for his maternal great-grandfather, and the Chinese at once transliterated his name into *Shao-ling,* "little bell."

Each of the four Luce children found life in the Weihsien compound both busy and enjoyable. They had the companionship of a few other American and British boys and girls of their own age. And no matter how busy their parents might be, they were always understanding friends and companions of their children. Then, too, Harry and Elizabeth were able to secure as a teacher-governess for their two daughters, over a period of several years, a remarkable woman, Frau Netz. She was tall, stern, proud, sometimes domineering, yet she taught the two little girls basic habits of study for which they were always grateful.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were unforgettable anniversaries on that hospitable compound. The missionaries, thousands of miles from their homelands, drew together with one accord around the community Thanksgiving table—and met in happy comradeship beneath the gleaming Christmas tree to celebrate the birth of Him in whose name they had come to China. Those were joyous hours, alike for young and old, especially for the children. Perhaps the most excited of all were the young Chinese girls of the boarding school, whose delight in the surprises of the Christmas tree was just as great as that of the "foreigners," another simple link that helped to make the whole world kin!

Weihsien was a much-visited community. Every missionary family kept open house and was much given to hospitality—not only as a pleasure but as a necessary duty. They invented their own amusements, for they had no theatres, no concerts, no movies. Each contributed to the entertainment of the community such talents as he or she possessed. Harry's music on his violin—in which he was encouraged and coached by his able accompanist, Elizabeth —was an enjoyable feature of their community gatherings. And on their return from America in 1907 Harry and Elizabeth made another outstanding contribution to the life of the community—its first Victrola, with a generous stock of both classical and popular records!

Though they did not fully realize it then, Weihsien was more than a mission station—it was also an experiment in international living. Here were Chinese, British, Americans, even one staunch German who was a Prussian battalion in herself. It was a compact little community, with differing traditions, habits, tastes, convictions, and aspirations. Yet somehow they managed to integrate the diverse parts into a whole, into something that *worked,* even though the machinery often creaked and sometimes the gears would not mesh. They were the first to recognize humbly that they did not always act as well as they knew. Here were spent some of the richest years of Harry Luce's life, as he steadily pursued his increasing purpose.

In the decades that followed, the Weihsien compound endured many reversals of fortune, until in World War II it gained dubious and fleeting fame as the Japanese invaders' grim internment camp for

American and European civilians. Yet despite these later vicissitudes, the goodly company of men and women who had lived and loved, wept and laughed and labored there, still believed that their labor was not in vain. For they were a part, however small, in the great onward sweep of history—and in the Divine economy no least service can be lost.

Part III

THE BUILDER

是知其不可而為之者與。

Is he not the fellow who knows a thing can't be done, and still does it?

—*The Analects* XIV:xli

X

FOUNDATIONS FOR THE NEW UNIVERSITY

The walls of China's Christian Colleges are built of more than brick and stone. They are cemented by the mortar of toil and sacrifice, of hopes and prayers, of enduring friendships which bind East and West together in the family of nations.

As a new "cycle of Cathay" began with the establishment of the Chinese Republic, these Christian Colleges had been developing for nearly half a century. During that time almost two-score colleges had been organized by denominational missionary bodies from the United States, Canada, and the British Isles. These colleges had been scattered all over China—Canton and Foochow in the south; Chengtu in the west; Wuchang and Changsha in the center; Shanghai, Soochow, Hangchow, and Nanking in the east; Peking, Tungchou, Tengchow, Weihsien, Tsingchow, and Tsinan in the north. They had been established and staffed by men and women motivated by high ideals and driven by the crusaders' sense of a vital and urgent mission. They had made immense contributions to China through blazing the way for the development of modern education, and through training thousands of young men and young women for leadership and for service.

Led by the movement toward unification which had begun in Shantung at the turn of the century, these scattered colleges slowly combined into larger and stronger union universities located at strategic centers in each part of China.

Reformation was the keynote of the new Republic. There was an insatiable demand for that which was new, sometimes too great impatience to throw aside the old. The students themselves began to manifest new independence and forthrightness. More than one missionary educator who had long extolled the virtues of democracy, initiative, and frankness now was startled by the emergence of these very qualities among his students and his Chinese colleagues.

In Shantung, the faculty of the Theological College in Tsingchow were disconcerted and somewhat indignant when the graduating class of 1912 presented the president with polite but firm suggestions for changes in both curriculum and instruction. They proposed that the Western teachers devote themselves exclusively to their teaching and give up other mission responsibilities, that text-books be used instead of lectures, that English be taught more extensively, and that instruction generally be more efficient and up-to-date. Dazed by this new-found boldness, the faculty nevertheless admitted that there was merit in the students' criticisms. They began to see that with the rapid development of government schools and educational standards, what had sufficed in past years was no longer adequate.

The demand for new developments was also the inevitable result of growth within Cheeloo University itself. It was becoming clear to everyone that a closer integration of the three separate colleges must be effected as soon as possible. They began to agree that the only logical solution was the plan Luce and others had urged more than a decade before—to bring together in Tsinan, the provincial capital, the three segments of the University now scattered in Weihsien, Tsingchow, and Tsinan. The college buildings in Weihsien and Tsingchow could then be used to house strong secondary schools. Such a development would require a large amount of new funds—for the purchase of land, the erection of buildings, the provision of additional current support. With one accord they turned to Luce as the only one among them who could raise the sums required.

When Luce's colleagues asked that he undertake this second, and still more formidable, task of raising money, he inwardly rebelled. He realized more clearly than any of them that someone must give up all else and devote himself fully to this prolonged and difficult service, but he had hoped that somehow he might be spared the assignment. He had only recently succeeded in re-establishing himself in the College after a protracted period of moving about and shifting responsibilities. He knew that now, in his middle forties, it would be doubly hard, after another long absence and preoccupation with utterly different tasks, to resume his work in China.

Once again every consideration of immediate self-interest told him to remain in Weihsien; the inward compulsion of the larger interests of the Kingdom of God told him he must go. He and Elizabeth, happy in their new home and with their four children growing up about them, faced the bitter choice of surrendering this full and satisfying life for the Spartan existence they had known six years earlier. Yet, as they had not hesitated before, they did not hesitate now. "The work" must take precedence over all else.

In December, 1912, Robert E. Speer wrote Luce that America's interest in China had increased somewhat since he had left there six years before. Yet Speer warned that "money does not come easily, as any man knows who is trying to get it. Williams has done well for Nanking, but it has been against many disappointments and sustained only by the one hope which alone can carry a heart through all the chilling experiences of such a campaign."

Even before this letter reached China, Luce had set out for America by way of Siberia, Europe, and England.

Sometimes in life things happen whose consequences cannot be foreseen, or whose meaning understood, at the moment. Yet such moments stand out forever after against the indiscriminate background of the days. Such a moment was Harry Luce's departure from Weihsien. Elizabeth has thus described the scene:

> It is mid-January. A long while before day Harry is up and moving quietly about. Soon the whole household is astir. The faithful old coolie is making up the fires, for snow has been falling all night and it is very cold. The oil lamps burn cheerfully and presently the comforting

fragrance of coffee gives assurance that Friend Cook is at his post. We go down to breakfast, the older children grave, the very small one his usual gay and garrulous self.

After breakfast, with all the household present, prayers are conducted in the living-room. Thus far, save for the hour, it is just the dear familiar round of everyday life.

The lazy winter dawn begins to break. Snow still falls, but lightly now, as if in quiet benediction. Then comes a faint and far-off tinkle of *shen-dzi* bells. The small son jumps up and down in gleeful anticipation of mules and men and shouts and general excitement. Now, with loud jangling of bells, the mules come clomping to the door, on their backs the time-honored *shen-dzi*. The luggage is finally stowed away. All is in readiness for the three-mile jolt to the railroad station.

And then, the last good-byes. Stout-of-Heart climbs into the *shen-dzi*. At the great entrance gate of the compound he finds a crowd of his students assembled to pay their respects and to *sung* him on his way. So, his face set towards Siberia, the family turn and re-enter the house which suddenly seems cold and empty and bare.

> "The little road says, go!
> The little house says, stay!
> And O, it's bonny here at home,
> But I must go away.
>
> "And go I must, my dears,
> And journey while I may,
> Though heart be sore for the little house
> That had no word but 'stay.' "

After a bleak mid-winter journey across Siberia, Luce spent a few vivid days in Russia, Germany, and Holland. He reached London early in February and there met his older son who, aged fourteen, was spending a year of study in Europe. While in England he conferred with many leaders of the British missionary boards who had work in Shantung.

Then he hurried on to America. And like many other homecoming missionaries radiating enthusiasm for undertakings they consider important and urgent, he was chilled and depressed by his first few days in New York. The board of sponsors he had tried to organize in 1907 had disintegrated. All those from whom he might normally expect encouragement and support were preoccupied with other interests. He was in immediate need of three essential requirements which were still lacking—a unified and efficient organization in China, concrete architectural plans and estimates of cost, and an active American board of trustees.

In China the organization and administration of the University were still divided among the three campuses at Weihsien, Tsingchow, and Tsinan. There was as yet no effective central administration. For some years Luce had been urging that a president be appointed for the whole University, but it had been difficult to secure general recognition of the need for such a step, and even more difficult to discover the right man.

When ill-health had compelled Dr. Bergen to resign the presidency of the Arts College, the need seemed obvious for an administrative reorganization. Bergen and others had urged that the administrative heads of the three Colleges become deans, and that Harry Luce be made president of Shantung Christian University. For such a position Luce had many qualifications—vision, energy, tenacity, unselfish devotion. He had led in the University's development, and had served in every capacity from that of a young instructor to the acting presidency of one of the Colleges.

Yet some of these dynamic characteristics also mitigated against his selection for the presidency. Since he seemed to be the only one who could raise money, the University wanted to keep him free for that work. Because he was often ahead of his colleagues in vision and planning, they sometimes distrusted his "visionary schemes." His forthrightness in driving toward his objective often aroused opposition and resentment. "I lack patience," he often said to Elizabeth. "When I see what ought to be done, when the vision is before my eyes, I am in a hurry to realize it. I can labor, but I haven't learned to *wait!*"

A second problem was that of securing building plans for the new institution. Luce had long been disturbed by the incongruity of starkly occidental buildings thrust into Chinese surroundings with complete disregard for architectural harmony. He believed ardently in the possibility of designing college buildings which would combine Western efficiency with the graceful lines of Chinese temples and public buildings. As yet few missionary leaders agreed with these ideas. During his stay in America he labored tenaciously to secure adequate and harmonious architectural plans for the new campus. Mrs. McCormick became interested, and endeavored to help him find a good American architect who could go to China and devote himself to this task. But this was only the beginning of the long and difficult struggle to utilize classical Chinese architecture for modern educational buildings.

A third problem was to develop a strong and active board of trustees for the University. Luce found that America's understanding of China had not progressed greatly during the six years he had been away. People had been vaguely interested in the Chinese Revolution and the establishment of the Chinese Republic. But it was a rare individual who had any appreciation of China's place in world affairs, or of her significance to the future of America.

During his second term in Shantung Luce had seen with increasing clarity the vast potentialities of China as a member of the family of nations. Under wise and Christian leadership she would within a few decades develop into a most powerful force for advancing both the material prosperity of the human race and also the ideals of freedom and democracy. Under leadership hostile to the West and inimical to Christian ideals China might become an equally grave menace to the world. It was of enormous importance to America's own broadest self-interest that China be aided in making her choice. Luce was convinced that the most strategic point in determining China's future course was the little group of her Christian colleges and universities. Aid to them, therefore, constituted the highest service to both China and America.

Thus, he was once more a missionary to America, reluctantly exiled for a time from his adopted land of China. He was doing much more than organizing a home base and raising money. But he was completely realistic in remembering always that money must be raised, quickly and in relatively large amounts.

There were many devices which he must employ to gain the acquaintance and confidence of a prospective contributor. One very common approach was a letter of introduction from a mutual friend. Often the letters Luce carried were perfunctory notes which did little more than open a door for him. But sometimes he was privileged to bear such a unique missive as the following:

> My dear Mrs. McGregor,
>
> If you can see him, let me have the pleasure of knowing that I have for once helped you to an hour of which there can be nothing but the finest memories of a fine personality, with the ego swallowed up in his absorption in his cause. And, moreover, of one who has no confidence in any persuasion of his own, but lets his facts do their own talking.
>
> The man is Luce of Shantung. He asked if I would introduce him to you. I pondered the request. I thought of all the men to whom I have refused the same request and bidden them let you alone. And then I thought of your intensity of feeling about your stewardship, and of how you had told me of the joy you had when one bright gleam of light shone on the way of privilege to do good. . . . Without any doubt or question, Luce is well named: he's a search-light shining a ray of light into the dark.
>
> If you find him different from all this, roast me good, for I shall need the chastening.
>
> Faithfully yours,

When at last Luce succeeded in seeing a new prospect, he must either win the immediate interest and good will of a man or woman who was almost certain to be suspicious and reserved, or else lose his opportunity forever. One of his greatest assets was that his sincerity and enthusiasm induced instant liking and confidence. People sensed that here was a man who asked nothing for himself but was aglow with the inspiration of a great adventure.

On one occasion, after many attempts, Luce at last succeeded in securing his first appointment with a great philanthropist of those days. He was a man who could be very kindly and generous, but who had a strong will and inflexible opinions. He was abrupt in manner, quick and shrewd in his appraisal of others. In advance of the interview Luce familiarized himself with the philanthropist's attitudes and prejudices, his theological conservatism, what and whom he liked and disliked. He arrived at his prospect's impressive suite of offices, gave his card to a coolly efficient receptionist, and was asked to wait.

After what seemed an interminable delay, he was led into the philanthropist's presence. He found himself before a huge desk, at which a tall, bearded man was busily writing. He stood quietly until at last the man laid down his pen, rose, silently extended his hand, motioned his guest to a chair. For a full minute the host studied Luce with shrewd gray eyes. Then abruptly he hurled a question at him: "Mr. Luce, do you believe in a personal devil?"

As Harry steadily returned the philanthropist's searching look a twinkle came into his blue eyes. "I've had plenty of proof," he said, "of the devil in Luce."

An answering smile came into the eyes of the bearded man barricaded behind the huge desk. "Good!" he cried, with a roar of laughter. "Now, tell me about that college of yours."

That interview marked the beginning of a new friendship both for Christian education in China and for Harry Luce. Some months later the philanthropist gave the first of a number of generous gifts he was to make to Harry Luce's work during more than two decades.

This second period of campaigning in America was even more prolonged and strenuous than the first. Luce was exploring new fields of support for Christian education in China. He was traveling almost constantly, saw little of his family, and was continually under heavy physical and nervous strain.

The tangible results of his efforts came slowly. By the end of 1913, about $100,000 had been pledged—a good beginning but only one-third of the sum needed. In addition, he had been cultivating denominational boards and American college groups, laying foundations for the future support which Cheeloo University would secure during the next few years—but as yet none of these boards or colleges had actually made any grants or pledges.

As 1914 began, Luce saw that he must remain in America at least a year longer to complete his task. "When I wakened today," he wrote Elizabeth then, "and realized that I had another year of this life before me, my heart almost failed me." That summer the outbreak of war drew everyone's attention toward Europe, and abruptly halted much of America's foreign trade, multiplying the difficulties of securing support for work in China.

By late 1914 about $200,000 had been pledged, but some pledges had unfulfilled conditions. The University's leaders in China and the West became discouraged, but Luce drove ahead. Throughout the winter new gifts continued, mostly in small amounts but a few in larger sums. The spring of 1915 brought them within sight of their goal of $300,000. Now came new encouragement as the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation expressed an interest in co-operation between the University's Medical School and the Foundation's own program in the Peking Union Medical College.

In August, 1915, Luce was able to announce with profound relief and thankfulness that his task was completed. Without taking time for any real rest he and his family sailed for Shantung immediately, because of urgent demands that he co-operate with the University leaders in going forward with building on the new campus in Tsinan. The campaign had been a severe physical and nervous strain for him, and he was destined to feel its effects for the rest of his life.

"I am thinking affectionately of you and Mrs. Luce as you return to China," Dr. Brown wrote as they were leaving. "I hope that you will get some rest after the tremendous strain that you have been under. It seems to me that we must devise some plan by which our leading educational institutions can be financed without subjecting devoted missionaries to such killing labors. I can hardly imagine a more trying task than you have had."

XI

FAREWELL TO SHANTUNG

THE China to which Harry Luce returned late in the summer of 1915 was in a sadly disordered state. The Revolution, begun with high hopes four years before, had not brought internal peace, national solidarity, or a republican government. The international scene was dominated by the World War. Japan, greedily watching for an opportunity to expand her powers while the world's attention was focused on Europe, had made her infamous Twenty-One Demands on China, and had forced their partial acceptance on an impotent government in Peking. President Yüan Shih-kai was plotting to make himself Emperor, and all China was rumbling with threats of a new revolt. The literary, social, economic, and political renaissance was still in embryo.

When Luce reached Weihsien that September, he found himself in the midst of difficulties and problems. Three months before, a student rebellion in the Arts College had caused the spring term to be closed a week early, and had greatly reduced the autumn enrollment. The immediate occasion had been student disputes and dissatisfaction with the curriculum, but the underlying cause was the spirit of restlessness prevalent among Chinese students generally.

In the larger affairs of Shantung Christian University there was still great confusion. No president for the entire University had been chosen, no clear policies formulated. Many British members of the staff had been callen into war service. It was extremely difficult to secure essential equipment and supplies.

At last, near the end of 1915, the University Council elected the following administrative officers of the University:

President—J. Percy Bruce (English Baptist)
Vice President—Henry W. Luce (American Presbyterian)
Dean, Arts College—Llewellyn J. Davies (American Presbyterian)
Dean, Theological College—E. W. Burt (English Baptist)
Dean, Medical College—James Boyd Neal (American Presbyterian)

The Council also appointed Luce chairman of the University Building Committee, and he at once turned all his energies to the responsibilities of that task. He found that disappointingly little progress had been made during his absence in working out adequate plans for the new campus and its buildings. There were innumerable difficulties arising from the situation in China and in the world at large. China's revolt against Yüan Shih-kai had now taken place, and had caused a period of disturbance which hampered the progress of construction. There were exasperating delays by the architects engaged to design the buildings and to supervise construction. War scarcities made building materials hard to secure and abnormally expensive. Unfavorable exchange rates had depressed the value of the American dollar and had thus reduced the purchasing power of their building funds.

Luce philosophically accepted all these difficulties as an unavoidable part of the abnormal times. Many of them could be solved, some circumvented, the rest endured. Inevitable and impersonal obstacles never discouraged him. In spite of them, construction went forward. In the summer of 1916 he moved his family from Weihsien to the new campus, so he could concentrate completely on the task before him.

After nearly two decades of unremitting effort Harry Luce was seemingly approaching the realization of the vision which had been before him ever since his first years in Tengchow—a great Christian university in the capital of Shantung Province. The new campus lay just outside the southern suburb of Tsinan, on rising ground that overlooked the city and the fertile, populous plains to the north. Off to the south rose a range of barren mountains. Nearest at hand stood templed Ch'ien Fu Shan, the Mountain of the Thousand Buddhas, with a huge stone image of Buddha gazing benignly out from the face of the mountain across the teeming plains. Beyond, other barren peaks rose higher and higher until they culminated at last in majestic Tai Shan, most revered of China's holy mountains, with its ever-present memories of Confucius.

Yet ever since his return from America Luce had been painfully aware of problems far deeper and more fundamental than the transient difficulties of changing external conditions. These problems were the result of bringing together on one campus personalities, nationalities, and organizations that had not yet learned to adjust themselves to each other. The Shantung experiment in union was still, in many respects, at the stage of "migrating billiard balls" that collided sharply whenever they came together.

So long as the work had been carried on in three places, collisions had been fairly infrequent and harmless. But now with the moves toward greater unity it was much harder to avoid frequent and jarring clashes. Both the Americans and the British had marked differences in policies and methods—and both were accustomed to having their own way. The Americans believed that their British cousins assumed an air of superiority and insisted on exercising all the prerogatives of leadership. To the British it seemed that the Americans were too cocksure and self-assertive, and insufficiently nurtured in the traditions of culture and refinement.

To a large degree the impact of these national and personal differences was cushioned by a spirit of courtesy and friendliness, and by a saving sense of humor, which prevailed among those related to the different colleges now merging to form the University. They were devoted Christian men and women, committed to a great adventure in international co-operation and desirous of making their experiment a success. Each realized in part that the interpenetration of all these divergent elements into a homegeneous unity would require great tact and patience and mutual good will. As one staff member put it, they must be transformed "from a mechanical mixture into a chemical compound." But the *modus vivendi* —there was the rub!

Harry Luce's responsibilities as vice president and as chairman of the Building Committee brought him into constant contact with these difficulties of adjustment to new conditions. All of his training and experience had taught him to respect and follow democratic forms of procedure. He was accustomed to the struggles of men with strong wills and positive convictions trying to decide on a common policy or line of action. He had listened to impassioned arguments, and had seen colleagues grow angry in the heat of debate. He had witnessed all the techniques used in trying to win the support of one's associates.

He himself had always been a leader in bringing forward new proposals and laboring to win his associates to his point of view. He had watched his proposals rejected by a majority of these associates, and had tenaciously kept his ideas before them until eventually they won acceptance. Yet always he had believed that the work must progress on the principle of "open covenants openly arrived at."

Now, however, Luce found himself struggling against what he considered autocratic methods contrary to his concept of democratic procedure. It seemed to him that important decisions were being made by a closed inner circle, without consultation with others who had the right and the duty to express their judgment.

Luce's ideal was that the University be neither British nor American, not Presbyterian or Baptist or

Anglican, but a blending of the best each constituent had to offer, fully Chinese in spirit and purpose. Yet he felt that his efforts to attain this ideal did not always have the support even of his American colleagues, some of whom seemed to him too willing to yield in matters of fundamental principle whenever questions arose. He realized that, with his own strong convictions, he too was in danger of creating friction and animosity by being too aggressive and insistent on having things his own way.

As the months passed, he found himself laboring under a growing sense of impotence and frustration. Major decisions were being made and important activities undertaken, affecting his responsibilities as vice president and chairman of the Building Committee, without the democratic discussion he considered essential. He was deeply concerned for the future of the new experiment in union if these conditions persisted. There on the beautiful new campus, with the buildings his efforts had made possible now rising about him, he struggled with intensely difficult decisions. He said little about this struggle, even to his intimate friends, though one catches a hint of it in a letter he wrote late in 1916 to a Board Secretary in New York:

> We are living on the new site, and as I write I can look out on those beautiful hills only a short distance away. When we need a little encouragement in the midst of the problems and difficulties that face us here, we look up at those hills whence comes no little strength. I'd give a good deal to have half an hour with you to discuss some of the questions in my heart. In the meantime, we are

united with you in a mighty inspiring work—nothing better in the world.

During this time he was urged by the Board of Directors of Hangchow Christian College to accept the presidency of that institution. Hangchow was a young college, with a youthful and energetic faculty of Americans and Chinese ready to work loyally under his leadership. He would have an opportunity to render a distinguished service, and could extricate himself honorably and pleasantly from a situation which he found more and more difficult. Yet it was not in him to leave a task unfinished, nor to count a problem insoluble until he had exhausted every means of solution. So in December, 1916, he declined the Hangchow presidency.

Construction on the new campus went forward despite delays and vexations. By the spring of 1917 the essential buildings were nearing completion, and the opening of all departments of the University in their new home that fall was assured. Yet the approach of this event to which he had devoted his whole being for two decades only intensified the struggle in Luce's mind and spirit. It seemed to him that the University administration's policies and procedures were growing still more undemocratic and disastrous. He knew that the differences which had marked the preparations for moving to Tsinan would be intensified with physical consolidation on the new campus. While he was always ready to join cheerfully in any struggle which would advance a cause in which he believed, here was one area of conflict which he was unwilling to enter. He saw that serious disagreements were inevitable, but he believed that his own presence would only serve to prolong and to intensify the conflict.

For months he pondered what course he could take which would best serve the University, and the Kingdom of God. At last he decided that he should withdraw from Shantung and turn to some of the other fields of service in China which were calling to him. An invitation to serve as a secretary of the China Christian Educational Association seemed to offer a wide opportunity of worthwhile achievement. And so one day in April, 1917, he quietly asked the University Council and the Executive Committee of his own Mission for permission to resign from his duties in the University to accept this secretaryship in the Educational Association.

Most of Luce's colleagues had been unaware of the struggle going on within him, and his resignation was a bombshell for which they were totally unprepared. Immediately there arose a chorus of pleas that he remain with the institution. The University Council and his Mission's Executive Committee unanimously requested that he withdraw his resignation. The leaders with whose policies he was in fundamental disagreement urged him to stay. But he had not made his move until he was fully convinced that this course was best for the University. He adhered to his decision, but he assured his colleagues of his continuing interest and good will, and stated that even if he must conclude his work *in* Shantung he earnestly hoped that his work *for* Shantung might continue as long as he lived.

When Luce said farewell to the University in the summer of 1917 he took with him the affection and good will of his colleagues, of all nationalities and denominations. His friend E. W. Burt, of the English Baptist Mission, with whom he had worked intimately for fifteen years, thus put into words the general attitude: "It is indeed pathetic to think of your leaving the University. For some to resign, who never believed in the concentration at Tsinan, would not be so strange. But no one of us has believed so fully, or has worked so heartily, for this consummation as yourself."

Luce replied expressing deep appreciation of his warm friendship with Burt, and best wishes for Burt's ongoing work at the University. "As I crossed Russia in January, 1913," he went on, "I had visions of what we are beginning to see here in concrete form now—tattered and torn realities, to be sure, yet expressing the vision in part. And as they rise about me I must sadly and reluctantly walk forth from their midst, leaving still greater visions and plans—well within our grasp—for others to realize who have the power to see and to do."

Whether or not Harry Luce followed the right course in resigning from Shantung Christian University was long discussed in China's expanding educational circles. But all who knew agreed that his action, and the spirit of selflessness in which it was taken, had a sobering effect on everyone at the University and helped to check tendencies toward factionalism and strivings for power and position. The crisis he foresaw reached its climax less than two years later, and caused the withdrawal from the University of all but one of its senior administrative officers. Then followed a period of readjustment and reorganization in which the institution's progress was slowed just at a time when the neighboring Christian Colleges were advancing rapidly. But ultimately the University moved forward again under new leadership which was already developing while he was on the campus.

As long as Harry Luce lived he was a loyal and active friend of Shantung Christian University. He continued to serve it in many ways—as a wise consultant, as an enthusiastic spokesman on its behalf, as a worker who at every opportunity sought friends and support for its work.

The lasting affection in which both Harry Luce and E. W. Burt were held by succeeding cycles of students and faculty was strikingly demonstrated in a time of crisis a quarter-century later. In 1942, when the world was in the midst of an even more destructive war than that being fought in 1917, Shantung Christian University was a refugee institution driven far into western China by a ruthless invader. At its war-time home in Chengtu the faculty and students erected temporary quarters within which they set aside a special room for their religious gatherings. When they came to dedicate this place of worship where they sought to find the ties of home in a strange land, they unanimously chose as the most fitting and honored name they could give—"The Burt-Luce Room."

XII

SHANGHAI INTERLUDE

"WE HAVE encountered Boxers, famine, flood, and pestilence, but just now we seem to be going through the most trying experiences of our lives." Thus Harry Luce wrote Robert E. Speer in the summer of 1917. He was at the mid-point in a half-century of service. In the twenty-five years since his graduation from Yale he had made unique and significant contributions to the Christian enterprise, to China, to America.

He had been a student leader in America as that nation was waking to the vital importance of its ties with other lands and other races. He had played a memorable part in bringing a world-vision to the students of the 1890's and had inspired hundreds of them to devote their lives to constructive service throughout the earth.

He had reached China when her people were stirring from centuries of somnolence into restless new life, into movements that at times seemed confused and aimless but were of irresistible power. In one of her pivotal provinces he had greatly influenced the development of modern education through which Chinese youth was learning its place in the nation and the world. As a teacher and a friend he had led hosts of students into ways of living that were beneficial not only to their day but to succeeding generations.

He had become a part of a pioneer college in China at a time when it had completed one cycle of notable service, and had helped to guide it into a new and greater cycle of growth. He had labored tenaciously to transform the small denominational school into a great interdenominational and international university. He had laid in America strong foundations of friendship and support which were not only indispensable to the financial strength of the institution but were even more significant in creating ties of friendship and co-operation between China and America.

In all these crowded, productive years, Luce had been wholly devoted to the one increasing purpose of serving the Kingdom of God through serving the broadest interests of his fellow men. He had made mistakes, encountered difficulties and discouragements. Yet he had never deviated from the straight course he had set for himself a quarter-century before. Every thought and effort had been focused on the service he could give, never on his own comfort, position, or security.

Now in mid-course the whole pattern of his life seemed suddenly cut off. He was separated from the institution which for twenty years had been as integral to himself as his own body. He must make a new start. He had gained a broad knowledge of China and its people, wide recognition as an educator and a Christian leader. Yet he had left behind the strength and endurance of youth, and in sacrificing narrower interests to the larger good he had caused some to regard him as an impractical dreamer who was too inflexible in his purposes.

The summer of 1917 was devoted to the unhappy task of disengaging himself from the work in Shantung into which so much of his life had been poured. He had to adjust himself to the radically different environment of Shanghai—an undertaking all the more cheerless because Elizabeth must return to America to be nearer the children in school.

Yet Harry was soon at home in the swift-moving currents of history in the making then swirling through the East, with Shanghai a major vortex. China's age-old isolation had crumbled, and she was being drawn irresistibly into the mid-stream of world events. In Shantung Luce had been conscious of titanic movements, but in Shanghai he was watching at close range the interplay of tremendous forces, and being himself a participant in history-making undertakings.

Since Yüan Shih-k'ai's death early in 1916, the government of China had become still more impotent and chaotic. The *Tuchuns,* or military governors, had grown in power until they controlled for their own selfish ends not only their provinces but even the feeble government in Peking. President Li Yuan-hung, under pressure of the *Tuchuns,* had blocked the Chinese Parliament's efforts to adopt a constitution for the Republic, had dissolved the Parliament, and then had resigned from the presidency. Led both by the example of the United States and by a desire to have a voice at the peace table, China had declared war against Germany—though her contribution to allied victory consisted chiefly of providing certain war matériel and sending a Labor Battalion to France.

Throughout China the student classes, stirred by the weakness and corruption of their government and the chaotic state of the nation, had come forward as leaders of reform. Hu Shih was beginning his bold challenge of China's ancient literary and social forms and his aggressive leadership of the New Thought Movement. In Shanghai Luce saw frequent articles in modern Chinese magazines, urging that *Wen-li,* the classical language used by Chinese scholars in their writings, be replaced by the *pai-hua,* or every-day language of the common people. The students were outspoken critics of inefficient and dishonest officials, had designated as National Humiliation Day the anniversary of China's acceptance of the Twenty One Demands, and were initiating a growing movement of strikes and boycotts.

Luce was drawn close to the World War, emotionally and intellectually. Many of his closest friends —American, British, and Chinese—were participants in the conflict. His older son was a Lieutenant in the American field artillery. Having been a Republican of the Progressive, or Bull-moose, variety, and a staunch admirer of Teddy Roosevelt, he was now caught by the inspiration of Wilson's vision of a League of Nations that would forever make wars impossible. He sensed that the Chinese were counting confidently—too confidently—on all the blessings promised them when the war would end. They wanted their Sacred Province of Shantung claimed first by the Germans and then by the Japanese, returned fully to their own control. They wanted the land and people of China, struggling with the staggering problems of the new Republic, secured against the greed of predatory nations of both East and West and left free to develop and grow strong in their own way.

As the war progressed it was difficult enough to justify to the Chinese mind the spectacle of Western nations, long pictured to them as enlightened and Christian, loosing on each other all the savagery and destruction which modern science could devise. But with the surrender of Germany and the signing of the armistice the Chinese began to witness the even more depressing exhibition of these nations resuming the same narrowly selfish tactics of intrigue and power politics which had brought on the war. When the Big Four at Versailles acceded to Japan's demand that she be allowed to keep control of Shantung, the Chinese heard the news with stunned incredulity. This changed swiftly to an intense resentment which caused a tidal wave of bitterness to sweep the nation. When, a little later, the American people repudiated Wilson and the League, China's cup of bitter indignation overflowed, and there sprang up a widespread antagonism toward all foreigners that was to cause trouble for a decade or more.

The section of China's life which was the first to feel and to respond to these world events was her schools and colleges, both those established by the missionaries and those conducted by the Chinese government. Luce's primary responsibility as a secretary of the Educational Association was to the Christian institutions, but he had a keen interest also in the rapidly multiplying schools and colleges being developed by the government. He was glad to see, as he traveled about the country, that many of the men and women trained in the Christian schools were now taking a leading part in building up a strong, modern educational system under the Chinese government.

In the China Christian Educational Association Luce was an associate of Dr. Frank D. Gamewell, who had been the General Secretary of the Association since 1913. It was agreed that Luce should devote his time chiefly to two major lines of work—helping in the development of Religious Education and carrying out a survey of middle and higher primary schools. These duties necessitated travel throughout the country, and thus gave him an opportunity for first-hand study of these schools, and their teachers and students.

He found there were now more than a thousand Christian schools and colleges in China, ranging from the kindergarten to the university. They had made rapid strides in the past two decades, particularly since the establishment of the Chinese Republic. At first they had been conducted largely by Western teachers and administrators, but now the great majority of their staffs were trained and efficient Chinese. A substantial and growing share of their support was being provided from Chinese sources, and they were turning toward Chinese leadership for direction and control.

It had at times been charged that these Christian schools and colleges were so much under Western control that their Chinese teachers and students were in danger of losing their close contacts with their country and their people.. But Luce saw that the teachers and students alike were in intimate and intelligent touch with all that was going on about them, and were intensely patriotic and quick to respond to any call for service. Many of these students had led in arousing sentiment against Japan's Twenty One Demands. Now they were becoming active in arousing widespread protests against Japan's control of Shantung and in conducting the boycott of Japanese goods which eventually helped to force the relinquishment of her claim to the Sacred Province.

Luce's extensive survey of the Christian schools was an integral part of the re-examination and appraisal of educational work then going on throughout the nation. Chinese educational leaders related to governmental institutions were turning toward American educators for counsel in the whole broad field of organization, methods, and curricula of schools and colleges. John Dewey was invited to China as the first of a long series of educators who spent from six months to two years studying her educational problems and making suggestions as to improvements. While this process was going on in government education, the leaders of China's Christian schools and colleges were preparing for the Educational Commission which was coming out in 1921, under the leadership of President Ernest D. Burton, of the University of Chicago, to make a thorough survey of these institutions and to make recommendations for their improvement.

When Luce began in 1917 to plan his survey of the Christian middle and higher primary schools in preparation for the coming of the Burton Commission, he discovered that no such survey had ever been conducted in China. Many missionary leaders marshalled formidable arguments to prove that it could not be carried through successfully. Luce accepted the challenge. He worked out an extensive questionnaire which he mailed to the head of every Christian middle school and higher primary school in China, accompanied by a letter explaining the importance of the undertaking to the advancement of Christian education. This letter ended with a characteristic Lucean touch:

> There are those who prophesy that for one reason or another you will not make this study of your own school and thus share with us in the survey. My confidence leads me to believe that you will not permit this prophecy to come true. Such is my faith: I am sure you will not wish to fail in having a part in our first co-operative survey.

He did not rely on faith alone. During the weeks that followed he visited every school he could reach, and wrote to the others urging that they complete the forms fully and promptly. Eventually more than two-thirds of the schools returned the forms fully filled out, an unprecedented achievement. A penalty of this success was that it took most of Luce's time for a period of nine months to collate the data in the forms and to interpret the significance of the information thus made available for the first time.

Thus, through this first-hand contact with the

Christian schools in all parts of China, and the comprehensive information his survey gave as to their activities and problems, his knowledge of Christian education in China was greatly increased, and the horizons of his understanding were widened.

In the spring of 1919 Luce was again confronted with insistent calls for his services, coming from several places. His specific assignments for the Educational Association would be completed that year, but he was asked to remain as a consultant for the Educational Commission coming out from America. The situation at Shantung Christian University had grown still more difficult since he had left, and everyone in Tsinan was urging his return to resume the vice presidency and to renew his search for funds. From Peking were coming proposals that he be made the vice president of a new institution, being formed by the union of several denominational colleges in North China.

In May of that year he returned to America for a short furlough. But once again furlough brought him little rest, for the next six months were devoted to completing the tabulation and interpretation of the results of his survey.

The two years Luce spent in Shanghai were so intimately associated with problems of readjustment and absence from his family that they could not have been very happy ones for him. He was eager to be back in the productive and satisfying life of a university campus, with its stimulating round of associations with students and with colleagues. He longed intensely for a home where he and Elizabeth could spend the passing years together, surrounded by their children and their friends. Yet within the slowly unfolding pattern of his life, those two years had their distinct place.

XIII

YENCHING IS BUILT

In December, 1918, Harry Luce received an urgent call from a friend of many years, Dr. J. Leighton Stuart. Some two years before, Dr. Stuart had been a leader in urging Luce to accept the presidency of Hangchow Christian College. Now the situation was reversed. Stuart, at that time head of the Department of Greek at Nanking Theological Seminary, had been asked to assume the presidency of a new university just coming into being in the city of Peking. He was planning to visit Peking to study the matter at first-hand, and wished to have Luce's company and counsel.

The two friends made the trip to Peking that same month. Many changes had taken place in the Northern Capital since Luce had visited it first in the summer of 1898. One of the most striking changes during those two decades was the rapid progress made by the Christian colleges in that area. Four small denominational colleges had been started in and near Peking between 1864 and 1871 by American Methodists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, and by English Congregationalists. During the next four decades they had grown steadily, made numerous changes in their organizations, and begun to talk of closer unity.

Since 1911 these colleges, their missions in China, and their mission boards in the West, had been engaged in prolonged negotiations seeking to establish one strong university in Peking.

Stuart and Luce found the leaders in this undertaking still struggling with many difficult problems. There were innumerable denominational and personal differences to be adjusted, questions of policy and procedure to be settled. No final decision as to the name of the university had been reached, though they were then discussing a name which was soon accepted with general satisfaction to all—"Yenching University," based on "Yenching" the classical name of the city of Peking.

Both Stuart and Luce were deeply impressed by the potentialities of the proposed new university in Peking, the cultural center, even more than the political capital, of China. But they saw, too, how formidable were the difficulties which must somehow be surmounted before such an institution could become a reality. None of the uniting colleges had a campus adequate for the new university. The embryonic Yenching was at that time situated in the southeastern corner of the walled city of Peking, where the available land and buildings were too limited to serve as more than a temporary location. A new site must be secured. Even greater sums than had been needed in Shantung must be raised to buy land, erect buildings, provide equipment, support the annual budget. A faculty must be assembled, a curriculum mapped out. Directing and supporting bodies must be built up, both in China and in America.

After some two months of study and consultation, Dr. Stuart indicated his willingness to assume the presidency of the University in June, 1919, if certain conditions could be met. The first was that a more adequate site be found. The second was that the president would not be responsible for raising the large amounts of money required, and that other arrangements be made for this essential work. In this connection he strongly recommended that Harry Luce be invited to accept the vice presidency of the University, with responsibilities both in administration and in seeking financial support.

The University's Board of Managers in China accepted Dr. Stuart's conditions, and concurred in his recommendation that Luce be asked to serve as vice president. A cable covering all these matters was immediately dispatched to the Board of Trustees in New York.

These recommendations by Leighton Stuart at once stirred Harry Luce to a serious restudy of the future course of his life and his service to the Kingdom. He was eager to get back into university work, and he had been profoundly challenged by Yenching's immense opportunities. In his vision of Christian statesmanship for China, Yenching was essential, and therefore inevitable. Yet he shrank from any thought of further fund-raising. His years of seeking money for Cheeloo had not only meant arduous labor and prolonged separation from his family but had made such heavy physical and nervous demands as to impair his health. And he had learned from bitter experience how difficult it is to get back into teaching and administration after a prolonged period of raising money.

When Dr. Stuart and the Yenching Board of Managers in Peking urged that he accept the vice presidency of the University, Luce stated that he could not consider such a position unless it included major administrative and teaching activities on the campus itself. He indicated his willingness to aid in special financial campaigns in America, but only with the understanding that the greater part of his time would be spent living and working at the University. Pending final action by the Yenching Trustees in New York, Luce familiarized himself thoroughly with the new university's activities, resources, opportunities, and needs.

He had to familiarize himself, too, with the problems and personalities of the institution with which he was asked to cast his lot. In China were a dynamic group of men and women, led by President Stuart, who were utterly devoted to the building up of Yenching University. In America was just developing a strong Board of Trustees, composed of prominent business, professional, and religious leaders, most of whom were beginning their trusteeship with little more than a mild interest in Yenching and a kindly desire to aid in its development.

At first many of these trustees took their responsibilities lightly, and thought themselves terrifically busy with other affairs. Some mission board representatives considered themselves primarily guardians of the denominational interests of those boards, rather than workers in the larger interests of the University. It took time and much working together before they learned that a united undertaking succeeds only as each participant is ready to sacrifice his special interests for the larger interests of the whole.

In the spring of 1919 the Yenching Trustees were still inexperienced and inclined to be self-complacent. They allowed months to elapse before they dealt with the carefully prepared recommendations of President Stuart and the Board of Managers—and then suggested that some of these proposals be postponed, and even disapproved others. At once the Trustees received from Peking vigorous and indignant protests both by cable and by letter. These protests had a very salutary effect, for the Trustees began to devote more serious attention to their duties, to give increased consideration to the judgments of the leaders in China, and to have a greater pride in the University and their own share in its development. With some reluctance they reviewed once more the recommendations sent from Peking, and one by one gave these proposals their approval.

While the Yenching officers and boards in China and America were resolving their differences and reaching agreement on policies and procedures for the future, Harry Luce journeyed to America, rejoined his family, and devoted himself to completing the tabulation and analysis of his educational survey. Late in 1919 the Yenching Trustees invited him to accept the vice presidency of the University. Knowing the urgency of the need, he accepted the invitation at once and plunged again into the task of building a new university in China.

The task resembled in many ways the work he had done for Cheeloo University. Yet it differed both in the size of the undertaking and the resources with which he had to work. At Yenching he found for the first time a little group of kindred spirits who had also seen the need for an institution adequate for the service to be performed, and who had the courage to believe that such a dream could be made a reality.

About the same time that Luce became vice president it was agreed in America as well as China that Yenching must be moved from its cramped quarters inside Peking to a much larger and more suitable site outside the city. Yet at best it would be a tedious process to secure a tract adequate for a university campus. In China where most land has been held by the same family for many generations each generation abhors any thought of sale, and no sale can be made without the consent of every adult male member of the family. All negotiations require clever middlemen, consummate diplomacy, infinite patience.

After a year of searching, the Yenching authorities discovered at Hai Tien, five miles northwest of Peking, a site which would be ideal if it could be secured. It was an estate on which a Chinese ducal family had long maintained its spacious pleasure gardens. Three miles away, at the base of the Western Hills, was the Jade Fountain, whose abundant waters gave fertility to the surrounding countryside. Because of its beauty and luxuriance, the immediate vicinity contained many famous gardens and palaces, including both the old and the new summer palaces of the Chinese Emperors. Negotiations for this plot were undertaken, and in November, 1920, some sixty acres were purchased. During the next five years this was increased to more than a hundred acres.

Even while the search for the new site was in progress, Luce was again engaged in a struggle to have the university buildings designed along Chinese architectural lines. His sense of the incongruity of Western architecture in China had become even stronger in the years since Cheeloo University was built. As Yenching was being planned he knew the time had come when "foreignness" must be avoided. The Christian Colleges must be adapted in outward forms, as well as in attitudes of mind and spirit, to the best in Chinese culture.

President Stuart strongly supported the proposal for Chinese architecture, as did some other Yenching leaders. Many opposed the plan, urging the difficulty of adapting Chinese architecture to modern uses, the additional cost that might be involved, even the undesirability of using "heathen" architecture for a Christian university. In this struggle Luce and his colleagues found in Henry Killam Murphy an ally who not only was a skilled architect but had an absorbing interest in Chinese architecture.

Murphy, a New York architect, was a Yale man whom Luce had met back in 1913 when Murphy had just begun to take an interest in China. Luce had tried to persuade Murphy to design the new plant for Cheeloo, but had found him too busy to accept the assignment. In 1914, however, Yale-in-China had persuaded Murphy to visit China to help design its new buildings. As he passed through Peking he decided to visit the Chinese imperial palaces, which had but recently been opened to the public.

"When I first entered the Forbidden City," Murphy later wrote, "I was completely swept off my feet by its majesty, beauty, and dignity, and I felt then—as I still feel—that the Forbidden City in Peking is the finest thing, architecturally, in the world. Then and there was born my resolve to develop an adaptation of this magnificent old architecture of China, which should preserve the aesthetic qualities of the original, but should be carried out in modern construction."

Murphy had begun an intensive study of Chinese architecture, and had brought back to America all the books, pictures, and drawings he could collect. During the next four years he had undertaken a number of commissions in China, spending a year there on these building projects. While he was in Peking in 1919, Stuart and Luce enlisted his interest in the new Yenching.

In Luce's "Chinese castles in the air," sketches setting forth his bold conception of what the new campus should be, Yenching had its first existence. Even before a foot of land had been bought, he and some of his colleagues saw the university that *ought* to be created in China, and knew its vital importance just at that time. "Without Luce's unwavering and unflagging efforts in favor of using adapted Chinese architecture," Murphy has said, "the small minority who favored it would eventually have been talked down by its opponents, and Yenching would have been built in some foreign style."

Even when the beautiful general layout of the campus and detailed drawings for each building were accepted by the Managers and the Trustees, new difficulties arose at each stage in the construction. Sometimes they encountered problems which no ancient Chinese architect ever had to solve. For instance, what should they do with the campus water tower? The superintendent of construction insisted on a typical Western water-tank raised to the heavens on four tall steel legs. Luce was appalled at the thought of the stark skeleton of a water tower spoiling the aesthetic harmony of the campus, and suggested that the tank be placed within a pagoda-like structure.

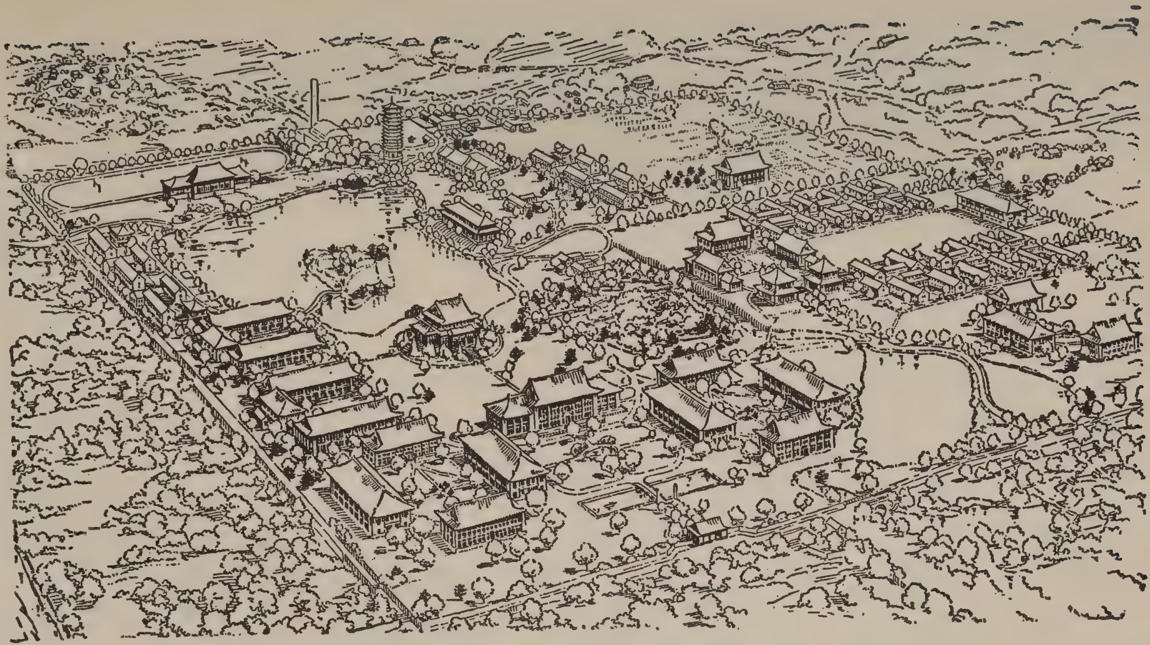
The opposition argued that it would offend Chinese sensibilities to utilize the design of a pagoda as a water tower. Luce refused to yield. He consulted Buddhist authorities, who assured him there was nothing objectionable in this arrangement. Next, Luce had to contend with the objection that a pagoda would cost more than a tank. He countered that one by raising the extra funds. A Yenching friend in California, James W. Porter, whose nephew, Dr. Lucius Porter, was on the Yenching staff, pledged the funds necessary for the structure. Near Peking they found a pagoda well suited for this purpose, and secured permission to copy its design. When the "Po Ta Pagoda" was finally erected on the campus everyone admired its graceful charm, and saw how it blended into the architectural plan and the beauty of the Chinese landscape. And, as in so many of Luce's "visionary schemes," the most vociferous critics of this particular scheme later took the greatest pride in that pagoda—as if the idea had been their own.

But Harry Luce's primary task was to secure the funds without which the University could neither be built nor maintained. It was not only a difficult task but an unpropitious time to undertake it. In 1919 the tide of enthusiasm and idealism with which America had ended the war was already slackening. Confronted by the dreary prospects of high taxes and interminable post-war problems, Americans were beginning to feel the disappointment and disillusionment which would soon sweep the country.

As Luce began his work for Yenching, he encountered an ambitious undertaking born from the enthusiasm of the war, the Interchurch World Movement. This proposed to secure vast sums to support and extend Christian enterprises around the world. Its leaders agreed to include Yenching within their program, and approved the University's request for about $1,600,000 for land, buildings, and budget.

After Luce had worked for several months with the Interchurch leaders, the Movement suddenly collapsed, leaving widespread discouragement. Valuable time had been lost, with nothing gained for Yenching, and the tide of reaction was gathering momentum. Most people were too concerned over business worries to be interested in a projected university in China. Yet with only his blue-prints, his belief in Yenching, and his staunch courage, Luce started out to get more money than America had ever given to support a Christian institution in Asia.

"Harry," said an associate as he studied the blue-prints, "we won't realize *that* pipe-dream in ten



HARRY LUCE'S "CHINESE CASTLES IN THE AIR"

The original architects' drawings of the Yenching campus. Construction was practically completed by 1926.

years." "Poor Harry," said others, "this time he's *really* crazy!"

This time Luce was not left to fight the battle alone, for within the Yenching Board were great resources of power, once they were harnessed to serve the University. Of the Yenching trustees in those years, the help of three was particularly noteworthy:

First there was W. Reginald Wheeler, member of a family that had long been generous in support of missionary work, himself just returned from service on the staff of Hangchow Christian College. He gave his time for an extended period, working enthusiastically with Harry Luce in seeking the initial funds for the new Yenching.

Second there was Eric M. North, who became Secretary of the Yenching Trustees soon after Luce reached America. During the following years he was a wise and active leader for Yenching, freely devoting his time and ability to this work and to stimulating other members of the Board.

Then there was Edwin M. McBrier, a Christian businessman who had long been associated with his cousin, Frank W. Woolworth, in building up the famous chain of five-and-ten-cent-stores. When the Yenching Trustees were reorganized in 1917 he became their Treasurer, a position he has occupied until the present. He soon retired from business to devote his time and wealth to philanthropic activities. Yenching became a prime object of his interest, and he was always a tower of strength because of his sound business judgment, his generosity, his ability to enlist the support of other men and women of wealth.

On occasion President Stuart and other administrators, Chinese and Western, came to America for a time and helped to arouse interest and to secure gifts. Yet the major burden of money-raising for Yenching rested on Luce's shoulders. It was he who must follow the long and difficult trail in search of new friends and new gifts, keep alive the interest of old friends and solicit their further contributions. Because of pressure to secure large amounts of money quickly, he was compelled to utilize every available resource in seeking new sources of support.

Yet he never approached an individual merely with an eye to the amount of money that individual might give. He was inviting others to join with him in the most worthwhile undertaking he knew, and thereby to gain much more than they gave. Always he was more interested in the giver than in the gift. With each passing year more people throughout America found in him an understanding friend and counsellor, whose presence was a benediction.

Once again constant travel meant separation from Elizabeth most of the time. The sons and daughters were moving steadily up through school and college, so Harry was unable to see much of them except during vacations. The older son was entering the field of journalism, the older daughter going back to China for work in the Y.W.C.A. in Tsinan.

After more than two years of strenuous efforts, sufficient funds were available so that building could begin on the new site. During 1922 construction went forward rapidly, with Luce struggling hard "to keep one jump ahead of the demands of the builders" in his raising of money.

About this time Luce learned of the remarkable bequest left some years before by Charles Martin Hall. In 1886 Hall, a year after graduating from Oberlin College, had discovered, in his tiny woodshed laboratory, the electrolytic process which became the foundation of the modern aluminum industry. Before his death in 1914, Hall had named two business associates, Arthur V. Davis, then president of the Aluminum Company of America, and Homer H. Johnson, Hall's attorney, to distribute a trust fund of some $14,000,000 within fifteen years to educational institutions in the Middle and Far East. Luce, finding Davis and Johnson making a study of institutions eligible to receive aid from the Hall Fund, called President Stuart to America for conferences with the two trustees. There followed prolonged negotiations, as a result of which Yenching and several other Christian universities in China received during the next six years the major portion of the Hall Estate Fund.

At this same time Luce saw the realization of another constructive union enterprise of which he had dreamed for nearly a decade—a central office in New York to serve all the Christian Colleges in China. In 1922 the China Union Universities Central Office was organized in New York, with four universities—Fukien, Nanking, Cheeloo, and Yenching—participating. This developed during the next decade into the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, and still later into the United Board for Christian Colleges in China.

The year 1923 was marked by rapid progress in the campaign, and by extensive building operations on the new campus. As the year ended and Luce began his fifth successive year of money-raising, he began to feel that at last the herculean task was nearing completion. They had secured for Yenching greater financial resources than anyone had dared hope when he left China in the spring of 1919. He was eager to see those "Chinese castles" which thus far existed for him only in his imagination and in drawings and pictures. He longed intensely for the realization of the dreams that had sustained him through these five weary years of seeking for money—dreams of how he would settle down to the long years of satisfying service on the Yenching campus of which he and the other University administrators had talked in 1919.

Harry Luce was now fifty-five. No one except Elizabeth and he knew how great had been the strain of these years of intensive campaigning. A digestive disorder had worsened steadily, and had now reached a stage where prolonged rest was imperative if he was to avoid a serious operation or a complete breakdown in health. His long absence from China and the persistence of his search for funds were beginning to reduce the effectiveness of his money-raising, and to necessitate an extensive stay at the University before he should consider any further activities in that field. Elizabeth had returned to Peking some months before so as to have a home at Yenching ready to welcome him when he returned to the campus.

In the spring of 1924 arrangements were made for Luce's return to China. James H. Lewis was appointed Executive Secretary of the Yenching Trustees, with responsibility for such further money-raising as might prove necessary. Just before sailing, Luce attended the Annual Meeting of the Yenching Trustees, who unanimously adopted this resolution:

> RESOLVED that at this, the last meeting which the Reverend Henry W. Luce, D.D., Vice President of Yenching University, will attend before his departure for China, the Trustees of the University desire to place on record their gratitude and appreciation for the indefatigable and fruitful service rendered to the University during the past four years and a half, by Dr. Luce.
>
> Starting on the campaign for the University in December, 1919, when the assets of the institution were approximately $200,000, he has given himself unremittingly to the work, until those assets, including both cash and subscriptions available for endowment and plant, total over two million dollars.
>
> There are many who have had a part in achieving these results, but no one has given himself to the task with more vision and consecration than has Dr. Luce, and the buildings rising on the new site of the University will be a lasting tribute to his courage and patience and faith.

As Harry Luce's steamer plowed westward, his weariness of body and spirit was forgotten in a deep joy and an even more profound sense of thankfulness. During five years of exile from his adopted land of China he had sought diligently to serve the Kingdom of God, to carry forward the increasing purpose of his life. One more long-desired goal had been achieved. Now at last he could say, "the great Yenching is a reality!"

XIV

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

ONCE when Harry Luce, filled with nostalgic eagerness, had arrived in America, he had been struck by a sudden feeling of being a stranger in an unknown and unfriendly land. That same sensation, even sharper than before, swept over him in the early summer of 1924 when he returned to Peking.

Throughout his five years in America, he had thought and dreamed of China and of Yenching University. He had known that changes were occurring, but he had not realized how rapid and basic were the metamorphoses even in the institutions and personalities closest to his thoughts. Nor had he fully recognized how, in his preoccupation with the problems and exertions of raising money in America, he had lost something of his own close contact and quick understanding of situations and people in China.

Between 1919 and 1924 China had passed through a period of bitter disillusionment. It was convinced that it had been betrayed by its allies, its weakness exploited, its basic rights denied. The central government in Peking was sinking further into venality and futility. Most provinces were dominated by corrupt and ruthless war lords. Injustices by other nations were played up by weak officials to divert popular indignation from their own shortcomings. Educated and patriotic Chinese leaders realized the urgent need for sweeping reforms, for greater vigor in defending the nation from despoilers without and within. In a world where only strength and aggressiveness seemed to be recognized, they determined to be strong and self-assertive. One of the most obvious manifestations of this determination was a marked increase of assertiveness in their discussion of China's international relations, and in their attitude toward men and women of other nationalities. Less obvious but more significant was the quiet determination with which they sought to remedy China's internal weaknesses.

Those years at Yenching had been marked by amazingly rapid development. While construction on the new campus was being pushed, the University continued to operate on its old site within the city. Already it had completely outgrown the facilities there. Students overflowed the dormitories and classrooms. The faculty had been greatly enlarged, and many highly trained men, both Chinese and Western, had been added. The curriculum had been extended, high academic standards had become almost an obsession. The operating budget had been increased several fold. Everywhere there was an atmosphere of expansive self-assurance.

It was natural that few at Yenching had any conception of the self-effacing work Harry Luce had been doing, or of what it had meant to the University and to each faculty member and student. "Heaven is high," runs the Chinese proverb, "and Peking is far away." To most of those at Yenching the task of raising money was far removed from them in Peking. In their enthusiasm for the growth of the new university, they cried for additional funds; and through the mysterious working of Providence money flowed from America, *Mei-kuo,* "the Beautiful Country," where everyone was supposed to be wealthy and generous. They could not know of those five years of incessant, driving labor—the search for potential friends, the efforts to arouse their interest, the difficulties in converting that interest into financial support, the rebuffs and disappointments and sacrifices.

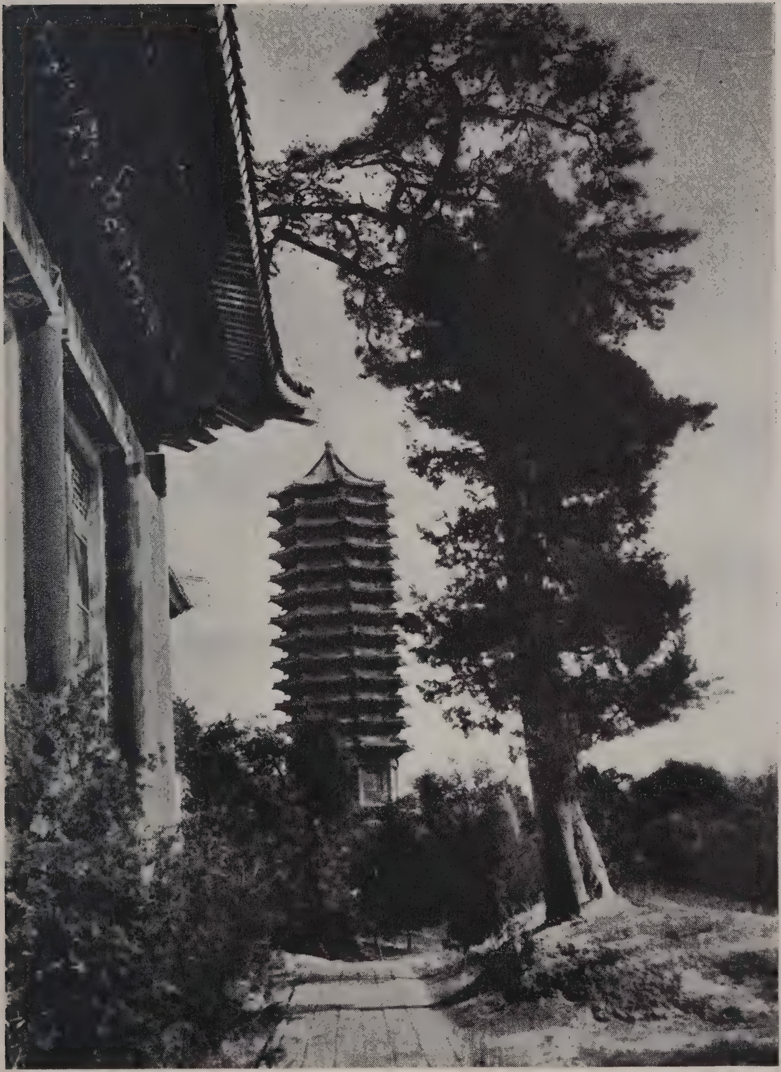
And so it happened that, knowing so little of what Harry Luce had been doing, they were scarcely aware of his quiet arrival among them. When he reached Peking and hurried eagerly to the University campus, with his head and his brief case filled with achievements to report and proposals to discuss, it seemed that everyone was too busy with the daily pressure of duties to have time or interest for such matters.

Luce had returned to Peking with no fixed ideas as to just what administrative or teaching work he would undertake, but confident that he would have a useful and constructive share in the life and activities of the University. He believed that, having achieved with such effort the goal of financial support which had seemed so fantastic five years before, he had at last earned his release from the weary round of money raising. Now he could settle down on the campus for a prolonged period of satisfying service and become an integral part of this lusty institution he had done so much to create.

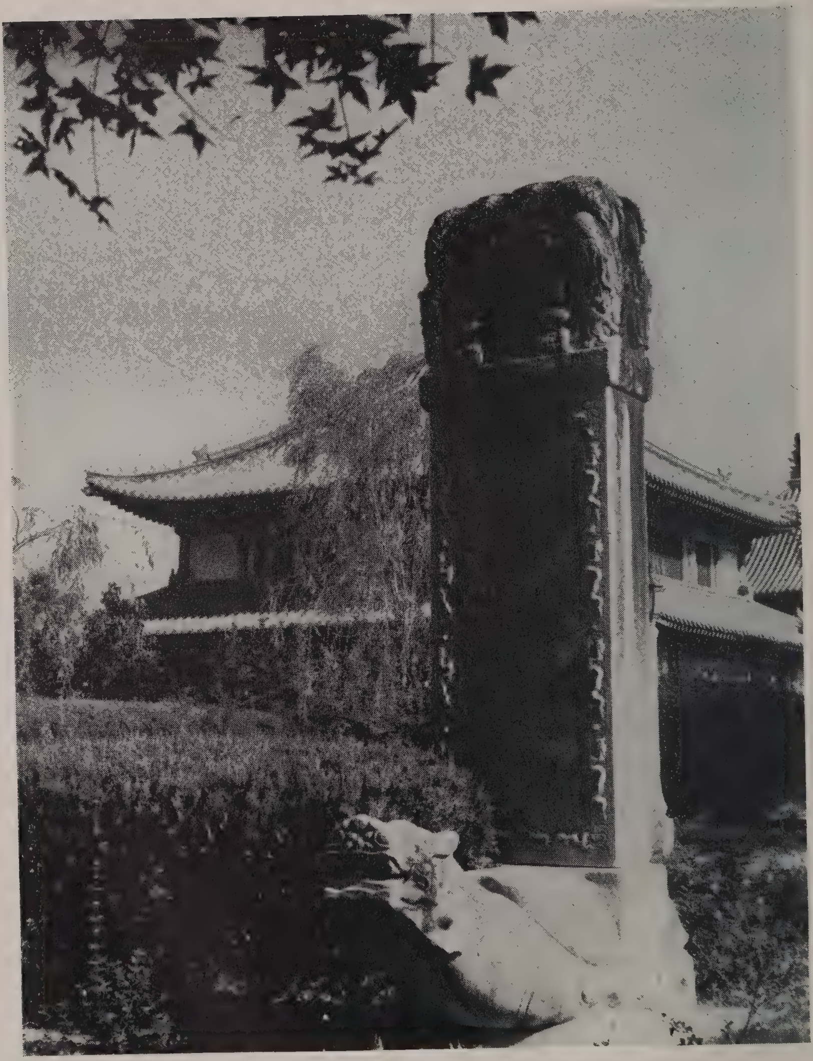
Luce had done almost no teaching in more than eleven years, and most of that time had been out of touch with campus and classroom. He might be at too great a disadvantage on a faculty made up of highly trained and experienced specialists. Yet, with his broad experience and his great spiritual gifts, there was at least one place in the life of Yenching University where he might have made a significant and unique contribution.

China was passing through a stage, inevitable in the growth of a spirit of nationalism, characterized by hostility toward everything deemed "foreign." One striking manifestation of this attitude was a tendency among Chinese students to skepticism toward all religion, particularly toward Christianity which had been brought into China by missionaries from the "imperialistic" Western nations and was suspected of being a means for furthering their designs on China. Moreover, just at that time several leading Chinese intellectuals, supplemented by Western philosophers visiting China, were urging a purely humanistic approach to life and its problems. Yenching students were keenly sensitive to all these thought currents, and the faculty often discussed the situation anxiously without finding any satisfactory solution.

Here was a field where Harry Luce could have rendered a valuable and distinctive service. By nature, training, and experience he was an effective and inspiring teacher and leader in the field of constructive religious thought and action. He and Elizabeth could have made their home a center where Yenching students would have found friendship and inspiration. At the same time he could have kept up his



The *Po Ta* Water-tower Pagoda, Yenching University with Ninde Divinity Hall on the left.



Ancient memorial tablet borne by the venerable tortoise—Chinese symbol of longevity. In background is Gamble Hall, Yenching College for Women.

contacts with Yenching friends in America, and by periodic visits there could have maintained a steady growth in the University's resources.

Some such vision as this was in Harry's mind when he returned to Yenching in 1924. But those responsible for the University's work in the field of religion opposed the arrangement, and nothing came of the idea.

In the months following Harry's return to Peking, one of his chief delights was his visits to the new Yenching site. Whenever he could steal away from his other duties he would go by ricksha across the city and out into the country toward the Western Hills. On the new campus was always great bustle and activity. Building materials were piled high. Forests of bamboo scaffolding concealed half-completed structures. Swarms of Chinese laborers were everywhere—sawing huge logs, hewing stone, mixing and pouring concrete, carrying bricks and mortar, chanting in unison as they bore heavy loads to their proper destinations.

Most people would have found it a scene of disorder and confusion. But Harry could discern through the scaffolding and the builders' debris the emerging form of the new university for which he had labored. He remembered how, as these cornerstones were laid, he had been going throughout the United States, driving hard to get funds to keep up with the builders. He liked best to think of this beautiful Yenching of his dreams as a great united act of faith and devotion—initially a faith bold enough to envision a Christian international university, then a devotion to this concept so strong and selfless that each contributing individual would ask nothing for himself save only the privilege of participation.

Yet even as he watched and rejoiced he was deeply troubled. He remembered how seven years before he had stood on another campus in the making, for which he had labored and dreamed. He had yearned with all the intensity of his being that through the passing years he might live and serve on that campus. But that desire had gone unfulfilled. Now once more he felt gathering about him circumstances which might sweep him away before he could make this newer and still more beautiful campus his home.

Before 1924 ended came the call Harry Luce had dreaded. He was asked to return to America, to raise more money to build additional residences to house the growing faculty. They spoke with vague optimism of how, if only these immediate "haunting financial needs" could be met, the task would be completed. But Harry knew from bitter experience how inevitably each demand would lead to another. He recalled an earlier prophecy by a close friend: "Sometimes I am almost sorry that you have been so successful in getting money. You will never get away from it."

They wanted his decision at once, but he was torn by indecision and inner conflict. In turmoil of spirit, he climbed one wintry December afternoon to the top of the old Peking wall. Thence he looked down upon an incomparable panorama almost, it seemed to him, as though the "Kingdoms of the World" were unrolled before him. As the short day moved to a close, he paced restlessly back and forth, absorbed in his turbulent thoughts. He was just beginning to make for himself on the campus a new foothold which would probably be lost for all time if he left now. He was not in good health, and there would be great suffering and danger if he went back to the dreary treadmill of financial campaigning. Most of all he thought of what it would mean to Elizabeth and him to be separated again so soon after they had begun their long-delayed attempt to build a peaceful home for the years which still lay before them.

But as dusk began to gather about him, he felt the deep silence and the calm beauty of the immemorial scene stealing over his mutinous spirit. Once again he was saying, as he had done in every crisis of his life, "Not what I *want,* but what I *ought,* to do!" Coming down from this latest "mount of vision" he quoted to Elizabeth the old, familiar line, "Our wills are ours, to *make* them Thine!" He sat down at his desk, and in reply to the request that he undertake this new campaign in America, he wrote:

> Nothing but the seriousness of our needs here could make me willing to leave China at this time and undertake the difficult task at home. At best it will be a costly experience for me personally—leaving home almost before I am settled, and leaving my study, my books, and the various strands of life and work out here which I was just beginning to gather. . . .
>
> The combined efforts of our forces at home do not seem able to carry our problems very far toward solution, and make me wonder why I am so rash as to start out on such a journey when every fact except that of finance points to my staying here. I suppose it is because I be-

lieve not only in the foolishness of preaching but also in the foolishness of financing. So be it!

He sailed from Shanghai January 10, 1925. But the added strain of this sudden trip to America aggravated his digestive disorder to a point where even his stubborn will could no longer master his body, which seemed to him "a wheel broken at the cistern." He was ill most of the journey. On his arrival in America friends were alarmed by his appearance, and insisted that he have immediate medical attention.

Both at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester and again at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago the trouble was diagnosed as stomach ulcer and an immediate operation was urged. But he persisted in going on to New York, launching his campaign, and resuming the exhausting task of continuous travel and solicitation of funds. During the spring he spent three weeks in the hospital in Chicago, undergoing treatment which it was hoped would avoid an operation. He gained partial relief and resumed his traveling. He followed a strict diet, and carried always a stomach pump which he had to use each night before he could get any rest. He suffered discomfort during the day and when, weary in body and spirit, he retired at night he faced the specter of sleeplessness.

Yet he drove ahead with indomitable fortitude. "The very root of courage," says Hankey, "is unselfishness." He was never too busy or too tired to devote himself to anyone who came to him for help or encouragement. More than one friend spoke of how his face seemed lighted by some inner radiance.

Said one, "His is the most Christian face I ever saw."

That summer he rested briefly at Silver Bay, then resumed his strenuous campaigning. "I never dreaded as much as I do now," he confessed to a friend, "the plunge into another period of homeless wandering in the weary search for funds. How I long for a few years of quiet home life!"

In the autumn his doctors saw that surgery was imperative, and put him in the hands of Johns Hopkins surgeons in Baltimore. Three weeks after they operated he was back in New York, going on with his search for funds. His health improved markedly, though he never again approached the robustness of his earlier days in China.

Even with these handicaps, Harry raised substantial sums for Yenching during 1925. He still clung to the hope that when he had secured the amount the University had sent him to America to raise he would be able to return to Peking for a prolonged period of constructive service.

During 1926 Yenching moved to its new campus and began its academic work there. Instead of bringing a respite in the long search for money, this move intensified the demands. There were calls for more residences, more dormitories, more land, more equipment, more money for the annual budget. The University leaders now proposed to Luce that he remain in America for continuous money-raising until "the University's most pressing needs are adequately provided."

"This problem," Harry wrote Elizabeth, "is full of perplexing questions. As nearly as I can figure it, some five or six million dollars will be needed in the next ten years if America is to meet her full opportunity and responsibility to Yenching University. And America shall not fail!

"If we continue this task our main reliance must be upon our conviction and our faith—faith of the kind we exercised when we took Tengchow College from its isolated position, when we left Weihsien in the depth of winter to face an untried task, when we ventured to leave Shantung and took up the educational work in Shanghai, when we joined Yenching in 1919. . . . I take it you are one with me in believing we ought to make the venture."

Thus Harry Luce gave up his hope of returning to China. In precarious health and without financial reserves, he accepted the hard and uncertain course, fully aware of its difficulties and heartaches.

China was once again in a period of readjustment which disturbed her American friends. Her revolt against the war lords and the encroachment of foreign powers had resulted in acts of violence and anti-foreign demonstrations. These continued until Chiang Kai-shek, then slowly extending his control northward from Canton, restored order and embarked upon a constructive program of progress and reform.

These developments in China, along with America's mounting isolationism, made money-raising for China particularly difficult for some years. Mission boards suffered a marked decline in income. Other China Colleges which had planned campaigns either postponed their appeals or made little progress. It was a time of discouragement and of lost faith in

China for multitudes of Americans, even many ardent Yenching supporters.

Luce never worked harder, nor met greater difficulties, than during that first half of 1927. Many staunch friends were growing impatient over oft-repeated appeals. New contacts were particularly difficult to establish. Compared with results being secured by other mission and college boards, Yenching was still successful in maintaining established support and securing new funds. But in terms of previous results, and of what was considered to be urgently needed, the results were disappointing.

That summer Luce ended his active campaigning, though he continued to co-operate wholeheartedly with everyone working in Yenching's behalf. All who were responsible for carrying on his efforts to maintain and to increase Yenching support were constantly amazed at the breadth and depth of the affection felt for Harry Luce throughout the country. "Everywhere I go," one wrote him, "people speak of you in the highest terms, and everyone says you did a faithful and heroic work for Yenching. In my judgment your work is the most vital thing that has been done in this country for the University."

Always paramount was his anxiety to do whatever would best serve the interests of the University, and of China. "Let whatever I have done," he said half whimsically to Elizabeth, "or whatever I would have done but could not, be a sort of offering to China, land of my abiding affection and allegiance."

Luce never faltered in his faith in China. In an article written at that time he emphasized the constructive forces at work beneath the agitated surface of events. "China has at last begun a modern development," he wrote, "which during the next century may quite astonish the world. The future interests of America are to be more and more with those lands touching on the Pacific Basin. Few things are more important for the young men of America today than to keep well informed as to the progress of events in China. We must bear our full part in bringing these two great nations together, so that hand in hand we may build a better world order than either nation could do, working by itself."

Part IV

THE INTERPRETER

君子敬而無失，與人恭而有禮，四海之内，皆兄弟也。

The superior man always is careful of his own conduct, and shows respect and courtesy to others; then all within the four seas are his brothers.

—Tzu Hsia, *The Analects* XII:v:4

XV

"GOOD NEW DAYS"

"THAT course under Van Dusen," said Harry enthusiastically, "is in many respects the finest course I ever had under any man."

Elizabeth smiled at him across the luncheon table. "You enjoy being a schoolboy again."

"I certainly do!" His blue eyes twinkled. "Even if I am sixty years old, I can still hold my own with these smart, up-to-date students." Then, more seriously, he added, "I have been having the finest year of my life—physically, mentally, spiritually."

It was the spring of 1928, and Harry Luce was experiencing the first real opportunity for rest and study he had known for over thirty years. All of his years in China had been crowded ones—every trip to America had been filled with intensive efforts to secure money. There had been no time for unhurried study, though he had managed to keep abreast of what the world was thinking and discovering in the fields that interested him most.

In the autumn of 1927 he and Elizabeth had taken an apartment near Columbia University, and he had enrolled for study there and at Union Theological Seminary. Instead of being always on the wing, he had reveled for a year in the unfamiliar luxury of leisurely thought and discussion. He was able to get back to the fields of scholarship where lay his greatest strength and his most enduring enjoyment. He took a wide variety of courses, most of them taught by men with whom he had been associated in his work for China—Soothill, Goodrich, Hodous, Lyman, Brown, Fleming, Fosdick, Van Dusen. Many of them were much younger than he, but with his teachable spirit he felt no incongruity in sitting at their feet as a learner.

He had reached at last that supreme clarity of insight in which all man-made boundaries vanished forever. He felt no barrier of race or nation, he was permitted to grasp in some measure Jesus' profound concept of one Brotherhood in God. He found a new challenge in the words spoken of old on Mars' Hill: "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men." He could say with the Chinese: "The way is one, and the winds blow together."

His studies at Columbia and Union were diverse, but he had a clearly defined objective. "My main work has been, and will continue to be," he wrote, "preparation for grasping the whole problem of the Pacific Basin. I have been paying special attention to the history, religion, culture, and civilization of China, and am planning to extend this to Russia and Japan. No problem has interested me more than the new relationship now springing up between Christianity and the non-Christian religions. This is one of the most significant and delicate problems facing the world today."

During this year he was also exploring possible new forms of constructive service. He received offers from a variety of fields, educational, religious, business. "The conviction still abides," he wrote in declining one invitation, "that I ought to capitalize my experience in and special study about the Pacific situation in a little more direct way through teaching."

Early in 1928 his friend, Dean E. W. Capen of the Kennedy School of Missions, of the Hartford Seminary Foundation, invited him to accept a Professorship in the School's Chinese Department, beginning that September. This opportunity had a powerful appeal to him, and he accepted. "Here we can think and teach China every day," he wrote, "giving background out of our experience to serve those who are going to live in China, who return here for study, and who, serving in this land, should know of the vital events now shaping that great one-quarter of the human race. If we cannot serve *in* China, we can still serve *for* China here in happy and joyful surroundings."

In Hartford Harry was able to turn his full attention to the field where his greatest interest and his largest talents lay. "It is," he said to a friend, "as if one had come from a stormy sea into a quiet port." But for him there could never be any idle resting at anchor in a sheltered haven.

"Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche." That was Chaucer in *The Prologue*. It was also Harry Luce at Hartford. Throughout his life there was an intimate affinity between his learning and his teaching. Never was this relationship closer than while he was at the Kennedy School of Missions.

For his first year of teaching he projected two courses along lines which no one had yet fully explored. One, *Development of Chinese Culture,* undertook to survey the whole sweep of China's cultural heritage over a period of more than four thousand years—its religious and philosophical concepts, its vast store of literature, its rich diversities of art, its education, its social and economic structure, the development of its government. The other, *Chinese Religions,* went more deeply into China's religious thinking—the earliest forms of animism and ancestor worship, the significance of Taoism, Confucianism, and the teachings of Motse, the introduction of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, the entrance of Christianity through the Nestorians, the Catholics, and the Protestants, the trends of the present day.

It was no easy task Luce laid out for himself. "I am studying," he wrote, "and thinking, and dreaming China, ancient and modern, every day and almost every night; and am enjoying it to the full. I work like a trouper to get the material into shape, and to focus it down so the class can see it."

He heartily enjoyed every minute of his work, and so did most of the students who took his courses. He was a teacher who radiated an infectious brand of enthusiasm for the things he taught. He was thorough and painstaking in his preparation, put his material into a form that could be easily grasped, and supplied his students with mimeographed summaries of each successive topic. He was solicitous that they master all the material he gave them, not as an academic exercise but as the acquisition of valuable tools they could use in the future.

For him each class session was a fascinating journey of discovery, with himself not only the guide but also one of the explorers. Along the journey he regaled them with many a story of his personal experiences, many a picture of what he had seen and dreamed during his years in China. None of his students would ever feel themselves strangers when they reached China, for they would recognize many old acquaintances.

"I fell in love with your Yenching campus," one of them wrote him from Peking, "especially the pagoda water-tower, which seemed like an old friend the first time I saw it."

"Just to know what to look for in art," said another, "to recognize quaint little figures—like those of the Eight Immortals, for instance—to know what to expect in various types of temples, to know where to go for information on things Chinese, is a veritable gold mine. And how it has helped to understand the complexities of the Chinese mind and disposition! It has helped marvelously in the study of the language, too. In Language School last year I said fervently more than once, 'Blessed be Dr. Luce!' "

For those who caught the inspiration of his enthusiasm, these courses were only the beginning of long explorations that would go on for years, often for a lifetime. "Naturally there has been a vast field to cover in our China course," one student wrote him. "It has been impossible in the short time to do all the work assigned, but the work which I have been able to do has given me an excellent start. After I am married this summer it is on the program to go over with my wife the outlines you gave me. I have been so enthusiasic about the Chinese people when I have talked with her that now she 'has the bug,' and it would not at all surprise me if some day after school is over we shall decide to prepare for work in China."

Not everybody was equally susceptible to the contagion of his enthusiasm for China. Sometimes a student became impatient with his digressions from the topic in hand, and felt that the Professor was too much obsessed by the importance of a knowledge of the East.

Once again Harry Luce's vision was revealing to him vistas which few of his colleagues had yet seen. Each successive year at Hartford was an absorbing new adventure both in his teaching and in his own thinking. "I should end up this summer with two things to the good," he once wrote one of his daughters, "a sympathetic and fairly intelligent understanding of the Quakers and the same for Japan. Last summer I devoted to India. By the time I 'get off the earth' I'll begin to know something about it. That's pretty late for the game *here!*

"In college days if some mentor had shown me the importance of this type of study, I might really have known something about it years ago. The time will come when it will be a disgrace to graduate from college without knowing who were Nicherin or Asoka, or without having read the Bhagavad-gita and the Lotus Scripture, or being unable to tell the difference between Taoism and Buddhism, or without having a little knowledge of Christianity as up-to-date as one's science. Oh, the good new days to come!"

His recognition of the broader implications of all he was learning could not be bound by the Department of Chinese, or even by the School of Missions. He was interested not only in students going into foreign missions but also those remaining as pastors. He became eager to carry into the Theological Seminary his efforts to stimulate a broader interest and a fuller understanding of other lands and other religions.

"I have been working," he wrote, "on the problem of a new course for those in the Seminary who are staying in the United States. They know next to nothing of five-sixths of that which Jesus called the Kingdom of God: viz., China and Japan, India, Africa, South America, and the Mohammedan Area stretching from Morocco to China. Europe plus the United States is the other one-sixth." He urged that the Hartford Seminary arrange for a series of courses based on the theme "The Field is the World," in which these "five-sixths" would be systematically covered by men with specialized knowledge of those areas.

Once again the enthusiasm of prophetic vision ran head-on into the established order. The Seminary curriculum was crowded, each faculty member was sure his own subject should have more attention. "How can time be found," they asked, "for Luce's scheme of trying to make the students 'world-minded?' Anyway, the students aren't interested. We couldn't make such a course a required subject, and the students wouldn't take it as an elective."

Harry kept after them until at last the Seminary permitted him to give an elective course on the *His-*

tory, Culture, and Religious Backgrounds of China and Japan. "This course," the Seminary catalog stated, "is intended primarily for those who, without much previous knowledge of the Pacific Basin, desire to inform themselves on a vast area of increasingly close relationship and intimate importance to the United States, and who would use this information in inspiring our churches with a wider outlook in regard to the Christian Movement throughout the world today."

The number of students who elected the course was not large, and most of those who did take it had missionary backgrounds or other special missionary interest. Harry saw more clearly than ever that most seminarians, and their advisors, had been so trained to think only of their "one-sixth" of the world that it was hard for them to see any significance in the other "five-sixths."

Yet he offered the course each year he remained in Hartford. Some at least were kindled by his own enthusiasm, and went into their ministries with some of the broader understanding of the world-field which Harry knew every Christian leader must have before he could fully interpret to others the Kingdom of God on earth. While the courses did not accomplish all that Harry had hoped, they proved their worth enough that others were inspired to carry them on. They served also to stimulate Harry's own thinking about the undertaking which was to absorb much of his time and abilities during the last decade of his life—interpreting to the American people the other five-sixths of the world.

These eight years of study and teaching also provided Harry Luce a unique opportunity to reappraise his thinking in the field of religion, and to carry this thinking forward into new and more fertile fields.

"With respect to religion," says Wieman,* "there are three classes of people: the religious rationalizers, the irreligious rationalizers, and the religiously inquisitive." Luce belonged pre-eminently in the third of these classes. Through all his years he was religiously inquisitive. All his life was a search, a succession of ever-widening horizons. As he grew in knowledge and experience he turned from a static to a dynamic type of religion. Believing that truth is a living thing, never to be fully grasped or wholly possessed, he saw that light is ever breaking through to man, that "religion is always being reborn." With William Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, he believed that "the root of all problems is religious, because every problem is related to some moral or spiritual law."

Luce was a true product of his time. At every stage of his development he gained his basic concepts from personalities he encountered, in person or through the printed page. Yet always he had a selective, a "protestant," mind and spirit that chose from his environment such elements as blended most completely into the consistent and constantly broadening pattern of his life.

The foundations of his religious faith were laid upon the concepts prevalent late in the nineteenth century. While later these foundations were broadened and deepened, there was much in them upon which he relied throughout his life, and which changed only in the normal processes of growth. His loyalty to Jesus Christ, his acceptance of the life and teachings of Jesus as the truest and most exalted revelation of God that humanity has ever known, his habits of daily meditation and prayer—these were basic and unchanging. The zeal he showed as a Student Volunteer Secretary, and as a young missionary to China, for "making Christ known throughout the world" and winning to Him the allegiance of all humanity, grew steadily throughout his life.

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* Henry Nelson Wieman. *The Wrestle of Religion with Truth.* Macmillan, 1927. Page 35.

Yet his religious beliefs and attitudes were never dogmatic or final. Among his carefully preserved papers was a clipping cut from a magazine in 1899 discussing the question, "Shall I ever come to a time when I can rest satisfied with my creed?" Significantly Harry, then a young man, heavily underscored the closing sentence: "If you intend to do your own thinking, you will never come to the end." That was always his attitude. "When we ask ourselves what we actually know of God," he once said, "how far our little lives have grasped the greatest Reality in this vast universe, we must have a very humble spirit. When I think of the most spiritual men and women I know, I often wonder how much of this great Reality they *really know*. Would it be one-half of one per cent, or one-millionth of one per cent? No matter, it must be an infinitely small fraction."

He conceived of life as a process of evolution—material, intellectual, spiritual. Our great task, he asserted, is to inspire men to *desire* to know the truth, as progressively revealed in new thought forms by the "saints" of each new age, ever increasing, as Paul suggests, in the knowledge of the infinite God. His constant purpose thus to increase in the knowledge of God at times disturbed his associates, a goodly number of whom chose their religious abodes in youth and dwelt contentedly there until their death. Luce was always a religious pioneer—exploring new realms, moving toward broader horizons.

Before he had been in Shantung very long his habit of religious inquisitiveness began to cause notice and criticism. He brought to China much the same religious attitudes and convictions as did his colleagues. But where many of these colleagues held fast to their original attitudes and convictions, Luce was always inquiring, testing old beliefs, exploring new realms of religious thought. He was always seeking broader grounds of religious faith on which divisions of the Christian Church could unite in fellowship and service, and was often disturbed by deep-seated antagonisms between different denominations, both on the mission field and in the home lands.

As Luce began in 1927 an intensive re-thinking of his own religious faith, the publication of Henry Nelson Wieman's *The Wrestle of Religion with Truth*, provided a scholarly approach to many of the scientific and philosophical questions with which he was struggling. "I have never read a more helpful book," he wrote one of his sons. "It has helped me to interpret many experiences hitherto not understood; it seems to unify one's thought and help one grip some principles which serve as a key to all sorts of problems of living. The relation of religion to science, and also daily living, has, I think, never been worked out so adequately nor stated so clearly. Often a page needs to be re-read, and occasionally one needs to look out of the window or into space, just to think over the implications."

The hundreds of much-read books in Luce's library are a revelation of his interests and attitudes. Copious marginal notations summarize the discussion in the text. Footnotes contain his own crisp observations, criticisms, illustrations. Underscorings emphasize significant words and passages. It is easy to trace his thoughts as he made his way through page after page. Unmarked pages reveal areas barren of special interest. On others, the crowded profusion of notes and underscorings are like trampling footprints beside a mountain trail wherever the grandest vistas can be seen.

For many years Luce moved gradually toward the conviction that much theology has so over-emphasized the worship of the person of Jesus as to neglect the central theme of His teaching and example—that men should know and follow the will of God, the Father. He was never interested in abstract differences between the Christocentric viewpoint which would would make Christianity the religion *about* Jesus, and the theocentric position which would make it the religion *of* Jesus. But he slowly realized that here was a fundamental difference in concept which greatly influenced Christianity in America and even more profoundly affected its approach to other religions.

As he studied the other great religions of humanity, he found in them much of abiding truth. As he began to number among his friends men who were followers of other religions, he found in them evidences of devotion to God and fellowship with Him such as he had found among his Christian colleagues. Gradually he came to believe that in all ages God has been present among all His children, and that He has had His witnesses in every era and nation.

While meditating thus, Luce happened to secure a booklet in which John 3:16: "For God so loved the world—" was printed in more than seven hundred languages. As he studied the translators' term for "God" in each language he discovered that in most cases they had of necessity taken a word that had had only pagan significance but had stood for a people's highest conception of the Divine Ruler of the Universe. Then, through its new use in the Christian scriptures the translators had given the pagan term a new and loftier meaning, as Jesus took *Yahweh* and gave it new beauty and significance as God, the Father of all.

"If we take the very name we use for God out of these non-Christian languages," he said, "why worry in a too-meticulous fashion about taking other elements? Yes, we must take care in this whole process of seeking points of contact; but it is a rare missionary who would be rash on this point. Many of us in the early days did not know enough to be rash; perhaps there are still some like that today."

During 1931 and 1932 Luce was deeply interested in the survey, made by the Laymen's Foreign Missionary Inquiry, of the world-wide Protestant missionary enterprise. For a decade the interest and support of the American churches for the missionary enterprise had seemed to be declining. The Inquiry undertook to ascertain the facts, to appraise the existing situation, and to recommend any changes in policy or procedure which might seem advisable. The Inquiry appointed an Appraisal Commission, under the Chairmanship of William Ernest Hocking, whose report was published in 1932 in the volume *Re-Thinking Missions.*

As he studied this volume, Luce was filled with enthusiasm. "I know of no greater Church document," he wrote, "produced in a quarter of a century." He saw that a crucial part of the report was the third chapter, in which the Commission set forth, from a distinctly theocentric viewpoint, its views of the soundest theological basis for future missionary activities. "Interestingly enough," Harry wrote Elizabeth, "while I have questioned quite a few points in other chapters, I have no questions at all on Chapter III! In other words, I do not have to rearrange my basal thinking to find myself in harmony with the members of the Commission."

At the same time he predicted that many of the mission boards which had sponsored the Inquiry would not accept the report because of its advanced theocentric position. Subsequent events bore out his prediction. Because of questions of theological basis, and also because of some very inept advance publicity releases which alienated many missionary leaders before they had had a chance to study and discuss the report fairly, *Re-Thinking Missions* did not meet with a very friendly reception at the hands of many mission boards.

The first three decades of Harry Luce's missionary service were spent in working for a broader conception of Christian higher education in China. The last decade of his life was devoted to what his friend H. B. Sharman called an effort to "convey to those with whom he came in contact a fresher and more worthy concept of the missionary ideal in its intention and in the spirit which animates it." As a young man his "radical ideas" had annoyed many of his older colleagues, who said he "interfered with their missionary work." In his later years he was still thinking well in advance of most American missionary leaders, even though most of them were much younger than he. Sometimes, in their preoccupation with administrative matters, they also became impatient at the tenacity with which he urged the need of new attitudes and methods and of a constantly widening vision of the Kingdom of God.

On his sixtieth birthday Harry sent "A Birthday Greeting to my Children" in which he summarized simply the development of his religious faith. "Every deep recess in one's life," he wrote in its conclusion, "every possible human relationship, should be shot through with the religious spirit. That is why Christianity is, as I conceive it, a Way for the whole of life. The three fundamentals in Christianity are Jesus' revelation of God, the value Jesus put on the individual, and Jesus' concept of the world brotherhood of friendly men, expressed by Him in the term, 'the Kingdom of God.' After four and a half decades of conscious religious life, there emerges the conviction that this faith and these principles are so essential and so sound that one sees in them the hope for any man as an individual and for the nations of men as they federate themselves into a world brotherhood."

Seven years later he wrote another *credo* to his children, in which he dwelt upon how the viewpoints of science and of religion, once thought to be in conflict, were found to be in harmony: "The scientist, Professor Jeans, says that at least there must be a mathematical *thinker* back of it all. That to me at once brings the question within the realm of 'personality,' and as one thinks out from that it leads him by logical steps to the God whom Jesus revealed to us."

In so far as any man can do so, Harry Luce found the meaning of the Kingdom of God for himself. He grew in confidence that not individuals only but mankind everywhere will in the fullness of time be integrated into this Kingdom—for this, he believed, is the immemorial plan of the Divine Will. Having this principle of life for himself, Luce followed in the footsteps of all great spiritual leaders who take the most advanced step forward and then endeavor to interpret what has become reality to them, in order to share with others their highest insights. This groping beyond the present *known* is, in the last analysis, seeking first the Kingdom of God.

In his latter years Luce was absorbed in the movement toward the ecumenical ideal of a world church. This was natural, for he had long been ecumenically minded, in the broadest sense. As he sat one evening with some of his family and a friend or two, the talk turned toward this fresh interest in church unity. "I feel," he said, "that a new, more determined, sense of unity is abroad among us. Everywhere it rushes upon us like a fresh tide, cleansing us of our diversities. What is the idea back of this ecumenical movement? If it can be stated for us with clear and simple meaning we shall have a new hope for the Church and a truer approach to the non-Christian religions. A truly catholic ecumenical spirit cannot be both 'isolationist' and Christian. As for myself, I am heart and soul in the movement." Already his concept of the ecumenical movement had reached out beyond the unity of all Christian faiths, to the day when the followers of all religions would discover common grounds of unity in belief and in service.

During these years he found in one of George Matheson's hymns the clearest and fullest statement of the essence of this world faith which he sought, and for which he labored. He had the hymn printed on leaflets which he shared with his friends throughout the world, so that in time it became widely known as Harry Luce's favorite hymn:

Gather us in, Thou Love, that fillest all;
  Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold;
Rend each man's temple-veil, and bid it fall,
  That we may know that Thou hast been of old.

Gather us in; we worship only Thee;
  In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common soul we see;
  In many ships we seek one spirit land.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride;
  Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves;

Thine is Judea's law, with love beside,
  The truth that censures and the grace that saves.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves;
  Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam;
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves;
  Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above;
  Some ask a human image to adore;
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love;
  Within Thy mansions we have all, and more.

Harry Luce's interest in these fields of thought grew even more intense after he completed his years of study and teaching in Hartford. Always he was challenged by the closing words of Matheson's hymn—"and more." His life-long search for the Kingdom of God was not only an unending quest, but one which led always toward wider and more inspiring vistas. In his writing on the margin in a favorite book we find this revelation of the spirit of his search: "We need the ardor of discovery, the forward look, the eager adventure."

When, in the spring of 1935, he reached retirement age at Hartford, he undertook, with the irrepressible enthusiasm of youth, a long-dreamed-of experience which helped to broaden still further his contacts with men of all races and religions. This was an unhurried trip around the world.

XVI

"UNDER HEAVEN, ONE FAMILY"

Once more Harry Luce stood on deck and watched the silvery tip of Fujiyama rise majestically from the calm blue ocean. The sea, the sky, the mountain, were timeless and unchanging. The voyager's eager quest for new adventures waiting over the rim of the world was as fresh and spontaneous as ever. Yet since he had first approached the shores of Japan, four decades before, his hair had grown white and the crowding events of the years had etched their record in the lines of his face.

Crossing the Pacific on the *President Coolidge* he noted how different were the passengers from those he had known on earlier trips. Racial lines between East and West were not so sharp. The Chinese teachers and businessmen among the passengers joined naturally in the discussions and activities of the voyage. A few of the Westerners revealed traces of aloofness, and bewailed the passing of the good old days; but most of them were friendly and cooperative in their attitudes and their associations.

In Japan Luce was conscious of the power and the danger of Japanese militarism. But now he was seeking out places and forms of worship. He no longer based his judgments upon the superstitious practices in the temples he had visited in 1897. Instead, he visited Koya-San, the famous Buddhist sacred mountain, and in the temples there talked leisurely with the monks. He was not now looking for points of difference, but for the things they held in common.

He reached Shanghai in the late spring. The bright sunshine and the cordial greetings of friends contrasted pleasantly with that cold, misty autumn day in 1897 when first he and Elizabeth steamed up the muddy waters of the Whangpoo. The Shantung Presbyterian Mission meeting was soon to be held in Tsingtao, so he hastened there to greet old comrades and to see the progress of his mission since first he had made evangelistic trips from Tengchow.

Then he went on to Tsinan to visit his first love—Cheeloo University—and rejoiced at the progress made in eighteen years. Most of the differences of his day had long been adjusted or forgotten, the ideals of union had been more fully realized, and the University was performing important and far-reaching services to Shantung and the surrounding provinces.

He next hurried northward to Peking—now renamed Peiping by the new Nanking government—to be present for the Commencement at Yenching University. His arrival at the Ch'ien Men Station brought out a large delegation of welcome, led by President Leighton Stuart. He was whisked by automobile over smooth roads to the place he had long been eager to see in its completed state—the new Yenching campus.

The car halted before a massive red Chinese gate. With mounting satisfaction his keen blue eyes took in every detail—the huge stone lions standing guard on either side, the masterly workmanship and rich decoration of the gateway, the four large Chinese characters blazoned in gold on a huge lacquer tablet just above the central portals—

Yen Ching Ta Hsueh

As the car passed through the gateway, Harry's face lighted up at the scene of spacious beauty which lay before him. Just ahead, an ancient stone bridge spanned a tiny lake. Beyond, a graveled path crossed a broad greensward dotted with flowers, shrubs, and trees. In the background rose more than a score of magnificent buildings, each a triumph of their architect's genius. With their sturdy red pillars, their expanse of latticed windows, the sweeping lines of their tiled roofs, they faithfully portrayed the purest of classic Chinese architecture. Yet into their construction had gone all that modern skill and materials could give to meet every modern requirement of university education.

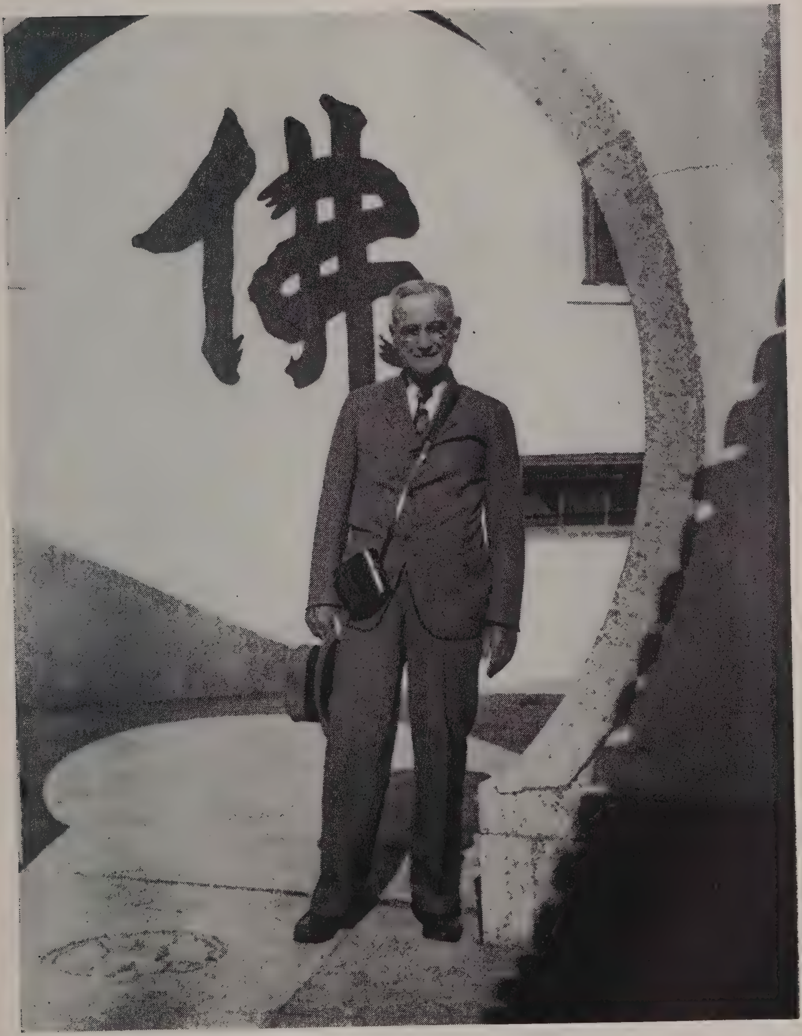
As the President later showed him about the campus, he was stirred by a sense of pervasive beauty. "The buildings are larger and finer than I have realized," he said, more to himself than to his companion. "The campus is more spacious, more perfectly planned. It surpasses all I have dreamed!" In his selfless enthusiasm he was the first to forget that, but for his dreams—and his effective labors—the plan would never have been so perfect, nor the dream embodied in actuality.

In the center of the campus they came at last to a jewel-like lake, mirroring the graceful buildings around it. In the lake was a tree-clad island, and among the trees a six-sided pavilion. "This, Harry," said the President as they crossed the stone bridge to the island, "is the heart of the campus. Here the students come for their gay times, their serious discussions, their quiet meditations. As you know, this is the Luce Pavilion. There above the door they have used your Chinese name on the tablet which says '*Ssu-I-Ting*'—the 'Pavilion of One Who Seeks Righteousness.' "

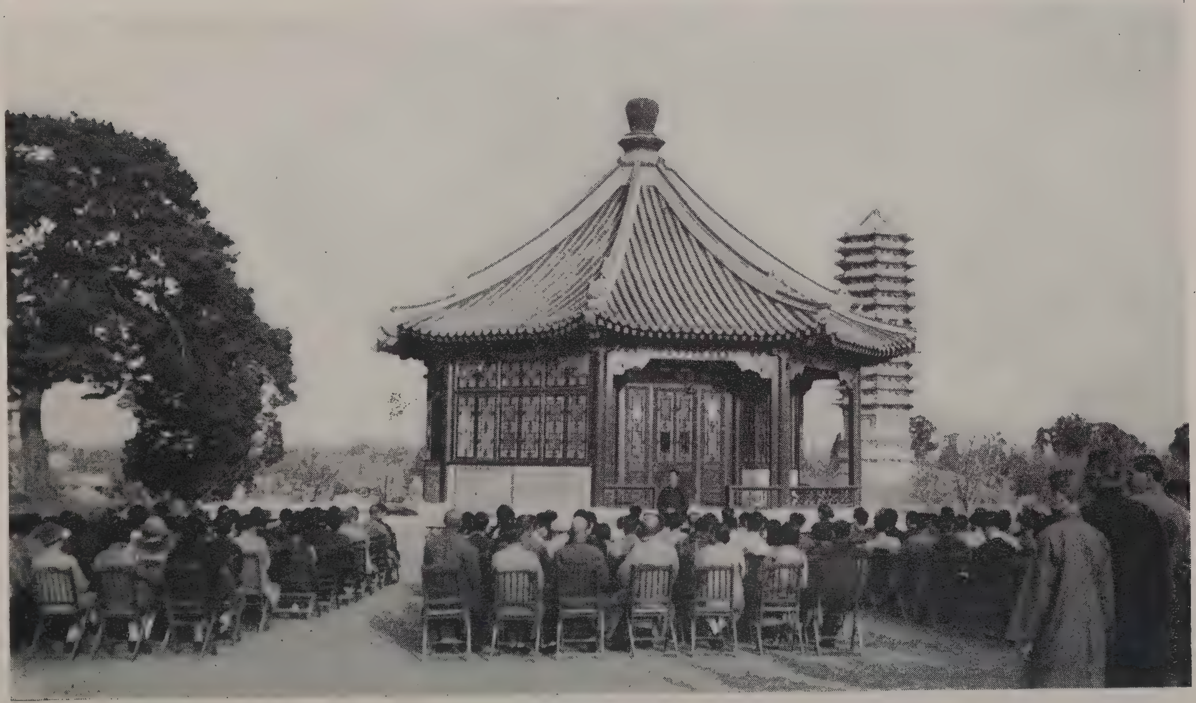
In all the Christian colleges and institutions he visited in China, Luce was deeply impressed by the rapid development in Chinese leadership during the preceding decade. The colleges had Chinese presidents and deans, and were directed by boards and faculties predominantly Chinese. The Christian schools had Chinese principals, the hospitals Chinese superintendents. The churches were led by Chinese pastors and had progressed far toward self-government and self-support. Nobody was more pleased with these developments than the missionaries, who took great pride in the strength of this Chinese leadership they had helped to develop, and were happy to serve under it.

While Luce was in Peking he also renewed his acquaintance with many of the intellectual and governmental leaders of China. One of these friends in whose home he was a guest during his stay was Dr. Hu Shih, then a Professor in Peking University, a Chinese government institution.

Late one afternoon he and Dr. Hu walked together



Henry Winters Luce the traveler. At Buddhist temple in South China. The character on the wall behind him is *Fo* the Buddhist name for God.



The Luce Pavilion at Yenching University. Students and faculty gather at the pavilion for a religious service.

across the Peking University campus, situated in the Imperial City of the old Chinese Emperors. Deep in discussion, they strolled along the shore of the beautiful *Pei Hai,* or "Northern Sea." Around them rose the magnificent palaces of the Emperors, their yellow-tiled roofs resplendent in the afternoon sunshine. Behind loomed the gleaming shaft of the White Dagoba, the darker slope of Coal Hill.

They formed a striking contrast: the tall, white-haired American and his shorter, dark-haired companion—who, despite the youthfulness of his appearance was the father of China's literary renaissance and the outstanding scholar and philosopher of his generation. As they discussed the fundamental forces that order and control the universe and guide the destiny of the human race, one approached each question from the standpoint of Christian theism, the other from that of humanistic logic. Yet as the shadows lengthened they discovered that they were in agreement on many basic ideals and principles that directed their lives and determined their actions.

While Harry was in North China he visited another famous center of Buddhist worship near Peiping. "We went to the Yun Kang caves this morning," he wrote, "and my soul was lifted up to the heights. There were originally ten temples, one in front of each large cave. The caves are full of magnificent and exquisite sculpture. In the main cave the central Buddha is four stories high, and the Buddhas in the surrounding niches vary in size from twenty feet or more to tiny little figurines, exquisite in sculpture. There are frescoes of scenes from the Buddhistic scriptures—heavenly clouds and 'flying angels' and pagodas of the greatest delicacy. The colors are ravishing —beautiful terra cotta and soft blue green predominate.

"This is what religious men did in the fifth century. Buddhist monks from India, influenced by Greek sculpture, came to China and found here religious and creative spirits among the Chinese. Together, over a period of a hundred and seventy years, they executed this marvelous work of art to give fitting expression to their religious faith. These great sculptures are a monument to their aspirations—an outward symbol of a great inward and spiritual grace. To stand in these caves amid all this beauty is close to being lifted into heaven.

"There is only one temple left, and it is rapidly falling to pieces. The cave back of it is still in good condition, but the other caves are beginning to show the effects of wind and rain, now that there are no temples to protect them. Unless something is done soon, another generation will know the glories of this place no more, save through the tales of their fathers."

Later he visited Tao Shan Monastery, near Hong Kong, where Buddhists and Taoists come to study Christianity. "It has been a strange and weird experience," he wrote. "I have never seen such a confused mixture of symbols, liberal attitudes toward other religions allied with very conservative Lutheran theology, grottoes for meditation, cell-like rooms for ultra experiences of penitence. It may help Buddhist priests and monks, but I see no way out in this method for the thinking leaders of China."

He found the monastery chapel filled with a profusion of Buddhist and Christian symbols, stressing the good in Buddhism as illustrated by the Lotus symbol. He was asked to preach to the thirty-five Christians, Buddhists, and Taoists gathered there at that time. Standing beside the Cross-Lotus symbol, with his listeners squatting on mats before him, he spoke from the text, "Increase in the knowledge of God."

He spent several months traveling about China, and meeting and conversing with "the real thinking leaders of China," both Chinese and Westerners. Everywhere he found personal friendliness, and usually a sympathetic response to his belief that men of all faiths can and will find paths of unity as together they "increase in the knowledge of God." But there were some among his missionary friends of earlier days whose thinking had remained in the same smooth-worn ruts of belief and attitude they had first brought with them to China. They were critical of his efforts to find common grounds of truth and inspiration in other religions.

Once a conservative woman missionary friend indignantly withdrew from a meeting where Harry was discussing how Christians could find common ground with non-Christian Chinese intellectuals. Later she sent him a note apologizing for her action, but adding —"I wish I hadn't heard you say all those things about the Bible and what some people believe, for we think so much of you and your family."

"Before your note came," he replied, "I had told some friends I thought the most serious thing I had heard in China was the statement by a Chinese professor that many teachers and students who are thoroughly scientific in the academic field leave their scientific thinking and method behind when they enter the area of religion. Of course that is done by a great many people. All I was trying to say was that insofar as Christians refuse to rethink and to restate their religion in the language of the present day (as Christians in every age have always done) their message will not be of any great significance in the days ahead.

"No doubt I appeared to you very radical in my thinking. I do not think of myself as such. But the one thing I am not afraid of is truth, because God is the God of all truth, and all the truth there is in the universe was put there by God. Ten and twenty years from now the outstanding problem in China will be whether a goodly proportion of its leaders believe in God at all. Two types of atheism face us. One is the Soviet type that says we drug ourselves with superstition like an opiate. The other is humanistic atheism which comes to the Chinese very naturally out of their past culture. You and I may believe many things for ourselves, but when we meet these humanistic Chinese leaders we want to be able to state to them what the minimum essence of Christianity is, and so to stand a better chance of winning them to a belief in the God of Jesus, and to a resolve to follow in the footsteps of Jesus."

In December, 1935, Luce sailed from Hongkong for Saigon. "There were four of us," he wrote his family, "linked up for the auto ride across Cambodia to visit the city of Poon Penh and the famous and mysterious Angkor Wat, together with a square mile of similar temples and shrines scattered through a thick jungle. Then we pressed on for a delightful two weeks in Siam, especially at Bangkok and at Chieng Mai."

Thence he went via Singapore and Penang to Colombo, and on to India, which he had long been eager to visit. During two months there he was on the move almost constantly, traveling often at night and always carrying his bed-roll—for he camped in primitive inns all the way—from Ceylon to the Khyber Pass and from Calcutta to Bombay. He was interested alike by Hindu temples, Mohammedan mosques, and Christian institutions. "In some Hindu temples," he confessed, "in spite of the beautiful architecture one would at times become a bit depressed—deeply so if it were not for the Christian churches, schools, colleges, and hospitals, and also signs of indigenous reforms which one could see all along the way.

"Having taught Christian Buddhism at Hartford," he went on, "I was especially interested in visiting in India the original historic spots, the ancient monuments and extensive excavations, where Gotama lived and preached, and where Buddhism began. One will long remember the wondrously beautiful frescoes in the Ajanta and the Ellura caves near Bombay." While in India he also wrote Elizabeth, "I have visited the house where once lived your honorable missionary ancestor, Bishop Middleton."

In March, 1936, he sailed from Bombay for Suez, and on to Egypt for a brief stay. Then he moved onward to Palestine, spending several days in Jerusalem and traveling northward through Galilee, by Mount Carmel, past Tyre and Sidon, to Beirut. He visited the Beirut Christian College and attended a student conference in the Lebanon Mountains, then hurried on—via Damascus, Antioch, and Tarsus—to Greece and Italy.

"A host of impressions abide," he wrote of his visit to Greece and Italy. "One of them is that the sheer joy of visiting a place, on whose history and literature one had worked as a boy, is greater, for me at least, in Athens than in Rome. My strong Protestant soul contrasted too much the pure and joyful Greek art with some of the pageantry and symbolism of the Italian cathedrals. In St. Peter's in Rome I did not get the same uplifting feeling I had when I revisited the Parthenon at Athens."

The openness of mind with which he searched constantly for truth led him to view with doubt many ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies observed in Italy —the veneration of sacred relics, belief in the magic power of certain places and objects and phrases, insistence upon set forms of worship. "Ever since I began to note," he wrote, "how at the close of the Rig Veda poems of India, about 1000 B.C., the priests of Brahminism began to get control of the people I have been wondering if anyone has ever studied the history of priestly control of the masses. It seems to me worthy of the work of the whole life of some competent scholar.

"As one goes about these cathedrals and marvels at their beauty in line and color, he also marvels at the naive faith of the mass of men and at the maintenance of such a system by men who ought to know better. Soviet Russia, humanistic China, and the modern thinking man of India, together with many a thoughtful American student, are challenging these unfounded superstitions (some of which cling to Protestant fundamentalism) and are saying: 'if this be theism, then let us be atheists or agnostics!'

"Happily this is not true theism. But we do have a theism as revealed by Jesus which is tenable and statable in a scientific age. In all my long journey, my major interest has been to test out this type of thinking and faith by every possible and open-minded method at my command. The result has, for me, been absolutely confirmed. It will take long before the mind of the mass of religious leaders will attain unto it. But here and there, all over the world, one meets those whose hearts are hungering for something more true and more simple in religion—and here lies the hope of the coming centuries."

As Harry crossed Europe his thoughts turned from the past, and from an emphasis on religious questions, to the present and the future and to the consideration of political and military problems.

"My special center of interest is the Peace Palace," he wrote Elizabeth from Amsterdam. "Here the great Court for International Justice sits from time to time. I suspect it shares with the League of Nations the criticisms of the cynic. I do not share this feeling. Both these institutions are ones in which, in concrete forms, men have recorded what they believe should and must be done in the interest of world peace.

"The Peace Pact is, in my estimation, the highest political (and I think moral) document which mankind has produced. That five countries have broken it does not make it a scrap of paper. Nor would it be a scrap of paper even if all the 63 countries which signed it break it. Mankind has had a way of registering ideals and then taking centuries to work up to them—the Ten Commandments, for instance, or the ideals of Jesus, both registered two thousand or more years ago. It is nothing against them that men have not observed them well, or not at all. Only men who do not observe them are hurt. The Ten Commandments, the fundamental teachings of Jesus, the Peace Pact, survive—as vital, as important, as necessary, as ever. They were not written on paper originally; they were written into the structure of the moral universe.

"The time will come when the nations will see the folly of the 'policy of conquest,' and will return to their highest ideals. I am glad of the Peace Palace, the Court of International Justice, and the Peace Pact, even if some nations have flaunted them. They are but parts of the far-flung Kingdom of God, though it is doubtful if many of those who had to do with building up these institutions realized that they were at all related to religion! The League of Nations got tangled up with the after-war nerve-tensions, but mankind will revive it, or build something like it anew in due time. Time is on the side of the idealist. We move slowly on the upward trek, but men must be blind indeed if, since the first amoeba stirred in the slime, up to the time men wrote the Peace Pact, they cannot see some progress."

This staunch credo of faith in the ultimate triumph of reason and good will over hatred and blind self-interest was not the wishful thinking of an impractical Utopian. Harry Luce was writing in the midst of a rising ferment of suspicions and jealousies and dependence on brute force. During his trip around the world he had noted the swift rise of the "policy of conquest" in many nations, most conspicuously in Japan, Italy, and Germany. Firmly convinced though he was of the ultimate triumph of the principles set forth in the Peace Pact, he knew that these could never be attained by an attitude of negative pacifism. He recognized the enormous power of good will, reasonableness, and understanding. But he recognized that in the world he found in 1936 these processes alone could not solve all the problems created by insensate, ruthless, and unrestrained force. He took vigorous issue with some of his closest friends, and with certain of his favorite religious publications, on the matter of pacifism.

"In regard to being an *ultimate* pacifist," he wrote a little later, "I am that out and out. I believe that present-day *absolute* pacifism rests on an unsound premise and does not take account of the evolutionary process. From my point of view it is a real disservice at this critical time." He had been years ahead of most Americans in recognizing that when Japan attacked Manchuria on September 18, 1931, she was beginning a conflict of the gravest significance to the whole world. He knew that if the other nations allowed the Japanese militarists to pursue their mad dreams of world conquest, inevitably the flames of war would spread destruction throughout the earth.

When the Japanese launched their full-scale attack on China in July, 1937, he was convinced that eventually all the Western nations would be drawn into the struggle. While others were saying that what happened in Asia was none of their business, and were continuing their profitable trade with Japan, Luce was speaking vigorous words of warning. By letter, in private conversation and public address, and on the radio, he urged the withdrawal of American assistance to Japan and her active support of China—not only out of friendship and justice for China but also for the sake of America's own welfare and safety.

As war blazed up in Europe, he persistently opposed the prevailing American mood of isolationism, pointing out that no nation could enjoy peace and prosperity until the world possessed forces of law and order strong enough to prevent international lawlessness and aggression.

With each passing month the world conflict spread and America was drawn closer and closer to the struggle. There were many who could foresee nothing but the destruction of all the things to which men like Harry Luce had devoted their lives. Yet he never lost his faith in mankind's ability ultimately to solve its problems, nor his confidence that a wise and loving Father still ruled the destiny of the human race. He looked forward with complete assurance to "the good new days to come," even though he himself might not see them.

One other important result of Harry Luce's trip around the world was the stimulus it gave to his long discussed plans for interpreting to the American people his own broad and appreciative understanding of the whole human family.

"Too long," he wrote, "America has been almost entirely 'Mediterranean minded.' In the immediate future we must have wider and deeper appreciations of the cultures of other parts of the earth. Our provincial horizons must be enlarged." He believed that every intelligent civic or religious leader must have an adequate conception of the scope of humanity's thought and aspiration through the ages; that to participate effectively in world affairs Americans must understand the achievements and capacities of the people of other nations.

As a first step in thus broadening America's horizons, he conceived of gathering each year selected groups of men and women for intensive study of the other great divisions of the human family, taking one major geographical area at a time, and studying objectively its past, present, and potential contributions to the world.

The summer of 1938 brought his first opportunity to test his theories and methods, when he was invited to give a 15-hour course on the Far East at the summer session of Rochester-Auburn Theological Seminary. "I was far from optimistic," he confessed later, "about the possibility of compressing even the high spots of three thousand years of history, philosophy, literature, art, and religion within fifteen hours of lectures. The great danger was that, from an attempt to cover such a vast amount of territory and material in so short a time, only confusion would result. At the end of the experience I found very definite values had emerged, in a measure quite beyond my expectation."

Encouraged by this initial success, Luce began to develop broader plans for a series of "Interpreters Institutes" which would be open not only to pastors and other religious leaders but also to teachers, businessmen, and all others seriously interested in becoming better acquainted with the "other five-sixths" of the world. Seeking a suitable location for the proposed Institutes, he conferred with Charles A. Herschleb, a former associate of Tsinan days, now Executive Secretary of the Silver Bay Association. Herschleb cordially agreed to have the Institutes held at Silver Bay, on Lake George.

It was decided to conduct the first Institute, or Seminar, at Silver Bay in July, 1939, for "Interpreting Countries of the Far East, with Special Emphasis on China and Japan." Luce enlisted the aid of eight other leaders who had served in various capacities in China and Japan. For some months he spent all of his time, and a substantial sum of his personal funds, in efforts to make this initial experiment a success. Thirty-seven men and women responded, and came to Silver Bay for the twelve days of the Institute.

Under Luce's leadership, the group set forth on an absorbing journey of exploration. They began with the myths and legends of the childhood of the Chinese race. They caught glimpses of the glory of the first great legendary emperors, Yao and Shun, in the dim distance of forty-two centuries. In the ancient *Li Chi,* or Book of Rites, they read, "When all men everywhere use their talents and their possessions unselfishly for the good of others, this will be what we call *Ta T'ung,* or World Brotherhood."

They learned to appreciate China's achievements in the fine arts—her painting, her music, her textiles, her craftsmanship in brass and bronze, the variety and loveliness of her ceramics. As they progressed there unfolded before them a new picture of a great people who for over four thousand years had been making a vital contribution to the advance of humanity.

They became acquainted with the great sages of China, and found in them much the same ideals and aspirations they had honored in their Western teachers. They sat at the feet of the mystic Laotse, who expressed the *Tao* or Way of Life, in terms of simplicity, quietude, and humility. They joined the company of Confucius' disciples, and heard him expound the thesis that the ideal society is based on order, propriety, and mutual consideration. They listened as Mencius, the Apostle of Democracy, defended the worth and dignity of the common man.

Even in China's religious teachings they found many common ties of belief and aspiration. They discovered that in the fifth century B.C. Motse was writing his essays on Universal Love, the Will of Heaven, and the Condemnation of Offensive War, in the spirit of broad humanity characteristic of their own New Testament: "The way of mutual love is to regard the state of others as one's own, the houses of others as one's own, the persons of others as one's self.

When all the people in the world love one another, then the strong will not overpower the weak, the many will not oppress the few, the wealthy will not mock the poor, the honored will not disdain the humble, and the cunning will not deceive the simple."

As they progressed, it dawned on them that the Chinese were amazingly like themselves, that both nationalities had much the same likes and dislikes, that they laughed and wept over the same things, and had much the same human weaknesses. Here was a people they liked and admired, and with whom they could work together on a basis of mutual respect and goodwill.

When the seminar on the Pacific Area was completed, each had a broader and more sympathetic understanding of the Orient, particularly of China. Yet they realized that they had only begun their exploration of a fascinating new field. During the following months many of them undertook much more extensive study along the lines revealed to them at Silver Bay.

"Having had my share both of successes and of failures," Harry wrote Elizabeth at the close of the Institute, "I never came nearer to 100% failure than in my attempts to convince the Board Secretaries I 'had something,' and never nearer 100% success than in convincing our Silver Bay group of thirty that the plan is both unique and dynamic. And now I go on to Chicago to see if I can put Silver Bay's 40 hours into 8 hours. 'We are those who specialize in the wholly impossible!' " In this spirit he hurried on to Chicago, where during the next fortnight he gave an even more condensed course on the Pacific area to a group of about 65 religious leaders attending the Pastors Institute and National Conference.

Yet Luce was far from satisfied with the results thus far achieved, and began to plan immediately for a repetition of the seminar on the Pacific Area. At this second Institute in the summer of 1940 a still larger group was present, and a number of improvements were made in the program. A Planning Committee had been formed to assist in guiding the projected series of Interpreters Institutes.

Immediately after this second seminar, he began to plan for a third Institute at Silver Bay in the summer of 1941, to deal with Latin America and Africa. He also arranged to conduct at Princeton Seminary during the autumn semester of 1940-41 a weekly seminar on the Pacific Area. But it was now becoming clear to him that he would not have many more years in which to work, and that he must depend on others to carry on in his stead. He determined that he would achieve as much as possible in the time left to him.

In the midst of preparations for an Institute dealing with Latin America and Africa, a serious break in Harry Luce's health halted all activities for some weeks, and raised grave questions as to whether the plan should not be given up entirely. But he remained adamant in his determination to carry on.

It was one more triumph for his indomitable tenacity that the third Institute was held at Silver Bay in July, 1941. An excellent group of leaders participated, and the attendance was good. As an initial experiment in thorough and scholarly study of new areas never before explored in this fashion, the Institute made an important contribution.

Yet Luce felt that the Institutes had thus far achieved only a part of what he had set out to do. He began to plan for a fourth Institute in the summer of 1942 which would concentrate on Latin America alone. He projected his thinking still further into the future when other fields would be explored, particularly India, "the Mother of Religions."

Even though the Institutes had not as yet accomplished all that their founder had visioned, they had already attained solid and lasting results. Other men and women had at last begun to appreciate their significance, and to share in their support and extension. Many who attended the Institutes at Silver Bay returned to their own churches and communities and developed study groups modeled on these same lines. Here and there a school, college, or seminary began to be stimulated by this conception of a serious study touching all humanity. Mission boards and other religious bodies began to recognize the potentialities in this broader approach to a study of religion. Individuals who had at first cooperated because of their affection for Harry Luce now caught the inspiration of the "invincible idea" for themselves.

XVII

THE GLOW OF FRIENDLY FIRES

June 12, 1934

Dearest Grandfather,

You make me curious to read the Paris Peace Pact.. I hope you can send it to me, as it was not in your letter.

What nationality would a policeman in the "International Police" be? International nationality, I suppose—and would he speak Esperanto?

Are you neutral toward Spain? And what about those Italian soldiers?

The steps and the bird-houses are finished. It was fun making them.

Looking forward to your arrival next week, and

Love to Grandmother and you.

Henry III

P.S. I'm going to Lakehurst tonight to see the *Hindenburg* sail. The Paines are sailing on her. I played tennis with them yesterday.

It is unusual for a boy of nine to write such a letter to his grandfather. But then the growing circle of Harry Luce's grandchildren had an unusual grandfather. From the birth of the first grandchild about 1925 he had shown a rare capacity for companionship with them in which differences in age seemed almost non-existent. He could be as interested as they in their games and studies, in the things they saw and the bird-houses they built. And somehow they caught the contagion of his profound absorption in the onward march of world events, and became much excited over peace pacts, collective security, and civil wars in Spain.

That they recognized him as a world-citizen who nevertheless had one favorite nation—beside his native land—is revealed by a letter from a young grandson who saluted him with their favorite nickname for him, "Hello China!" then went on to inform him, "I've made a map of the whole world for you—only Africa isn't finished yet." One catches a glimpse of a dire heritage of his money-raising for China in a letter of sympathy from a nine-year-old:

Dear Grandfather,

I hear you are sick, but "you can't keep a good man down," so they say.

Do you remember that you sent me a card to fill with dimes for China? I did, and now they sent me a letter asking me to buy a pound of tea. So I am doing it. Then they sent me a letter asking me to buy Christmas cards with Chinese pictures on them. I am doing that, too. I think you would like the tea and the Christmas cards.

I hope you will feel better.

Tons of love

Michael

There was always great rejoicing whenever he arrived in any of the four home circles where his grandchildren were growing up. He had an amazing repertoire of practical ways for keeping the home atmosphere sunny, and for getting youthful tasks accomplished—ranging all the way from speeding up dressing in the morning to better ways of memorizing the multiplication table.

It was natural that he felt a particularly close tie with his oldest grandson, who was carrying on his name. Henry III was developing into a tall, broad-shouldered lad, with a keen mind and a rare sense of humor. He was hoping to graduate from Yale fifty-four years after his grandfather. He had a growing interest in the things for which his grandfather had labored, and for two summers helped with arrangements for his Interpreters Institutes at Silver Bay.

But Harry was keenly interested in them all, down to the youngest grandson, born when he himself was nearing seventy-two. Between the two there was some especially lovely bond. "Ever since his birth," Harry wrote when the child was a year old, "he has been interpreting to himself the little universe into which he was born. Since he was two months old, he and I have been able, in our own fashion, to communicate with each other, and now we are great pals."

He never pressed his grandchildren to accept his own conclusions and beliefs. Yet he was always frank in sharing with them his own widening thoughts and convictions. To them all he stressed consistently the centrality of religion in all of life.

"As you know," he wrote to a grandson of fourteen in the autumn of 1941, "grandfather has believed all his life, since he was a boy much younger than you, through to this time, that religion is the most important thing in life, affects everything in life, and indeed lies at the *root* of our lives. The essence of religion is to believe—and act upon that belief—that there is back of and through this universe a being whom we call God. The supreme thing Jesus did for us was to reveal the God of whom he was constantly speaking as 'My Father.' Of course all this is a very profound thing, as God must be greater than His universe. Nevertheless, it is just as simple, also, as when Jesus went up on the Mount of Olives and knelt down and said, 'My Father.' "

These ties of understanding and affection between Harry Luce and his grandchildren were but a continuation of the spirit he had brought into the family circle ever since he and Elizabeth were married on that June day in 1897. He and Elizabeth always believed that Christian homes are the vital cells of the Kingdom, the places where the most important things of life are to be found.

Of Elizabeth, Harry often said, "She knows me better than I know myself." They had been married almost four decades when he wrote reminding her of how the eighth-century Chinese poet, Po Chu-i, honoring the love of Emperor Ming Huang and the beautiful Yang Kwei-fei, sang of the legendary one-winged birds which can fly only when they are with their mates:

At midnight, when none was near,
  He had whispered in her ear,
"I swear that we will ever fly
  Like the one-winged birds,
Or grow united like the tree
  With branches which twine together."

Toward each of his four children Harry Luce had an affection and an appreciation that was both stimulating and discriminating. He had a remarkable ability to enter sympathetically into the mind and spirit of each as he or she developed through childhood and youth and maturity. To each he was a friend and counsellor who quietly assumed that they would do right, and expected the best from them. He never gave orders or made autocratic decisions. Whenever questions arose or problems had to be faced, he talked matters over judiciously, drew out the thoughts and opinions of his children, stated his own views objectively, and then left the final decisions to them. When at times their decisions were not those Harry and Elizabeth would have chosen, the parents would say to each other, "Well, we brought them up that way."

Harry had a rare genius for meeting each one equally on his or her particular level of development and focus of interest. He told them about his own work, and sometimes asked for their suggestions and assistance. He could be gay or grave, sympathetic or stimulating. And always there was a touch of quiet humor that smoothed over any threatened difficulty.

There was the time when one of the Luce quartet wrote in some heat that a teacher had been "unfair" in giving a low mark on an English paper, and that a vigorous protest seemed in order. "I think I would be very careful," Harry wrote back, "about any 'kick' you make with regard to hard marking by your English teacher. If you had marked as many papers as I have, you would know that when a teacher gets through he always *hopes* he has been fair—and in the long run these differences average up pretty well. If you take the matter up at all (and I doubt the wisdom of it) it would need to be handled with the greatest care and tact. It is better to endeavor to do your work, so far as you can, in the way and with the method he works out, and in the long run the marks will be fair."

In general the scholastic record of the young Luces was excellent. Yet there was a time when illness prevented one of them from completing his courses during the spring term, and necessitated extra study during the summer and special examinations when school reopened in the autumn. Throughout the summer sports and recreation proved more interesting than grinding away at Latin and Algebra. Despite quiet admonitions by his parents, the boy let the summer glide gaily by. He returned to school filled with a cheerful confidence they did not share.

A few days later his father received a lugubrious note. "I flunked my Algebra and passed my Latin," it began. "If I don't get fired out of this place before next year, I will endeavor to make up my lost subjects. If I don't succeed, that will be my tough luck. . . . Mr. Van Santvoord was quite complementary when he said I decided not to play football. I didn't decide; he did. . . . To sum up all this nastiness, I can put it in a few words. The family is not pleased with me, and I don't think I'm so hot. In other words, out of four children, the batting average is 75%. Not bad!"

Harry had to struggle over his answer to that one. But eventually he sent a reply that was an admirable combination of sympathetic understanding of a boy's chagrin and disappointment, and of frankness in pointing out what must be done to remedy the situation both then and in future:

My dear lad:

I am glad you passed your Latin. But of course I am sorry you did not pass your Algebra—more sorry for you than for anyone else, because the work will have to be repeated.

You say, "If I don't get fired out of this place before next year"—to which I reply that there is absolutely no need of this, just as I believe there was absolutely no need of your missing on your Algebra. There is just one battle field for you, just only one. That battle field is your own *will.* No Luce has ever fallen down for lack of determination or will power. They may have lacked in ability, or tact, or other things, but never in the "will-to-do."

You also say, "If I don't succeed, that will be my tough luck." My dear boy, don't charge it to "luck." You can charge it up to sheer lack of common sense in planning your work, to lack of will power to carry it out. You got a reputation last year for being a good "tackle" in football. What we are waiting for, and what we are expecting, is that you will get a reputation for being able to tackle your studies with the same will-power and interest.

No, we do not have a batting average of seventy-five percent. The other three have not scored a hundred by any means, and both they and your parents know that you have some excellent qualities which the other three do not have at all. There is only one problem for you, and that is how to apply your native Luce will-power to your studies. I have tried hard since July to get you to see this. I thought you had got it. I am still hopeful. It is all up to you.

Lovingly your
Father

By the next June the boy had made his own contribution to the family "batting average" by winning the prize annually awarded by the school to the student who had shown the greatest improvement in his work that year.

Harry always took great pride in each success, small or large, gained by each of the four as they developed. Yet he placed even more emphasis upon the spirit in which they met both success and failure.

"It was a real victory in many ways," he wrote one of his sons who had just won an important literary contest, "and will give you confidence for future work like that. Besides it is fine preparation and training which, begun so early and so well, ought to see you in time able to express with ease, winsomeness, force, and accuracy such ideas as may be given you to express to your generation. In the meantime, we reflect on the fact that your opponents had to bear defeat. In victory one needs to be humble; in defeat still confident."

Writing to Elizabeth at the same time, he said, "I am delighted to have the lad do so well, and I feel sure it will not develop any pride or unworthy ambition. I do think he has a fine feeling towards his competitors, and I think also he could bear defeat as well as victory." And at another time he wrote Elizabeth, "I want him to be liberal with his views of others, while at the same time severe and conservative with himself."

While the children were growing up, Harry's search for money for Cheeloo and Yenching had kept him away from them much of the time. Yet he had kept always in close and intimate touch with them all. As the four grew to maturity, he took pride in each of them, and continued to keep pace with them. "We shall be very mindful on Monday," he wrote his younger son on his twenty-first birthday, "that in the eyes of the law you have reached man's estate. In our eyes you have already begun to 'play the man!' and we have hopes that with each passing year, as in the past, you will be a better player as you better learn to 'play the game'—that serious, intricate, taxing, inspiring game of life. I shall be among the very-most interested spectators, very partisan in my cheering for your side. I shall always be close to the side-lines. If the fortune or necessities of the game entail bruises, I'll be there with sponge and water-pail. Cheerio!! Now for a lot of goals, and the one big goal!"

Ever since Harry had been the Editor-in-Chief of the Yale Courant he had retained his interest in journalism, and had kept in touch with the major developments in that field.

He took the keenest interest in the early beginnings of *Time,* frequenting the dingy rooms on New York's East Seventeenth Street where the first slim issues were written, edited, and published by his son Henry, his son's partner, Briton Hadden, and a handful of their college friends. As he watched these boys working day and night to meet the weekly deadline, and to pay the bills for rent, printer's ink, and the great bundles of newspapers that then comprised their news services, he was fully aware of the almost insuperable difficulties. But never for a moment did he doubt that the idea, and the boys, would succeed. He had a sublime faith in his son. It was with the greatest pride, but never with surprise, that he watched the spectacular growth of *Time,* then *Fortune,* and finally *Life.*

He was especially gratified by the inclusion of significant news from the ends of the earth, realizing how much America needed to know about her fellows in the family of nations. In the early days of *Time* he often discussed with the editors their interpretation of the news, shedding light out of his own rich experience. He had keen sympathy for the difficulties of building up the publications, yet he was the persistent critic of everything in them which he felt fell below the best standards of progressive journalism. For some years he expressed his discontent with the inadequate coverage of religious news, but in the course of time this department began to come closer to his high expectations. He took particular pleasure in the fact that *Time* was the one American publication to send a correspondent to the Malvern Conference and to issue the full report of that significant ecumenical gathering. Before he died, he saw his son's publications begin to take a leading part in the increasing concern for religion in the contemporary world.

Dearly though Harry Luce regarded the members of his family, they did not circumscribe his human relationships. All his life it had been his genius to seek out other men with whom he could cooperate, and whom he could inspire to share—or better still to lead—in achieving the high purposes of which he dreamed. As he grew older, the number and scope of his friendships widened. There were the staunch old friendships which had grown closer through half a century, the colleagues with whom he had worked in China. There were the younger men whom he had gathered about himself from many sources—his contacts with China, his teaching in Hartford, his Interpreters Institutes.

It was natural and necessary that he look to younger men for friendship and assistance. Most men of his own generation were retiring, and few of those who remained active had kept pace with his broadening search for unity and understanding. He had a closer intellectual and spiritual affinity with these younger men than those of his own age. Moreover, it was to these younger men he must look to carry on the tasks of which he had dreamed, but had barely begun.

These younger men were widely diverse in backgrounds, activities, future plans. Among them were ministers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, businessmen, missionaries. They included Chinese, Indians, Latin Americans, nationals of practically every country in Asia and Europe. With all their diversities, they were united in affectionate admiration for Harry Luce and in their resolve to share in their own ways in making his dreams realities. "During his life-time," one of them wrote Elizabeth after Harry had left them, "I never really 'came through.' Now, when I have had a measure of success, when perhaps I may say I have 'come through,' I would give worlds to have him know this. For it was he who ever urged me on, whose faith in me never once wavered."

He had remarkable talents for appraising an individual's potentialities, for appreciating qualities of loyalty and devotion. He quickly sensed situations which caused hurt or discouragement. Often a quiet word from him eased tensions and steadied overwrought nerves. His unobtrusive kindliness saved many a critical situation, with few aware of what he had done.

There was, for instance, a certain board meeting in New York where all day there had been heated discussions of future plans for an important part of the Christian enterprise in China. Luce had foreseen that the situation called for bold planning and vigorous leadership, and for months had helped in laying plans and finding leadership for a progressive program. He had developed a high regard and a warm friendship for a very capable businessman who had expressed his willingness to give generously of his abilities and experience in leading such a program. Now, in the board meeting itself, Harry had watched quietly both the trends of the discussion and the personal attitudes of the participants.

A majority of those present clearly favored the progressive program that was being proposed, but one determined group fought bitterly against it. Late in the day, when everyone's nerves were frayed, this dissident group suddenly launched a virulent personal attack on the business leader who had come to the meeting prepared to volunteer his services. The board was thrown into disorder, an adjournment was called for, and final decisions were postponed until the next day.

Harry had seen his friend's face pale with quick anger at this unjust and unexpected affront, and had tried to reach him when the meeting broke up, but found he had left the room immediately. Harry then hurried to his own hotel room and wrote the businessman this letter:

Dear ——:

What happened in the last few minutes of our meeting was in the nature of a bomb that has left me almost stunned. I can well believe that you have been irritated beyond measure; for I myself have had some amazing experiences which almost felled me for a few hours. But always when I came to myself I saw that the task in which I was engaged was so much bigger than the irritating items and conflicts of personalities that I put out of mind these very serious infelicities and finally won out.

I had an active share in the initial stages of this movement. Now the preparatory stage has ended and the real task is about to begin. It seems to me that by your religious training and outlook on life, and by your special practical training in the matter of promotion, you have been raised up 'for such a time as this.' It is unthinkable that at the very moment when we are for the first time ready to go forward you should not be the leader of it.

As you must know, I plan to go along with you, making it the *first* charge of my thought and life. But the mere physical impediment of being sixty-nine years old (to say nothing of my lack of qualifications) prevents me from taking the lead. This is a sort of relay; and we are handing the torch on to you. And what a torch it is! No single thing in the Christian movement in *any* land is comparable with it. And I feel that you are called to the task. I beg of you not to let any infelicity stand in the way of the larger task, the carrying out of which now rests mainly on your leadership. There are enough of us squarely back of you to enable you to go forward in leading as great a single task as anyone could have in this generation.

Sincerely,
Harry Luce

Harry dispatched his letter immediately. But before it could be delivered the businessman had written a curt letter resigning from any further connection with the undertaking. When Harry's letter arrived his friend glanced at its reluctantly and threw it angrily aside. But after a time he picked it up again, and read it more slowly and quietly. At last, turning to his desk, he tore up his letter of resignation and took up his pen anew.

"Your thoughtfulness in writing me," he said, "has meant much more to me than I can express. It has helped me to see anew the size and quality of the great cause in which we both are enlisted. With you and others of like spirit placing your faith and confidence in me, I must not fail you. God helping me, I go forward. My boundless gratitude and greatest affection."

Thus was an able and loyal friend of China regained for many years of devoted and distinguished service.

Among all of Harry's personal friendships, those with his Yale classmates held an unique place. Many of these friendships grew in strength and intimacy through half a century. "Throughout all these years," one of his classmates wrote Elizabeth just fifty years after their graduation, "I would not have a single thing changed in all the memories of my friendship with Harry."

No spot on earth was too remote from New Haven to prevent his writing frequent and vivid letters to the Men of '92, individually and as an indissoluble unity. The '92 reunions always brought him back to the Yale campus if it was humanly possible for him to be there.

As the decades passed, one feature of these reunions took on added prominence—the memorial service for classmates who had met with them for the last time. At the fortieth year reunion, they called on Harry to lead this memorial service—and his brief talk on *The Limitless Life* was one they never forgot. In it he shared with them some of the richness of his own thinking during four decades of broadening horizons, in which he had absorbed the wisdom of the great thinkers of both the East and the West.

"Everywhere they have found unity and purpose," he said in conclusion, "in the great cosmic forces moving, not chaotically, but in due and dependable order. Back of the Many they find the One, back of the material forces they find the Mind, as do our best scientists and philosophers today. Perhaps there has been no period in history when one could say so truly that the religious man is the rational man, and the irreligious man is the irrational man. Today the thinking man may say that the creating and sustaining cosmic Power back of and pervading the universe is a 'loving, intelligent Will.' As for man, if we try to define him, we can hardly do better than to say that he is a will wanting to be intelligent and wanting to be loving.

"In such thoughts as these I seem to find that which keeps us forever young, even though our hair grows whiter and whiter; which keeps the arteries of our minds flexible even though the arteries of our body inevitably harden; which maintains in us abiding verve and creative initiative; which takes all sadness out of an hour like this and sends us forth again with joy and zest and inspiration to live the limitless life.

'Death is my youth—and so my age must die;
But I remain—imperishable I.' "

XVIII

WIDER HORIZONS

On September 24, 1938, Harry Luce celebrated his seventieth birthday. The day was made pleasant by a flood of messages pouring in from many parts of the world. Some of the most heart-warming messages came from men and women he had not seen for years, who took time to send an appreciative word of what an inspiration his friendship had been for them.

Harry never grew old in mind or spirit. But his seventieth birthday reminded him of the growing infirmities of the bodily machine he had long driven so unsparingly in the interests of the Kingdom. For some time his doctors had warned him that progressive hardening of the arteries was increasing the dangers of strenuous activity. Any thought of slowing down appalled him, for at seventy his mind was as full as it had been in young manhood of great plans and visions yet to be realized. Yet he recognized with quiet objectivity that he could not count on many additional years—and with that realization came a new sense of urgency for all that must still be done in the little time that remained.

The program of his Interpreters Institutes was largely developed after his seventieth birthday. He felt that this must at all costs be carried far enough during his lifetime so that others could go forward when he must lay it down. Moreover, there were continually opening before his active mind fascinating new vistas which would require a whole lifetime to explore adequately.

Ever since he had discovered the booklet with the name of God given in seven hundred languages, he had thought of the vast unexplored fields of religious thinking lying behind all those names. As one example he knew best, he realized that back of the Chinese name commonly used for God, *Shang-ti,* was a long and rich heritage, as yet but partially explored, whence might be gained a profound insight into the whole sweep of China's religious history. He knew that the same must be true, in varying degrees, in many other names for God which the scholars had used in translating the Christian scriptures.

"If I had a whole lifetime before me," he often said, "I could spend all of it tracing out the meaning that lies back of these words used for God. Here is a fascinating and productive field of research that should attract many a keen young student in future years. If such a study could be completed, it would give us a far better knowledge than the world has yet possessed of how men in all nations have sought after God."

Another problem which remained a major center of interest as long as he lived was that of stimulating the American theological seminaries to a more active and intelligent participation in the whole missionary enterprise. Ever since his year as a youthful student secretary traveling among the seminaries, he had been convinced that they needed much more basic knowledge of the broader aspects of world Christianity. For the enrichment of their own Christian ministry they required a more intimate acquaintance with the great religious thinking of other ages and races.

In November, 1940, while he was in the midst of his course at Princeton Seminary, a slight touch of paralysis brought sharp and sudden warning of the gravity of his condition. After a few anxious days the symptoms disappeared, though for some weeks his doctors and the members of his family tried to keep him quiet and relaxed.

They soon saw that inactivity was an even greater strain for him than the normal busy round, so at last the doctors permitted him to resume the innumerable lines of his interests and activities. They recognized that he would be much happier, and would probably live as long, if he continued his pursuit of all the things that so deeply absorbed him.

He was always fully aware of his condition, and of the impending danger, but after taking all reasonable precautions he went calmly about his normal pursuits. He continued planning the things he hoped to do in a year, two years, even further in the future—yet he often added that probably he wouldn't be around to carry out all these plans, and must leave their completion to others. "When I get up to see Saint Peter," he wrote a friend he had not seen for some time, "I am going to leave word that as soon as you come I want to make a date with you E.S.T.—not Eastern Standard Time but Eternal Standard Time."

Yet his thoughts were still very much in terms of earthly time and earthly affairs. On all sides he found unfinished tasks he was eager to see pushed to completion. He wrote more and more voluminously to his friends, and even to men he knew only through their writings, urging that they carry through tasks which seemed to him particularly vital.

Harry knew his time was too short for him to enter new arenas. But as the shadows of conflict darkened over the world, he continued to focus his attention on the fundamental problem of how all men could be brought into one world brotherhood of understanding and friendship, where wars among the nations could no longer occur. He continued to work for that goal, knowing the tremendous obstacles to its attainment on a planet where self-seeking force so often dominates men and nations.

He gave larger and larger place to friendships and family ties. He watched with pride the varied ways his sons and daughters were rendering important service and giving constructive leadership in a time of confusion and pessimism. To a one-day-old grandson who, he knew, would never have a clear memory of his grandfather, he wrote a humorously-worded but seriously-purposed letter, closing with these words:— "I hope that as you grow up it will be a much better world than we find at the present moment." Through all his thinking shone his own deep conviction that this better world can come only as succeeding generations more fully realize how inextricably the self-interests of each individual depend upon mutual understanding and service.

The optimism with which he always regarded life was never shaken. "You know," he remarked to a

Elizabeth Root Luce with her oldest grandson, Henry Luce III.

Harry Luce in Haverford, with a bevy of his grandchildren.

son-in-law one day in a period of universal discouragement, "when I went to China forty years ago I was fully convinced that man was only one percent along the road to perfection. Now, after these many years of service in the Kingdom of God, I am equally convinced that he is not one half of one percent along the way to perfection. But I am more optimistic than at any other time in my life."

On rare occasions he allowed himself the luxury of relaxation and contemplation. "I am having a good rest," he wrote once, "doing just what I came for—to look up at the sky and the trees, to listen to the birds, and to enjoy the grass and the flowers. They all sing to us, if we will but listen. As Keats put it:

'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.' "

More and more, as 1941 passed, he was listening to unheard melodies, yet always he kept the same intimacy of association with all that was going on about him.

That spring he listened with keen interest as his older son discussed plans for a trip by air to China. Harry recognized the value of such a visit in helping arouse the American people to a fuller realization of what was happening across the Pacific, though he knew that such a journey would be particularly dangerous just at that time. As the son proceeded on his travels, he often felt that his father was with him in spirit. "This is written," read one message, "from ten thousand feet above the middle of the great Pacific Ocean which you have done so much to span. This engineer's dream of a ship was bound to follow you."

Upon the traveler's return, Harry followed closely his constructive reports to the country by press and radio. Despite the reluctance of his doctors he was present at the dinner at the Waldorf where his son gave an account of what he had seen and discussed its tremendous importance to the people of America. It was his last public dinner.

As the autumn of 1941 passed, the atmosphere of America became saturated with an intangible sense of impending events. Harry was conscious of the onward sweep of irresistible forces about him. He was aware, too, that within his own being a tide was sweeping him along toward the final home port. Like Thomas Wolfe, he was conscious of a voice saying to him in the night: "To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you love, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth. . . . A wind is rising, and the rivers flow."

In mid-November he made a trip to New York, talking with his friends and discussing plans for the 1942 Interpreters Institute on Latin America. In spirit he was his same vigorous, cheerful self. But his friends sensed in him a new physical frailty which somehow tightened their throats as they talked with him. On December fifth he was to attend a New York meeting of the Institute's Planning Committee, but the doctors forbade the trip. He wired the committee his suggestions and urged that they carry on as though he were present.

Then came December seventh, with Japanese bombs bursting on Pearl Harbor and jarring America into wakefulness and fury. Harry, sitting with members of his family in their Haverford home, listened to the overwhelming news broadcast throughout the afternoon by excited commentators. He was deeply stirred by what was happening, and by all its tragic implications for the world, but he remained calmly confident of the final outcome.

The shadows lengthened. Watching the sun sink beneath the horizon, he gazed out over the peaceful Pennsylvania countryside toward the north, where his boyhood home of Scranton lay. As darkness blotted out the landscape, he thought of his beloved America hurtling headlong into the blackness of a terrifying conflict.

Presently his older son telephoned to him from New York. Both of them were greatly moved as they talked of the momentous events of the day, of the new responsibilities America must bear in the months just ahead. As he hung up the receiver, he turned to Elizabeth. "I am so glad Harry called," he said. "His faith reassures me."

"Do you feel disheartened?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "never that. But now we must realize that America's crucial hour is at hand, and that bitterness and awful suffering lie ahead. We cannot escape God's judgment."

The day had drained his strength. As he lay in his bed, listening to his radio, he turned to write a word of thanks to a friend for a gift of flowers sent that day. "Tonight we are keeping vigil at the radio," his note concluded. "We are entering a new great period in world history. We must believe that at long last all will work out for a total larger good."

With that he turned out his light, and slept.

Next morning, when his daughter came to greet him, she found that just as the first light of the new day had begun to brighten his windows, Henry Winters Luce's gallant spirit had slipped quietly away to join the Friend and Master whom he had loved and served all the days of his earthly life.

L'ENVOI

All those scattered throughout the earth who knew and loved Harry Luce found something of strength and radiance gone from the world when he was no longer there to walk with them along the paths they still must tread. Yet he remained among them in many forms, visible and invisible—in the buildings which his vision had foreseen and his labor had made real on the Cheeloo and Yenching campuses—in his books widely used throughout China—in the lives of the students of many lands whom he inspired to lead and to serve—in the hearts of all those whom he had led to share in the building of the new China, and to find thereby more abundant lives for themselves—in the broader understanding of all the races of men gained by those whom he had led to see that "under heaven there is but one family." All these would, in turn, pass on something of this divine spark that was his, and down through the decades this dynamic influence would radiate in ever-widening circles into every part of the earth.

And now they saw still deeper meaning in the words Elizabeth had written of him nearly half a century before, when at long last they had reached their new home in China: "It is certain that in Harry's heart were no unhappy thoughts. For him it was the desired end, and also the beginning of the long, courageous, beautiful journey."

in Memory of

HENRY WINTERS LUCE

1868 – 1941

Seeker after the Kingdom of God
Dreamer who made his dream a reality
Friend and Servant of China
Interpreter of the West to the East
and of the East to the West

This tablet is dedicated by the Members of the
Interpreters Institute

"OUR TODAY WAS HIS YESTERDAY;
HIS TODAY IS OUR TOMORROW"

Inscription on the tablet placed in the Helen Hughes Memorial Chapel at Silver Bay, New York, on July 19, 1942

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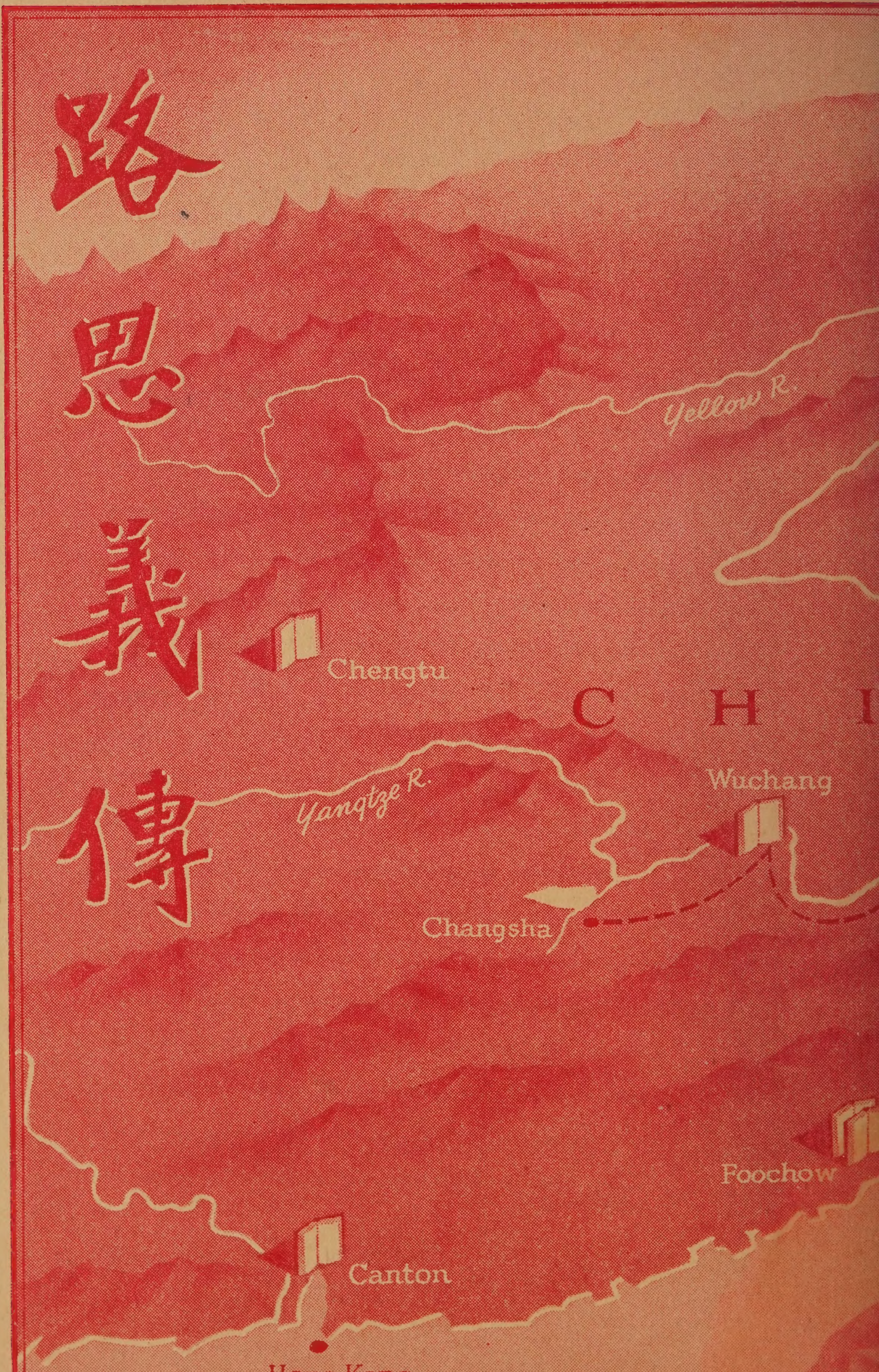

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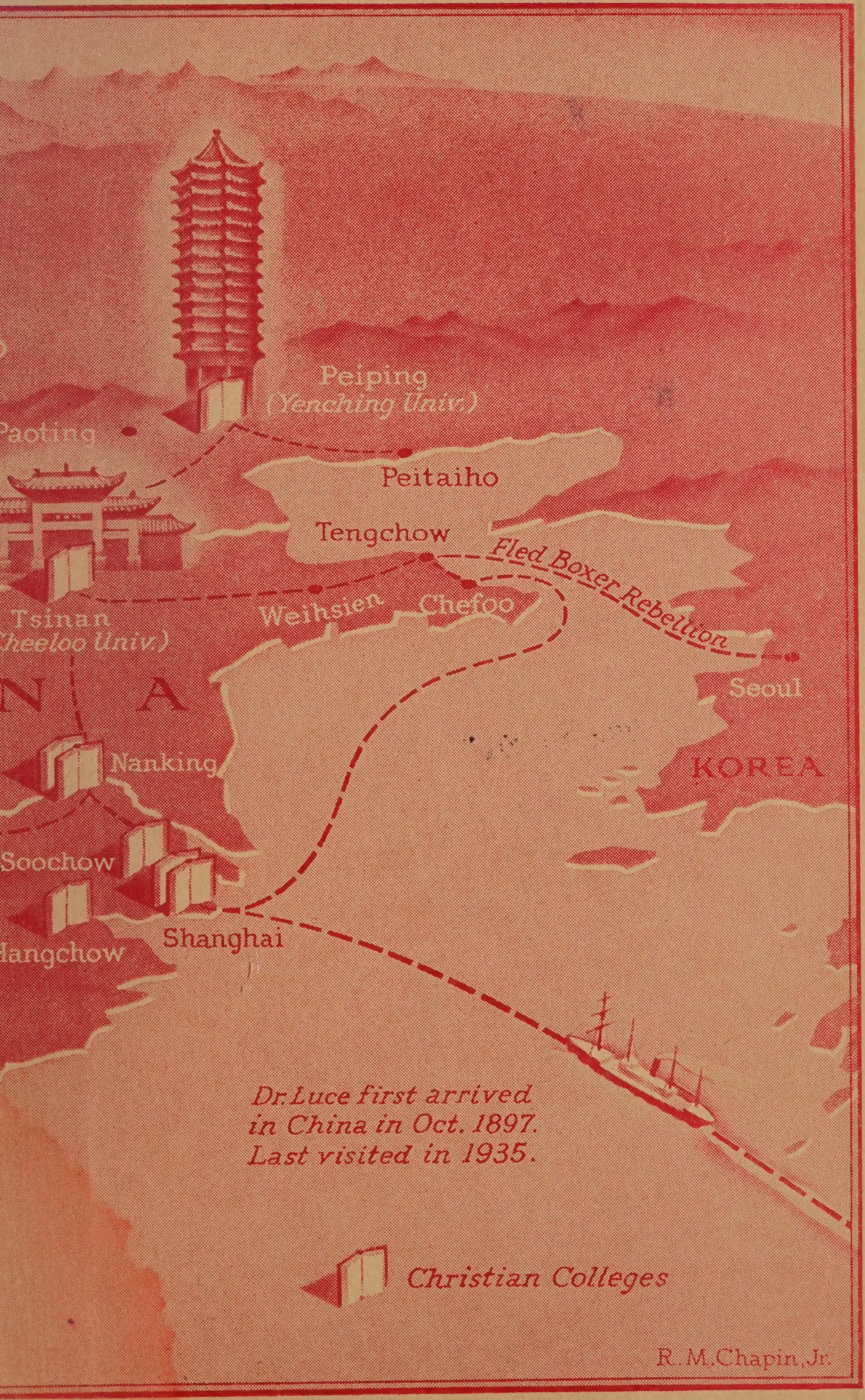
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Dr. Luce first arrived in China in Oct. 1897. Last visited in 1935.

R. M. Chapin, Jr.

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